MARIE ANTOINETTE

ADE MINNEHODE

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Marie Antoinette's Henchman

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IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

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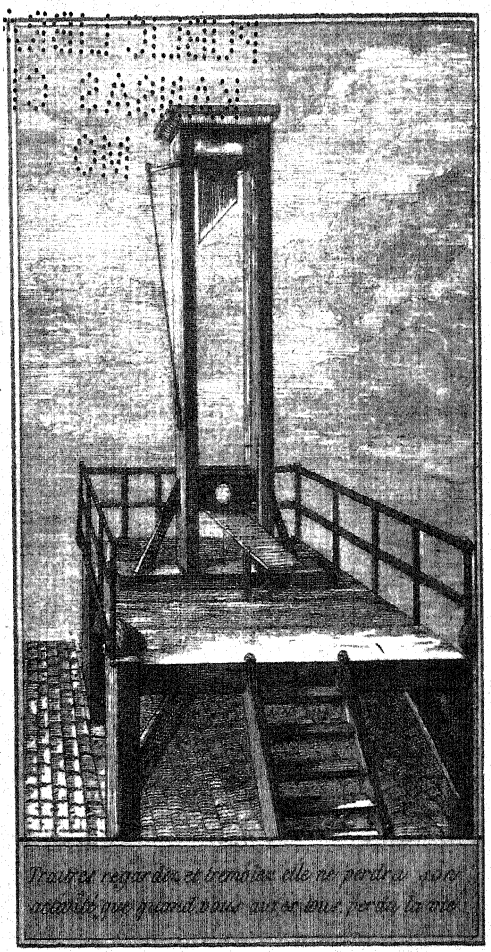

THE GUILLOTINE IN 1794

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S HENCHMAN

The Career of Jean, Baron de Batz, in the French Revolution

BY

MEADE MINNIGERODE

ILLUSTRATED WITH OLD PRINTS AND ENGRAVINGS

"As to the existence of the conspiracy to defame and dissolve the Convention, it cannot possibly be doubted. . . ."
"At the head of this conspiracy was the Baron de Batz."
ROBESPIERRE, manuscript notes.

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For

MADAME FRANCOIS ADOLPHE BOCAGE

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A BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF THE PRINCIPAL PERSONAGES ENCOUNTERED IN THIS BOOK

Only such persons are listed in this Index as played an important part in the events discussed. Nor has it been thought necessary to list such historical personages as Robespierre, Danton, Hébert, Dumouriez, and various other political figures to whom reference is occasionally made in the text. In addition to The Court, names listed will be found alphabetically in three groups, The Maniacs, The Red Shirts, and Other Persons.

THE COURT

THE QUEEN. Marie Antoinette of Austria, Queen of France.

THE KING. Louis XVI, King of France.

MADAME ELIZABETH. The King's sister.

MADAME ROYALE. The daughter of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. Fourteen years old in 1792.

THE DAUPHIN. The son of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. Seven years old in 1792.

After their flight from the Tuileries Palace, during the insurrection of August 10, 1792, the above sought refuge in the hall of the National Assembly. On August 13 they were handed over to the *Commune,* the insurrectional government of Paris, and imprisoned in the Tower of the Temple, in the former domain of the Knights Templar. The King was executed on January 21, 1793. The Queen, removed to the Conciergerie prison in August of 1793, was executed on October 16, 1793. Madame Elizabeth was executed on May 10, 1794. The Dauphin is alleged to have died at the Temple on June 8, 1795. Madame Royale was eventually released and sent to Austria. She married her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême (son of her uncle, the Comte d'Artois) and returned to France at the time of the Bourbon Restoration in 1814.

COMTE DE PROVENCE. Brother of Louis XVI. Later became Louis XVIII, King of France.

COMTE D'ARTOIS. Brother of Louis XVI. Later became Charles X, King of France.

Artois fled from Versailles after the fall of the Bastille in 1789. Provence made his escape from Paris in 1791, on the night of the royal family's attempted flight to Varennes which failed. These two are the "emigrated" Princes whose headquarters were for a time at Coblenz, in Germany, and around whom rallied the French nobles, the *émigrés* so called, who fled from France, and on whose behalf various invasions of France were attempted by the foreign powers.

DUC D'ORLEANS. Cousin of Louis XVI. He sided ostensibly with the popular party; sat as a deputy in the States General in 1789, and in the National Convention (on the Jacobin side) in 1792, and voted for the King's death. He was himself executed during the Terror.

His son, the Duc de Chartres, served on the staff of the republican General Dumouriez, and was involved in the latter's desertion to the enemy. Chartres later became Louis Philippe I, King of the French.

COMTE DE FERSEN. A Swedish nobleman. Took part in the American War. A devoted friend of the Queen, and perhaps her lover. Organized the flight of the royal family to Varennes, in 1791, and personally conducted them out of Paris to the first relay. His attempts to save the Queen thereafter were confined to correspondence and intrigue abroad. He became a high official in Sweden, and was assassinated and torn to pieces by a mob.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S HENCHMAN

JEAN PIERRE DE BATZ. The subject of this biography. Born January 26, 1754, died January 10, 1822. From 1789 until 1795 he was continuously engaged in efforts to raise money for the royal family, to rescue the King and Queen, to overthrow the National Convention and to destroy the Revolution and its

leaders. A collateral branch of his family was descended from the celebrated d'Artagnan, one of the Three Musketeers.

THE MANIACS

The persons listed below were most of them members of the revolutionary Jacobin Club which by means of popular coercion, frequently artificially stimulated, dictated the policies of the National Convention (the elected house of representatives which sat in Paris throughout the Terror) and of which Robespierre was increasingly the leading spirit. These men belonged to the violent group which affected the utmost extremes of revolutionary dress, speech and behavior, and mixed freely with the genuine Maniacs, so called, of the populace—the street "howlers" who instigated popular upheavals and who were repeatedly used to foment insurrections for political purposes, as at the time of the expulsion of the anti Jacobin Girondin deputies from the National Convention in May of 1793.

The Maniacs here listed, however, were false Maniacs; royalist sympathizers masquerading as ultra republicans, and closely connected with Jean de Batz's counter-revolutionary activities, an important feature of which was the instigation of ostensibly spontaneous popular movements for the purpose of exaggerating them or turning them aside towards royalist ends.

DESFIEUX. A wine merchant. His cellars were frequently used as a hiding place by Jean de Batz. Desfieux was a silent partner in the celebrated gambling "joint" known as Number Fifty which was owned by Citizen Aucane, and which was a notorious royalist hangout.

DUFOURNY. A prominent Maniac and Jacobin. It is not certain whether he served Jean de Batz voluntarily or unconsciously.

JUNIUS AND EMMANUEL FREY. Moravian Jews and financiers. Their sister, Léopoldine Frey, was used to ensnare Chabot, a deputy in the National Convention (see Other Persons), in the scandal of the Company of the Indies which precipitated the downfall of the Hébertist and Dantonist groups.

GUSMAN. A Grandee of Spain.

PEREYRA. A Portuguese Jew and a crony of Desfieux.

PROLY. An Austrian Count.

VARLET. A notorious Maniac agitator. At heart a royalist, he was made use of by Jean de Batz and the false Maniacs.

Desfieux, the Freys, Gusman, Pereyra and Proly were all executed during the Terror with the Hébertist and Dantonist batches. With the exception of Desfieux, these men were completely disreputable and mercenary; but much of Proly's behavior was a pose. The Freys—the name was assumed—were out and out scoundrels and profiteers.

THE RED SHIRTS

The persons listed below were all, in varying capacities, either members of Jean de Batz's conspiracy against the Revolution or indirectly associated with it. They were all (with one exception) executed together on June 17, 1794. With one or two exceptions those additional members of the Red Shirt Batch (fiftyfive in all) who had no connection whatever with Jean de Batz have not been listed here. For greater convenience and cross reference the names are arranged alphabetically.

ADMIRAL. A lackey. Attempted to murder the Convention deputy Collot d'Herbois. Was acquainted with Roussel (see) and Paindavoine (see) and also with Madame Lamartinière (see) and d'Alençon—a personage who was never found but who was suspected of being an *alias* for Jean de Batz.

BIRET-TISSOT. Jean de Batz's valet.

(NICOLLE) BOUCHARD. A little servant girl of Marie Grandmaison (see).

BURLANDEUX. A police agent. Was involved in the attempted rescue of the Queen from the Conciergerie prison. His specialty was blackmail with threat of denunciation and arrest.

CONSTAND. A constabulary. Sheltered Biret-Tissot (see) and possibly Jean de Batz.

CORTEY. A grocer. One of the principal agents of Jean de Batz who frequently hid in his house. Cortey commanded a National Guard company which was frequently on duty at the Temple Tower, and was one of the principal persons involved in the great conspiracy to rescue the Queen from the Tower.

DANGE. A police official in Jean de Batz's pay.

DEVAUX. Jean de Batz's secretary. One of the four persons who attempted to rescue the King on the morning of his execution.

(MADAME) D'EPREMENIL. The wife of a Councilor of the Paris Parlement, himself executed during the Terror. Jean de Batz was a frequent visitor at the d'Epréménil home during the early days of the Revolution, and it was there that he first saw his future wife, Michelle Thilorier (see Other Persons).

FROIDURE. A police official in Jean de Batz's pay.

(MARIE) GRANDMAISON. An actress. Jean de Batz's mistress. She was the ostensible proprietor of his flat in Paris and of his suburban residence at Charonne which was the conspiracy's headquarters. Her brother was one of the Posting Masters who aided Jean de Batz in his goings and comings.

(MADAME) GRIVOIS. Jean de Batz's Paris landlady.

DE LA GUICHE. A noble. Jean de Batz's best friend. One of the four persons who attempted to rescue the King on the morning of his execution. Guiche was not executed with the Red Shirts but a few days later.

JAUGE. A broker.

LAFOSSE. A police official in Jean de Batz's pay.

(MADAME) LAMARTINIERE. Admiral's mistress, and apparently d'Alençon's. (See Admiral.)

MARINO. A police official in Jean de Batz's pay.

DE MARSAN. A noble. A personal friend of Jean de Batz.

MICHONIS. One of the principal agents of Jean de Batz. A member of the *Commune,* a Municipal Officer on duty at the Temple Tower, and an Inspector of Prisons. Was involved with Cortey (see) in the great conspiracy to rescue the Queen from the Tower, and also with Rougeville (see Other Persons) in the attempt to rescue the Queen from the Conciergerie prison. His wife was aware of both enterprises.

PAINDAVOINE. A porter in the house of de Pons (see). Was acquainted with Admiral (see).

DE PONS. A noble. A personal friend of Jean de Batz. He was associated with Citizen Aucane's Number Fifty gambling "joint" (see The Maniacs, Desfieux) and was the "protector" of

Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe (see) and possibly the father of Emilie (de Sainte-Amaranthe) de Sartines (see).

POTTIER. A printer. He prepared false civic cards for the conspirators.

(CECILE) RENAULT. A little girl of the people. Was accused of having tried to murder Robespierre. She does not seem to have had any connection whatever with Jean de Batz.

ROUSSEL. A young middle class man of means, devoted to Jean de Batz and to the royalist cause. Jean de Batz often shared his lodging.

DE SAINT-MAURIS. A noble. A great personal friend of Jean de Batz.

(MADAME) DE SAINTE-AMARANTHE. A well born lady fallen on evil days who served as hostess in the Number Fifty gambling "joint." (See de Pons.) The mother of Emilie de Sartines (see).

(EMILIE) DE SARTINES. The daughter of Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe (see). She was reputed to be the most beautiful girl in France. She was married to de Sartines (see) to cover up the consequences of an affair with the opera singer Elleviou.

DE SARTINES. A noble. The complaisant husband of Emilie de Sartines (see).

SOULES. A police official in Jean de Batz's pay.

OTHER PERSONS

BAULT. The warden of the Force prison.

BAZIRE. A deputy in the National Convention. Was involved in the scandal of the Company of the Indies. Executed during the Terror.

BENOIST D'ANGERS. A royalist. One of Jean de Batz's principal agents in the affair of the Company of the Indies. Benoist deliberately speculated and played the role of crooked financier with Jean de Batz in order to trap certain deputies of the National Convention and precipitate the scandal of the Company of the Indies. Benoist escaped from France.

CHABOT. A deputy in the National Convention. The cat's paw in the affair of the Company of the Indies (see The Maniacs, Junius and Emmanuel Frey). Chabot was executed during the Terror.

CLAVIERE. A Genevese financier whom Jean de Batz made use of and who became Minister of Finance. Arrested at the time of

the Girondin insurrection, Clavière stabbed himself to death in his cell.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS. A deputy in the National Convention. An attempt to murder him was made by the lackey Admiral (see The Red Shirts).

DELAUNAY D'ANGERS. A deputy in the National Convention. Was involved in the scandal of the Company of the Indies. Executed during the Terror.

DESHERBIERS. A judge, and a great personal friend of Jean de Batz whom he repeatedly hid in his home. Desherbiers was the grandfather of Alfred and Paul de Musset.

DOSSONVILLE. A police agent of Robespierre.

(SOPHIE) DUTILLEUL. The mistress of Rougeville (see).

FABRE D'EGLANTINE. A deputy in the National Convention. Involved in the scandal of the Company of the Indies. Executed during the Terror.

GILBERT. A constabulary on duty in the Queen's cell in the Conciergerie prison.

(MARIE) HAREL. A woman attendant on duty in the Queen's cell in the Conciergerie prison.

HERAULT DE SECHELLES. A deputy in the National Convention. Executed during the Terror.

HERON. A police agent of Robespierre.

(MADAME) DE JANSON. A royalist lady who assisted Jean de Batz.

DE JARJAYES. An army officer and a devoted servitor of the royal family. Was involved in one of the attempts to rescue the Queen from the Temple Tower and visited her there.

JOBERT. An Inspector of Prisons involved with Michonis (see The Red Shirts).

JULIEN DE TOULOUSE. A deputy in the National Convention. Was involved in the scandal of the Company of the Indies, but Jean de Batz made it possible for him to escape from Paris.

LEPITRE. A member of the *Commune* and a Municipal Officer on duty at the Temple Tower. Was involved with Toulan (see) in an attempt to rescue the Queen from the Tower.

LULLIER. A high police official in Jean de Batz's pay. He played a prominent part in the activities of the Maniacs (see) and re-

peatedly hid Jean de Batz in his home. Arrested and put on trial for his life, he stabbed himself in his cell.

MAILLARD. An agent of Robespierre. The leader of the gang of paid thugs who conducted the prison massacres in September of 1792.

MICHEL. A police official probably involved with Jean de Batz.

RICHARD. The warden of the Conciergerie prison.

ROUGEVILLE. An adventurer. One of the royalist "Knights of the Dagger" at the Tuileries Palace. He protected the Queen on the afternoon of June 20, 1792, when the mob broke in. Involved with Michonis (see The Red Shirts) in the great conspiracy to rescue the Queen from the Conciergerie prison.

SANSON. The public executioner.

SENAR. A secretary of the Committee of General Security in Jean de Batz's pay.

SIMON. A shoemaker. A member of the *Commune* assigned to special duty at the Temple Tower.

(MICHELLE) THILORIER. A relative of Madame d'Epréménil (see The Red Shirts). This young girl repeatedly sheltered Jean de Batz in her home during the most dangerous days of the Terror, and eventually became his wife.

TISON. A factotum at the Temple Tower.

TOULAN. A member of the *Commune* and a Municipal Officer on duty at the Temple Tower. Was involved with Lepitre (see) in an attempt to rescue the Queen from the Tower. He was one of the most faithful and devoted of the Queen's servitors. Executed during the Terror.

TURGY. A waiter at the Temple Tower. A devoted royalist, he was the principal link, by means of code messages, between the royal prisoners and the outside world.

Part One

FOR THE KING

1789–January 21, 1793

PART ONE

FOR THE KING

I.

"GREETINGS and Fraternity," the secretary of the Committee of General Security wrote to the Public Prosecutor of the Revolutionary Tribunal in Paris, on April 22, 1794—or rather in *Floréal* of the Year II of the French Republic, One and Indivisible—and kindly pay a great deal of attention to the following:

"The Committee urges thee to redouble thy efforts to discover the infamous Batz; in thy enquiries, remember that his relations extend everywhere, even into the prisons; that this Catiline has constantly been the soul of all the conspiracies against liberty and the National House of Representatives; that, after having [sat] in the Constituant [Assembly], he managed . . . the Austrian Committee directed by the [Queen]; that, in order to rescue [the King], he was one of the four persons heard on the Boulevard [on the day of the King's execution] crying: This way those who wish to rescue the King; that, by means of the scoundrels Michonis and Cortey, he was on the point of carrying off the [royal] family from the Temple [prison] . . . ; that this monster used to purchase gold for the purpose of depreciating the [paper money] and corrupting officials; and that this scoundrel is all the more dangerous in that he still conceals from us the thread of his correspondences [abroad], as well as his machinations for assassinating the National House of Representatives which is the object of his perpetual fury . . .

"Tell everyone that he is outlaw, that there is a price on his

head, that his description is everywhere, that he cannot escape, that everything will be found out, and that there will be no mercy for those who, having been able to point him out, shall not have done so. In other words, we want this scoundrel at any price, and the Committee counts on thee absolutely . . ."

Intended as an indictment, this document could, depending on the point of view—and did, for the royalist mentioned in it—serve as a citation. Aside from certain exaggerations—and in spite of certain omissions—it was, in fact, a biography.

2.

THIS document, only quoted in part at this point, also concerned itself with a number of other persons, and with those persons—aside from Jean de Batz himself—this book will also, largely, concern itself.

His friends, his girls, his agents, his tools, his dupes, in the great conflict which he organized and led for two years against Robespierre and the whole regime of the Revolution. Persons who served him because of a common devotion to the royalist cause; persons who moved at his beck and call because of an uncommonly common devotion, this time, to the money of incredible briberies; persons who worked for him without ever knowing that they had done so; persons who, quite simply and all the way to the scaffold, adored him.

The story of Jean de Batz is the story of lovely Marie Grandmaison, of sweet Michelle Thilorier, of Emilie de Sainte-Amaranthe, the most beautiful girl in France, of those two little innocents, Cécile and Nicolle, of the little blond, Léopoldine Frey. It is the story of Michonis, and Marino, and Froidure, and other grim Administrators of the Paris Police, who played a game of their choosing, and lost it. It is the story of gay and very worldly young nobles, de Pons, de la Guiche and the rest. It is the story of very circumspect little bourgeois like Cortey, and Devaux, and Roussel. It is the story of deputy

Chabot and his graft ridden crew in the National Convention.

And it is also the story of a pitiful assortment of shysters, crooks, speculators, rabble masters and police mongrels—the high scum and low dregs of the Revolution—Proly the Austrian; Gusman the Spanish Grandee; Pereyra the Portuguese; Emmanuel and Junius Frey; Desfieux and Dufourny the Jacobins; Burlandeux, and Armand, and Héron, police stool pigeons and ferrets. Personages who might, singly, have remained nonentities; whose names today have vanished in the mists of more dramatic memories. But in their day those names were on every tongue, they were shouted at the Jacobin Club and in the Convention, they were the daily subject matter of frenzied discussion and strife. Because assembled together, acting in concert—consciously or not—under the terrible guidance of an invisible hand, those nonentities had become formidable. Because their story gradually transformed itself into the story of the Girondin deputies, the story of Hébert and Chaumette, the story of Danton—all the great names—and, at long last, the story of Robespierre. The dreadful, sleazy, treacherous inside story of the whole Revolution.

3.

THE story of Jean de Batz.

It runs its course from brilliant *salons* and gambling houses, all around the rotundas of stock exchanges and banks, in and out of street riots and secret hiding places, through the dark corridors of the Queen's prison cells, up onto the rostrum of the Convention hall, and finally, for most of them, to the continually chopping guillotine.

A story of blood, and tears, and fury; of repeated failures culminating in the most fearful of triumphs; a story of great loves, great fidelities and great risks sacrificed to the reckless frigidity of a great and fatal enterprise.

The story behind the story of the Terror . . .

4.

THE important thing, in 1784, for an ambitious young Gascon nobleman who wanted to get on in the world, was to make sure that he was actually noble.

If you were sufficiently noble—if you could prove before the Herald of France a noble ancestry going back, and no less, to the year 1400—then you could claim your privilege of using the King's carriages at Versailles, you could become a Colonel in the army, you could aspire to a great future, assuming that you possessed a great deal of money. Otherwise a captaincy was all you could hope for; the full life of the Court at Versailles was denied to you; and you could go back to the dreary attractions of your penurious country manor and meditate on the new ideas. Lafayette, Franklin and Washington, and the American Revolution, for instance.

Jean Pierre de Batz, filled to the brim with such ambitions, already accumulating the makings of a very large private fortune, and not at all interested in the new ideas, was not sure of his nobility. Or rather he was sure, but he could not prove it.

He was noble enough—born on January 26, 1754, at Tartas, the son of the Lord of Armanthieu, educated at Pau and Bordeaux—to have as a matter of course secured, in 1776, in the Regiment of the Queen's Dragoons, a lieutenancy which, in 1778, became a captaincy. But any little country squire with something to his name and one or two sponsors could do that. The thing now, in order to go forward, was to go back. Back to 1400. But there was the trouble; the proof was lacking. Jean knew, and his father before him—only a minor judicial officer, the father, there was another rub—that his branch of the de Batz family was directly descended from the great ancestor who had served Henri of Navarre; that it was collateral to that branch the greatest ornament of which had been a certain musketeer named d'Artagnan; that it was validly allied to the

senior branches of Trenquelléon and Mirepoix whose own connections were marquisial and ducal.

But the papers were lacking. The former Herald of France had already once, in 1750, refused to admit the claim. The Trenquelléons had coldly, in 1772, refused to receive Jean as a cousin. When, in 1779, after manifold disappointments, Jean had finally, and by dint of personal visits and mollifications to every conceivable source, assembled what seemed to be adequate documents, the incumbent Herald still refused to give an opinion. This in spite, or possibly because, of impatient intercessions on the part of some of Jean's protectors at Court —the Duc de Brancas, Councilor d'Epréménil, the Baron de Breteuil—of repeated petitions, from the nobility of Tartas in 1780, from the nobility of the province in 1781, all insisting that Jean was most certainly descended from the ancient nobility of that region. No—the Herald still wanted to bicker, and temporize, and scratch his ear over the possible unauthenticity of certain documents. So, in 1784, Jean informed him that an appeal would be taken direct to the King.

Jean was thirty; brown haired and grey eyed over a roman nose; five feet of Gascon petulance and blarney, shrewd, glib and irresistibly charming—or was it wealthy? He wanted to be a Colonel and get along in the world; he could not be bothered to wait for the Herald of France. He went, instead, to the King of France who, in March, put d'Epréménil, the Herald and nine other very worthy scholars and officials on a Commission to study the ancestry of Jean, Baron, or not, de Batz.

5.

IN the meantime, the colonelcy could be gotten at another way.

Indeed, even granting a favorable decision by the Commission, it would have to be, since Queen's Dragoons' Colonel happened to be a stickler for discipline. No recom-

mendation from him. One of those bothersome commanders who expected all the subalterns breveted to the regiment actually to do service with it. "I never saw Mr. de Batz with the Corps," he had complained, and was prepared to place him under arrest if the young man should turn up. As though anyone who could possibly help it ever did actual duty with a regiment for the mere reason of holding a commission in it!

You had a commission because every young nobleman must have a commission, but if all of their nominal lieutenants had showed up all at once at the base most Colonels would have dropped dead from the shock—if they had happened to be there themselves. It was a sore point with the professionals, those who took their officering seriously, especially if they were not sufficiently well born to go beyond their captaincies—and with them, too, there was a good deal of meditation over the new ideas—but that was the way it was. Jean's absence from the regiment had not prevented him from securing his captaincy, with a statement in the records to the effect that he was "a very good officer possessing a great deal of talent and zeal for his profession." Things like that got themselves done in the secretariats of Ministries—the Prince de Montbarey over at War was a great patron of Jean's—without anyone thinking, or knowing, much about it.

Still, a colonelcy was not so simple. It took a very great deal of money, and the most powerful backing, to purchase a regiment; and in any case most of the regiments in the army were the hereditary property of very great families. But in 1784 there was still another way, thanks to the late American War and the alliance with Spain. You got yourself appointed to a French military mission to Spain; or you volunteered for belated service in the Spanish armies, all the more enthusiastically since the danger of having to do anything at all arduous was practically nil—of course the Spaniards might suddenly decide to start up once more and attack Gibraltar again—and

if you did not return to France with at least a Spanish colonelcy in your pocket you had simply wasted your time, for the Spaniards were very generous with their gold braid. After that, with the rank already achieved on active duty with one army, it was easy enough to pull the strings until you received your French waiting list colonelcy. Never mind the regiment as long as you had the rank.

It worked out very nicely for Jean. Early in December of 1784 he was back in France with his Spanish commission—the French cavalry colonelcy followed in 1787—and on December 11, the Herald still abstaining from a yes or a no, the Commission rendered its otherwise unanimous verdict tracing Jean's ancestry back, not only to 1400, but to the dukes of Gascogne in 1160. It seemed ample, and on March 5, 1785, letters patent of nobility were issued by the King.

At the first opportunity, Jean, Colonel Baron de Batz, took himself to Versailles and rode ceremoniously on royal upholstery. The golden future was before him.

6.

BUT more immediately there was the golden present. Jean was making money, while the stock exchange hummed and the brokers ran ragged. He had a flair for finance, for the theory and study of it—some of his essays on the subject were even brought to the King's attention—as well as for the intricate practice of a business rendered infinitely adventurous and speculative, shamelessly corrupt, and correspondingly profitable under the increasingly bankrupt and hornswoggling regime of the Comptroller Calonne.

Prudently, very shrewdly, and apparently with meticulous legality, Jean picked his way through the pickings.

To assist him and handle affairs for him he had, in 1784, let his choice fall upon a sickly, greedy, ambitious and enor-

mously active promoter named Etienne Clavière. A refugee from Geneva, but of French extraction—exiled from Geneva in 1782 as one of the leaders of the uprising against the aristocracy—an ardent Mason, if not a member of the radical sect of the *Illuminati;* his home in Paris the meeting place of other Genevese radical refugees—how they all seemed to be flocking to France—later on a center of opposition to Necker's renewed administration of the still more moribund finances, eventually a sanctum for Mirabeau and his Genevese mentor, Reybaz—those Genevese, again. A man, this Clavière, with close affiliations with the great London banking house of Boyd and Kerr, with the great banks of Brussels and Amsterdam, soon with all the financial establishments in Paris. Great pushers and spreaders, those Genevese—Clavière, Necker, Thelusson, Panchaud, the Genevese were everywhere in the upper financial crust as well as in the political dough.

A man—this busy, opportunist, nest feathering promoter of Jean's—who was before so very long himself to become Minister of Finance.

They met, Clavière and Jean, on the common ground of a mutual distrust of Necker, for—rightly or wrongly—Jean could not abide the former Comptroller's politics and economics. In Clavière, at first, Jean saw merely an extremely smart customers' man on the up and up, who knew everybody from Necker to Pereyra the broker, and who could make himself useful—later, as he watched his progress, a personage who could be made use of. In Jean, Clavière found just what he wanted; a coming young man, an aristocrat and already a wealthy one, with extremely promising connections at Court and a distinct genius for affairs, who—or so Clavière imagined—could be put to use.

They did very well together.

7.

OPPORTUNITIES were not lacking. Gigantic and frequently scandalous opportunities in Calonne's Paris of 1785, in his successor Brienne's of 1787, while the national finances tottered to an admitted deficit of one hundred and forty millions. The Paris Water Works Company and its affiliated Fire Insurance Company, the Company of the Indies—the sky was the limit.

Jean was very much interested in insurance, a new departure in France. With Clavière—who had a great respect for English systems—Jean, noting the great success of the London Equitable Company, believed in the future of such enterprises at a time when in the confused French public mind the secret object of a Fire Insurance Company was assumed to be to set fire to buildings, that of a Life Insurance Company to murder its clients!

A big shareholder in the Fire Insurance Company—and in charge of which, distrusting the precarious Water Works, his group had placed the banker Delessert, another Genevese—Jean, on his side, founded the Banking and Commercial Establishment for Life Insurances, anticipating the day when the Water Works would no longer be able to swing the Fire Company. The day soon came, and a complaisant Comptroller, in November of 1787, was pleased to sanction a monopoly combining Fire with Life. Jean, who had sold his Life privilege—all free and clear of the Water Works—to the Fire shareholders, became President of the Council of the new monopoly, the Royal Fire and Life Insurances Company, with Delessert and Clavière in charge of the Fire and Life branches respectively.

It was the making of Clavière and a golden stroke for Jean.

Still, the Treasury had demanded twelve millions for its levy, and in April of 1788 there was a bad moment when it was discovered that a similar insurance monopoly had been granted to the Choiseuls and farmed out by them to the banker

Panchaud—Director of the Discount Bank and notorious for his speculations which had involved Calonne and called down the King's rigid displeasure. A Neckerite, after having been necessarily chased out of Calonne's offices.

Clavière sent for Reybaz—Genevese Solomon, clever concocter of briefs and petitions, later composer of some of Mirabeau's best speeches—and, while the Genevese fell on each other, Jean stirred himself through the financial tumult. Between them, they fixed it up with the Choiseuls and got Panchaud's monopoly revoked. But now the Fire shareholders wanted to separate from the Life branch. On a report from the managers, and with plenary powers to proceed, Jean forwarded to the Comptroller the rough draft of a royal decree separating the companies and apportioning the Treasury's levy. That was on July 23, 1788. On July 27 he had his decree.

He was already a financial nabob, to be listened to.

He had his decree, and soon withdrew from active control, and he had something else. He had a great deal of private information concerning the involved affairs of the Water Works Company; and he had a complete file of receipts and minutes, all in order, covering the whole situation of the Panchaud episode and the subsequent separation of the branches. Prudent, shrewd and meticulously legal.

He also had a great many insurance shares, worth a great deal of money.

8.

THE Company of the Indies was another, and more far reaching, kettle of fish, highly malodorous.

Established during the reign of Louis XIV, the great monopoly for colonial trading—gone to pieces with a terrific crash, its affairs in process of liquidation by the Crown ever since 1769—was, in 1784, the outstanding speculative mud hole of the financial world, to say nothing of its underworld. Still, there were those who sought to rehabilitate it and revive its

monopoly; such protectionists, for instance, as the Councilor d'Epréménil; a grandson of Dupleix, and in fact born in India; one of the pillars of the Paris Parlement—the body of magistrates who passed on the royal fiscal measures—in its struggle against the King; a great friend of the Company, fighting against its dissolution, and a great friend of Jean.

And between them, in 1785, they got the Company's monopoly restored; and the winds blew high and the winds blew low—but mostly high—on the shares of the Company of the Indies. Very high indeed in 1787, when a certain d'Espagnac, acting in concert with one of Jean's bankers, cornered the Indies market. The situation promised to become fabulous until the Treasury intervened, persuaded d'Espagnac to cut his profits, and advanced twelve millions to the banks to buy back the cornered shares.

Once again, Jean had made a great deal of money; and once again, in 1788, prudently, shrewdly and with meticulous legality, he withdrew from any further active participation in the affairs of the Company. But, as in the case of the Water Works, in the back of his mind there remained a very precise knowledge of many curious matters concerning the Company, the liquidation of which was by no means completed; and, wherever he went now, men pointed him out, envying his reputation.

Jean de Batz, financial expert.

9.

IN more normal days he might have gone on to a Ministry, with his Colonelcy, and his nobility, and his wealth, and his acumen. He knew how to organize and command, how to cajole people and attach them to him. In the give and take of the markets, he had learned to appraise men, both the high and the low, and in the general intellectual chaos of

1788 he managed to have definite ideas about things—erroneous, possibly, but definite and single minded.

He had a curious, studious, solitary streak in him which took him night after night to his desk, to lose himself in the manuscripts of tremendous historical and fiscal compositions. A history of the ruling house of France, researches concerning the origin of the Capetian Kings, a History of France in five parts. When his *bête noire* Necker returned to power, he even wrote a remarkable treatise, set in the form of a dialogue and discussing the status and griefs of all the social groups in France, which was submitted to the King's perusal and to the Queen's curiosity.

If one is to believe his own writings, he was beginning to see very clearly into the immediate future; to sense very acutely also all the Orléanist machinations, all the Genevese string pullings going on behind the scenes. There was going to be trouble. Trouble from the bankrupt country, from the nobles, and the magistrates, and the bourgeoisie—and, as if that were not enough, there was going to be trouble from that Orléans royal cousin whose aspirations and contrivances were sufficiently patent to any man in the streets who kept his eyes open; trouble, too, trouble of a different sort, from all those Genevese refugees—and among them Clavière—talking up their radicalism, the austere fanaticism of their destructive Calvinism, perhaps the deliberate anarchy of their insurrected souls, into all and sundry ears.

"I felt," Jean says, "the approach of an inevitable upheaval; but if, from the very beginning of the Revolution, I was among the first to perceive it and estimate its horrors, I was far from supposing it to be fatal." There was, in his opinion, just one answer to all that sort of thing, and that was the continual bolstering up of a monarchy which must be maintained in strength. That principle—within the limits of his abilities—was to furnish the motivation of all his actions so long as any monarchy remained at all.

breakneck streets, and if he shunned the liberal *salons* he was at home in those of his friends, the de Marsans, the de Sombreuils, the d'Epréménils, the Prince de Saint-Mauris, the Marquis de la Guiche, the Vicomte de Pons.

They were his special friends, those three. Saint-Mauris, the son of Minister of War Montbarey, a Queen's Dragoons chum from the earliest days in Paris. Charles de la Guiche, Jean's inseparable companion; a little older, a grandson of the Prince de Condé and Colonel of Bourbon Dragoons. Pons, the oldest of the three, born in 1745 at Pau; an elegant and an exquisite, wealthy and stylish, a very gay blade about town. Nothing puritanical about them, or unduly edifying. A fast set, nobles on the loose, some of them nothing to brag about—Tilly, a former Queen's page, and a devil with the ladies; Sartines, another Minister's son, whose principal concern was to meet every situation aptly with a couplet from some opera; and all that retinue of gentlemen, some of them noble and some of them ignoble, dancing attendance under the benign elderly gaze of the great Martinique landowner Aucane—at her country place at Sucy, and in her boxes at the Opera and the Comedy, and at her delightful little suppers for twelve, tea, ices and music, in the rue Vivienne—on Madame de Saint-Amarand, better known as the Sainte-Amaranthe.

She came of an excellent family, daughter of a military governor, and the history of her life might have been very different if, at the age of sixteen, she had not found it necessary with the greatest rapidity to marry a garrison lieutenant who took her to Paris and very soon left her flat with two children. But she was charming, and witty, and amiable, and consolations came to her from all sides. From the Prince de Conti, from Mr. Aucane, from the Vicomte de Pons who, in 1788, seemed to be the protector in chief at Sucy. Indeed, there were those who tried to figure out that it was he who was the father of the daughter, which would have carried his protectorate back quite some way.

She was only thirteen or fourteen then, the daughter—Emilie de Sainte-Amaranthe—but already it took no more than a glance to tell that she would be amazingly beautiful. The most beautiful girl in France, that was to be the verdict; "delicate proportions," a "perfect type," grace, and ease, and dignity, an "enchanting smile"; the "most beautiful woman of her time, and completely so"—thus Tilly, who certainly had had his eyeful of beautiful women, was to see her. But her time was to be very short, since at nineteen she perished.

Jean, however, was no *habitué* of that crowd. If he knew the Sainte-Amaranthes it was because he knew Pons; for himself, he saw much more of Saint-Mauris, and still more of de la Guiche; he had his properties and a country place in the suburbs; and as for girls, he had one of his own.

II.

IN 1782 already, Jean had purchased a property near Paris, and in 1787—one hundred and fifty thousand *livres* cash—the barony of Sainte-Croix, down in his own home country near Tartas. But every young nobleman had to have his "folly"; some pleasantly secluded, but easily accessible, country estate in the outskirts of town, in which to commit what no doubt frequently were follies.

And so, in 1787 again—only thirtysix thousand *livres* this time—Jean had also purchased a house and pavillon, in the hamlet of Charonne near the forest of Vincennes, situated in a large and lonely wooded park which had originally formed a part of the Duc d'Orléans's property of Bagnolet. The house proper, adjacent to the deserted woods and completely isolated—and yet at a stone's throw from the city barriers—had been recently built in the simplest manner as a real estate speculation, and contained a number of chambers disposed on two floors along central corridors. The nearby pavillon of half a dozen rooms, on the other hand, constructed long before as a

forest hunting lodge—now shut off from the highway by a massive carriage entrance—was in the most elegantly ornamented style; its rotunda filled with statuary; its circular "Summer *Salon*" decorated with frescoes representing the Life of Abraham and other Desert Saints; a circumstance which had long since given to the lodge, and to that whole portion of the park, the name of the Hermitage.

This was Jean's "folly" of 1787—and very cheap at the price, for this lonely house in the woods was before long to be the scene of many very mysterious matters.

In Paris, at number 7 of the rue Ménars—right near the Palais Royal garden, the stock exchange and the insurance company offices, not far from the house where Saint-Mauris and de la Guiche lived together—Jean had rented, from the house proprietor Grivois, a stylish little ground floor apartment of four rooms facing street and garden, which he had tastefully furnished—although only a temporary abode, as he supposed—with mahogany and rosewood, with mirrors and gilt enamel clocks, marble statues and brass sconces, and the fashionable flowered damask wall hangings of the day, in blues and whites.

There he labored at his manuscripts, powdered his wig, figured out his profits and, a little later, exchanged pleasantries with his devoted valet, Biret-Tissot; and there, in the apartment above him, he found Marie Grandmaison.

12.

SHE had come, "Babin," from a decent tradesman background in Blois—and her real family name was Burette—a little orphan to be brought up in Paris and quite well educated by elderly relatives. As she grew up—a very quiet, self possessed girl, with fine blue eyes and attractive features—it was discovered that she could sing, and at the age of sixteen she had made her appearance, the prelude to a successful

career, at the important Italian Comedy, or *Opéra Comique* as it was called.

But in 1788 she was twentyone, and her career was over, because she had met Jean de Batz. In 1794 her life would be over, because she had met Jean de Batz. But in those six years she never failed him, never forgot him; and for another twentyeight years—although he had long since drifted away from her personally—he never forgot the memory of her brief presence in his life.

He installed her upstairs; in a *salon* hung in pale green; in the pretty bedroom done in blue and yellow Chinese silk; in the yellow dining room where she presided so gracefully at his intimate table, and in which he had placed his cherished bronze statue of Henri of Navarre. She adored him completely, and for quite a while he adored her, and they were very happy and gay together.

In the spring of the years, for a short while yet, they went singing to Charonne.

13.

BUT now, in 1788, Jean had a new ambition.

The King was about to summon the three Orders, Nobility, Clergy and Commons, of the States General to Versailles—very stupidly, in Jean's opinion, allowing the Commons an unprecedented representation of two for every one from the Nobility and Clergy—and it was no great gamble to bet that the trouble maker Orléans would get himself elected. And Jean, too—it was the thing to do—was itching to be elected. Everyone who amounted to anything, and a great many who did not, would be elected.

But this, in the Nobility Order, was not so easily achieved. Jean had made quite a splurge in his home region by his purchase of Sainte-Croix—his reputation in Paris had not been concealed under a bushel, either, by any means—and Tartas itself

was deeply indebted to him for his successful efforts to assure that unimportant district its full representation. He was a bigwig in his own home town, but that was hardly enough.

Elections in the seneschalcies of the duchies—all taxpayers voting orally—would be presided over by the Provincial Governor, or, in his absence, by that Seneschal whom he had appointed Grand Seneschal or Seneschal of the Sword. The ancient office, once of considerable importance—Grand Seneschals had practically represented the King formerly—later shrunk to insignificant functions, was now once more, by virtue of this presidency of the electoral bodies and the supervision of the preparation of the complaint *cahiers,* become a position of note. And to be chosen for the Nobility Order of the States General—sworn in as one of the deputies mandated faithfully to present the complaints which each constituent was to have his chance to record, verbally if a voter, in writing in a special coffer if not—it was practically imperative that you hold some such office.

And here the fates intervened. One of the three seneschalcies in Jean's home duchy became vacant; a seneschalcy the appointment of which belonged, as it happened, to the Pons family; and in the wink of an eye Jean was a Seneschal. The rest was not too difficult. The ducal Provincial Governor was an old rip who had no intention of presiding over any assemblage of voters, or of subjecting his bunions to the tedious paradings of provincial ceremonies, and who—in consideration of what cajoleries remains unknown—was only too pleased, on August 30, 1788, to appoint Jean Grand Seneschal of the duchy.

So far so good. The States General were to convene in May of 1789; the elections in Jean's three seneschalcies were to occur two together in March and the third, Tartas, in April; there remained only for him to secure the King's approval—which came through in January—and after that the recording of the appointment by the Parlement of Bordeaux. That was the rub, because Parlements had a way of taking years to do

anything; but by dint of turning everything upside down in person in Bordeaux, Jean got himself recorded, on March 27—just in time to go riding back in state to Nérac for the first two elections.

The Colonel Baron Jean de Batz, Seneschal of the Sword, made his pompous entry into Nérac, capital of the duchy, with all the ceremonious attentions which were his due—while before him went a rumor, carefully encouraged, sufficient in itself to put all those little country nobles in a bobbery.

The rumor that he held—as was said of personages entrusted with the King's confidence—that he held the "King's secret."

14.

AND he did. Only it was not the King's secret, it was the Queen's.

It was the Queen and her circle who, already in September, had foreseen that the Duc d'Orléans was planning to get himself elected—and that the King, for fear of making a martyr of him, would not forbid him as a Prince of the Blood to sit in the States General—and who had determined that a Prince of the Blood favorable to the monarchy, the King's youngest brother Artois, should sit in opposition, to counteract Orléans's influence. Artois was willing enough; the King, faced with a popular election demanding Artois, could not refuse him what he was permitting Orléans; and that clever Mr. de Batz with his grand seneschalcy must manage it.

So that it was to get himself elected first at Nérac—in order that he might turn Tartas to Artois—that this Seneschal of the Sword was so ceremoniously entering the ducal capital. As well Artois for Tartas as some local nabob; and from the larger point of view of Versailles and the monarchy, a simon pure royalist point of view—and Jean never pretended to any other—it was an excellent idea.

15.

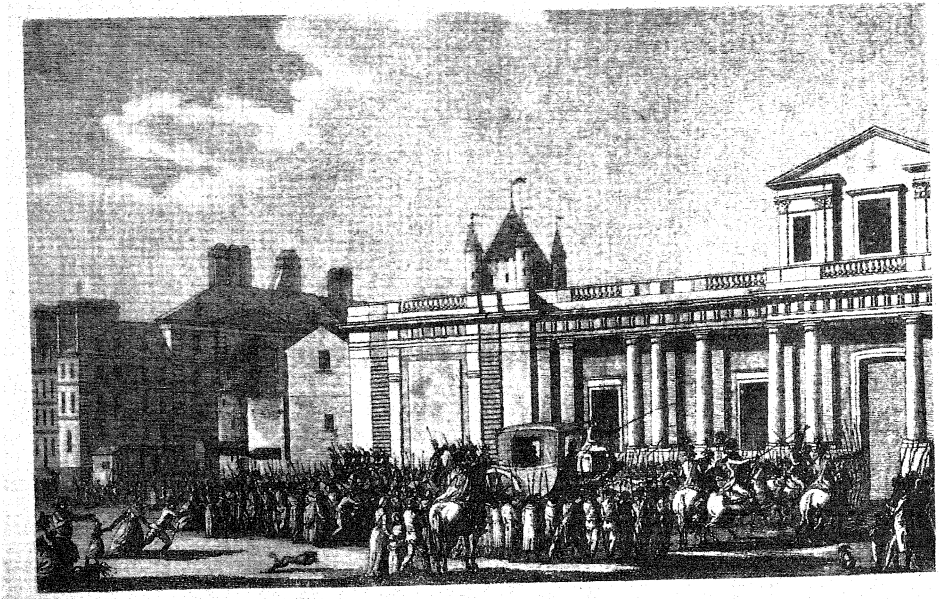
AT Nérac it went on rollers.

Jean made a long speech attacking the speculating financiers of Paris, "that heedless and corrupt city whose bosom is a bottomless pit for the civic virtues and the nation's wealth" —with some side remarks directed at Orléans concerning "the invisible hand which sows the germs of discord everywhere" —and when they had finished with the *cahiers* the voters elected Jean by acclamation to the Nobility Order. The King's secret and the wicked city had done it.

At Tartas, in April, it had to be more subtile, more apparently spontaneous—this sudden election of a Prince of the Blood by an obscure little seneschalcy far removed from his natural orbit—and consequently more carefully prepared. The King's secret had to be soft pedalled—if only to restrain the enthusiastic voters of Tartas from electing their own local boy out of hand—and for seven days Jean did not spare himself in a continuous round of entertainments and receptions, popularizing himself and the King, and quietly suggesting the name of Artois to those who could be counted on to rig the meeting.

It was obvious, in spite of everything, that Jean would be nominated—Tartas was too much impressed by its Grand Seneschal to prevent that—and this circumstance itself was made use of to stage the big surprise. For when the nomination came, and Jean was required to choose between the nominations of Nérac and Tartas, the local boy left it to Tartas to decide for him—except that it was his duty to "carry your attention far above any of us," to a descendant of Henri of Navarre whose consort had come from this very duchy, to a candidate they would be lucky not to lose to some more enterprising corps of nobility. Jean had not mentioned Artois's name, but already, with marvelous spontaneity, the enterprising nobility of Tartas was electing him by acclamation.

They charged Jean with the task of informing the Prince;



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE

they brought him, in solemn procession, a magnificent engrossed testimonial to be presented to the King—which some kind friend caused to be printed in a Paris newspaper—and on April 26, 1789, deputy Jean was on his way to Versailles, with deputy Artois in his pocket.

16.

AND there deputy Artois remained.

The States General convened, on May 5; they met in gorgeous processional, and the deputies were there, and Orléans was among them, modest Orléans dressed in plain black like the Commons, but Artois was not among them—merely one of the King's retinue holding lighted tapers around the Archbishop. The three Chambers began to sit, and pass on credentials, but Artois was not there; the Commons seceded, and some nobles joined them, then with a rush the three Orders merged and the National Assembly came into being, but Artois was not there.

The King would not have it. Influenced by some of his deliberately over prudent Ministers, spiritually unable steadfastly to encounter any aggressive policy, thinking that Orléans would take the hint and resign if Artois were excluded—a pious illusion—the King forbad his brother to sit.

As Grand Seneschal, responsible for the seating of his delegation, Jean wrote to the King. Mincing no words—some of which were undoubtedly the Queen's—Jean told him flatly that the monarchy was endangered by schemers and that the fate of the kingdom was about to be decided in the States General; that his constituents, wishing the King to remain at least in control of the Chamber of the Nobles—the three Orders had been supposed to sit separately, each capable of veto—would be grieved to see Artois excluded as the result of blunders already, "but no doubt erroneously," attributed to some of the King's Ministers, Necker between the lines; that

the placing of Artois as the inevitably predominating figure in the Chamber of the Nobles would have "the effect of a *coup d'état* which will consolidate the monarchy," and that through Artois, "Sire, you will see everything, through his faithful ears you will hear everything."

It was true. Artois was a giddy clown, but he had the gift of glib phrases and his mere presence would have served, somewhat, to hold the nobility together. Someone for the conservatives to rally around, for the sheep to follow. But the King was not interested. Private considerations, a secretary replied, forbad the seating of Artois, who himself finally sent word to express his regrets in that he was "forcibly obliged"—he repeated it again, "forced"—to decline the election. An attempt by Jean, in the Chamber, to force through a demand for the seating of Artois was howled down by Noailles and the liberal nobles. While Orléans walked about, sweetly smiling.

A short while later, the Nobility and the Clergy, in a riot of hysterical exaltation for which they possessed no mandate—and Jean with them, since the bulk of his fortune was now safely banked abroad—divested themselves of their fiscal prerogatives and revenues. A little later it was the feudal rights that all went by the board. The Revolution was over. There remained, it seemed, just a few reforms to accomplish.

17.

THE carefully stirred up mobs—stirred up on behalf of Necker this time—stormed the Bastille; the King shillied and shallied and allowed himself to be impertinently harangued in Paris; the monarchy was simply being flouted; and once more Jean put pen to paper. Another dialogue between an interlocutor and a king, in which the former, for one thing, complained about the latter's "too serene soul" and the fact that he never seemed to have any ideas of his own.

"Nature, Equality, Liberty," Jean bluntly warned *his*

King, "those are the big words with which, in all times, people have attacked a government which they wished to overthrow." The "supreme authority is never innocent of the crimes which it consciously tolerates"—read that, Your Majesty—and "all the abuses which grieve [your] heart would disappear if you held the reins of law with a firm and high hand." What was needed was a monarchy relying on a strong and well supervised aristocracy, itself readily accessible to merit and ability.

The paragraph was a complete indictment of the King's incapacity to be kingly, and of one of the fundamental causes of the Revolution; that is to say the alienation of the rank and file of the nobility, neglected in favor of a spendthrift and irresponsible upper crust of great names.

As for democracy, "the most absurd of tyrants is the multitude wherever it has authority: it is also the most jealous, the most capricious, the most unjust of masters; it has all a tyrant's vices, it likes flatterers and rewards them, but always ends by strangling those whom at first it cherished. It envies wealth, takes offence at the praise which it has itself bestowed, esteems and at the same time detests virtue, fears superior talents, makes a crime of distinguished birth, and never forgives successes from which it has itself profited."

But things like that written to Louis XVI—because they called for vigor, and strong measures, and if needs be a little blood spilling—were so many wasted words on the wind.

Jean gave up. The monarchy would not assert itself; the time would come when it would have to defend itself; and that would require money. Money available to the King, money—and never mind how acquired—available to those who sought to aid him. And the making of money was Jean's *forte*. The Assembly, that pandemonium of chattering reformers, horrified him. He kept away from it as much as possible, and stayed in Paris listening to the metropolitan clamor, watching the machinations of the Orléans faction, studying with

Clavière. Studying finance, studying foreign banking methods, studying world exchange.

Speculating wherever any sort of penny could be turned. Speculating, one might as well call it profiteering, in foreign lumber and hemp, for instance—during a trip to Belgium in the summer of 1789—for the storage of which he constructed large warehouses in the port of Boulogne; and in the handling of which he greatly enriched himself, thanks to the scarcity of currency, by means of intricate operations of exchange which —from any point of view except his own single minded one— were anything but patriotic.

Back in Paris in October, the surge on Versailles of the manipulated mob—this time the excuse was bread—did not surprise him. Orléans's agitators had been sufficiently active, and the subsequent official enquiry, before which Jean with many others testified, was directly to incriminate the royal duke. Jean went to the Assembly that day; he witnessed the incredible scenes of popular disorder miserably permitted in its hall; he talked to some of the alleged fishwives—some of them were men in disguise, some of them elegant kept women —and mingled with the crowds outside; at midnight or so he was in the King's apartments when Lafayette came out assuring everyone that the trouble was over; he went to sleep in the palace, in some rooms loaned by a friend, one of those suites tucked away in the labyrinths of half floors and private stairs with which the great maze of Versailles was honeycombed; when the mob broke in he was for a long time isolated by national guards blocking the private exits; and when he finally reached the King's apartments it was all over but the indecision, and the consternation, and Necker holding his head in his hands, and Orléans passing through the rooms sweetly smiling, and the enforced drive to the city.

The Revolution had moved to Paris.

18.

THE Assembly, the Constituant Assembly, also moved to Paris, and installed itself in the old Riding Academy —just across the gardens from the Tuileries palace which housed the Court—its innumerable committee rooms and bureaus overflowing into the crowded floors of nearby convent buildings. Not far away, in the refectory of the Jacobin convent, another assemblage of prolific talkers gathered, under the benevolent gaze of the quiet monks who for a while were permitted to contemplate the proceedings of this new Jacobin Club.

And now, very soon, the Assembly was in a furore—but the furore was nothing new—of financial debates; Necker's Genevese plan for a loan from the Discount Bank backed by an issue of notes; Panchaud's Genevese plan for the creation of a State Bank; Clavière's Genevese plan for a budget and a self financing government without intermediary agencies. All the Genevese intriguing against each other, Neckerites and anti Neckerites, telling friend Mirabeau what to say; and Jean at the rostrum for Clavière, decrying Necker's "reams of paper," arguing against Panchaud's intermediaries, getting himself violently attacked for his operations in foreign exchange, and on the whole making a very considerable impression with an extremely well informed speech. Out of it all came the adoption of decrees proposed by the Assembly's Committee of Ten—it was becoming increasingly difficult to keep track of the Assembly's numerical subdivisions—calling for a very large issue of paper money to be guaranteed by the anticipated proceeds from the sale of confiscated Crown and Church properties, without a thought for the effect on the real estate market of such a wholesale dumping of holdings.

And one thing more, on January 22, 1790. The formation of a Committee of Liquidation of Twelve, chosen from the Finance Committee.

It was to have a terrific and vitally important task, this Committee; a task intended, so the radical Left expected, to reveal further monetary extravagances of the Court—and on the other hand, as the royalist Right hoped, to show up Necker unfavorably and offset the revelations of the King's private Red Book pensions and gifts. The task of investigating all claims filed by creditors and recommending to the Assembly for settlement *all* of the back debts, estimated at two hundred millions, owing to persons in every walk of life by the Royal Treasury and every one of the government Ministries or Departments—mines, manufactures, agriculture, colonies, commerce, foreign affairs, army, navy, everything.

It was a stupendous undertaking, and Jean saw his chance.

He was definitely one of the Right in the Assembly, one of the "Black Dead End" as the out and out royalists were called—a member of the Monarchical Club—although he was, deliberately and through his financial relations, on very friendly terms with many members of the Center and Left. His public reputation as a financier had continued to increase. Except for a brief period of service on the Committee of Reports, he had purposely kept himself aloof from committees, biding his time, occupying himself with finance, and keeping his ears open. No politics for this very shrewd politician.

He was constantly to be seen now at the d'Epréménil biweekly receptions where the Councilor—long since cured of his Parlement hostility and turned ardent royalist—played host to an unsuspecting throng of mixed convictions; where adherents of the Court rubbed shoulders with Leftists; where Mirabeau could be deftly taken in a corner and sugared; where, according to public denunciations by the Jacobin Club, the most violently counter-revolutionary matters were hatched. Where, also, a sweet young girl of fifteen or so might occasionally be seen, who was related to Madame d'Epréménil by a former marriage, and whose name was Michelle Thilorier. And Jean was likewise frequently out at Clavière's country place, looking his

man over; listening to all the talk of the Genevese; playing his quiet game which was later to cause him to be accused of having swum both ways at once in the days of the Constituant Assembly—and it made him very angry too, which was characteristic.

But now he saw his chance. With Clavière completely beholden to him, in the financial markets and at the rostrum of the Assembly, Jean saw his chance to go straight to the root of things.

19.

HE was later to see even further possibilities, but at first Jean figured it out this way.

The Committee of Liquidation could be used politically to further the royalist cause by hindering the progress of revolutionary measures. If liquidation proceeded speedily—the creditors accepting paper *assignats* guaranteed by the expected sale of the confiscated properties—this would serve as tacit acceptance of the confiscations themselves, which should be combated, and of the financial methods involved, which were pernicious but might, in that case, prove successful. And in Jean's mind the success of any revolutionary measure was a defeat, a blow to the monarchy, and an event to be avoided by any and every means. By delaying liquidation, by impeding it in every way, everything else would be impeded and the Left's financial success jeopardized. To kill time—hold up the acceptance of *assignats,* let the sale of confiscated properties jam itself up—that was the program, until a reaction should set in. That the reaction might turn out to be a further radical outburst did not, then, occur to him.

It was a chance to take, and one may well now question the wisdom of it—question whether, if everything, especially in the financial field, had not been impeded, a less disastrous solution to the whole trouble between the Crown and the Assembly might not have been achieved—but Jean could only

look forward, through a glass darkly; he was a man of single ideas, and his was no temperament ever to recoil from chances.

The thing to do was to get appointed to the Committee of Liquidation, and then preside over it.

Jean began talking it up on all sides, in both Rightist and Leftist lobbies; how there should be more members of the Committee, deputies who were not already members of the harassed Finance Committee; and to bring the Left around to this view he used Clavière. What passed between them is not certain—what Clavière saw or was led to see in the move—but it was a Leftist friend of Clavière's who put the motion before the Assembly whereby, on May 6, seven additional deputies were appointed to the Committee, and among them Jean. They met, and Jean looked at them. Two royalists besides himself, three big liberal nobles, and thirteen assorted Leftists. Then he discoursed to them, very cleverly depending on their convictions; and when they adjourned—most of them only too pleased to be rid of this chore—Jean was their chosen Reporter, in charge of all the Committee's affairs.

Jean got to work, with his young private secretary Devaux —a former clerk in the Royal Treasury, and a convinced royalist—and the delay began at once, with a great show of activity. The Committee's affairs were fearfully complicated; there were all manner of questions of procedure and jurisdiction to be settled; there was already a host of creditors bombarding the offices, and nothing definite to tell them; there would have to be a preliminary report. Jean was very busy in the Assembly attacking Necker's measures for Clavière, while Clavière told Reybaz what to tell Mirabeau to say—there exists a charming letter from Mirabeau thanking Reybaz for the success of his speech—and Jean was not able to bring in his report until July 3. In the meantime, he had let fall some disturbing prognostications concerning the public debt which did not do the *assignats* any good, and an attempt by a creditor to bribe a

member of the Committee had already been made which threw the Assembly into a ferment.

Liberal Lameth was coming forward with an amendment requiring all approved claims to be countersigned by two thirds of the Committee; and Jean, who particularly wanted two things put through which did not appear in his report—clauses considerably widening the scope of the Committee's powers—came to terms with another deputy, a very smart parlementarian, to handle the debate for him at the rostrum, and secure the two clauses even at the cost of accepting the Lameth amendment which would be very difficult, in any case, to enforce. And so it was done, on July 17, after the Assembly had recovered from the drenching which it had taken three days before at the Festival of Federation—seven dripping hours parading in the rain, and then the long rigmarole at the Champ de Mars.

As for Jean's report itself—and a very fine report, ordered printed for distribution—it was extremely long and complicated. So much so—those Reporters droning out reports at the rostrum, it was really very difficult to listen to them—so much so that nobody noticed a little clause which got itself slipped into the decree determining the Committee's functions. That the verifications of claims should remain the duty of the tribunals, or of the King's Council, or of the Ministry involved, as the case might be and as heretofore. In other words, that the most notoriously slow moving institutions, all trussed up with formalities and riddled with dilatory negligence, should continue to pass on all claims prior to liquidation. From Jean's point of view it was masterly.

As Brissot was later, in 1792, to point out, "it is more particularly in the liquidation of claims that the counter-revolution achieved its greatest success. It had been created, this liquidation, for the Revolution, and it was turned against it; it was created for justice, and it became the origin of countless in-

justices; it was created for the people, and it profited only the great and the rich. . . ."

And even then Brissot did not understand all of it. It was true that in Jean's hands it was the great and the rich, very largely, who profited from the liquidation, but there was much more to it than that.

20.

JEAN had thought of something else.

Things were getting worse and worse for the monarchy. If the Festival of Federation had been a love feast; a great assemblage from all over France of national guard delegates still completely devoted to their instinctive royal fidelity; one of those curious temporary hysterical reactions which the Revolution occasionally produced—one which any king but Louis XVI would have made use of to ride triumphantly out of Paris at the head of France—now the reaction was over, France had gone home to its destiny, the Assembly, recovered from its very acute fright, was increasingly embittered. Violent laws against the French *émigrés* abroad; the civil constitution of the clergy; riots and fracases at the palace; the royal family forcibly restrained from going to Saint-Cloud in the spring of 1791; the King humiliated and virtually imprisoned. Soon, in the minds of the King and Queen, the only concern would be a flight from Paris. They had already thought of trying it from Saint-Cloud during the summer residence of 1790; they would perhaps have tried it again in that spring of 1791; they were finally, and fatally, to attempt it in June of that same year to Varennes. At the same time they had been involved with Mirabeau, paying handsomely for his advice and collusion; and there was a continuous traffic of secret emissaries passing back and forth across the frontiers between the Tuileries and the royalist headquarters abroad.

All this took a great deal of money, the furnishing of

which—and the accumulation of which against such emergencies as might arise in the monarchy's uncertain future—was become Jean's one and only ambition. He was not overly impressed by all the pathetic intrigues abroad, and he was not actively implicated in Fersen's management of the flight to Varennes. But he knew this, before and especially after Varennes. That if the monarchy was to save itself, it would take money; and that if the monarchy collapsed and had to be restored, it would take money. Money with which to bribe venalities, buy off hostilities and defray mercenary services. Money, as he sensed the natures of so many of those around him—in the streets and in the Assembly—was the key to everything. This money Jean proposed to have at his disposal, in addition to the private funds which he already commanded in England and elsewhere. As much of it as possible.

Now among the creditors besieging the Committee of Liquidation were quantities of persons, some with large some with small claims, who were by the nature of things either deeply indebted to the monarchy for past favors, or intimately concerned with its destiny. Nobles and pensioners, former officials of the Crown, countless old royal employees, servitors and tradesmen—all of them, from conviction or self interest, ardent royalists. That the Committee would have to show results, and produce a reasonable succession of recommended claims for liquidation, was granted. That such recommended claims would almost all, in due course of bored routine, be ratified by the Assembly was to be expected. That Jean, left pretty much to his own devices by his colleagues—more than capable, in the devious manipulations of committee rooms, of holding his own against any impediments which the Assembly might try to put in his way—would be able to a great extent to select such claims as he chose for recommendation was inevitable.

The money for the royalist fund came out of that. From such claims, for instance, as that recommended on March 15,

1791, for five million and eighty thousand *livres* in favor of the Perreau brothers, managers of the Paris administration of Public Vehicles; a service in which numberless former royal coachmen and outriders had found refuge, and which Jean was later—as well as the service of Public Cartage managed by his henchman d'Espagnac—to pack with such rabidly royalist individuals and make the most fantastic use of. The procedure was very simple. On each royalist claim recommended and paid—in the case of such creditors as he could with safety approach—Jean demanded a percentage of the sum to be received to be loaned to the King. The willingness to make the loan, and no doubt the size of it, naturally accelerated that particular claim's liquidation. In some instances Jean gave his personal note to cover the loan—as in the case of the Duchesse de Brancas's contribution of fortyfive thousand *livres*—in other instances the loan was considered made direct to the King who would accept no donations except on that personal loan basis. You "permitted the disposal" of a certain sum; that was the formula on all the receipts given by Jean.

In other quarters, no doubt with a complete disregard for any ethical considerations—the King's business was Jean's only consideration—Heaven knows what he did. He had also diddled out of the Assembly the control of the liquidation of debts owing to the Royal Treasury, whose two greatest debtors were the Water Works Company and the Company of the Indies—the latter still in process of liquidation after the d'Espagnac corner. With his intimate knowledge of the affairs of those companies, and by means of a constant manipulation of their shares on the London exchange, he was able to turn many a penny for the King and for himself—which was to say for the royalist counter-revolutionary fund, for the contents of his own pockets were always a part of it.

With the stock market in mind, he got a big Leftist—for it always delighted him to use unwitting Leftists against them-

selves—to send the whole business of the Indies liquidation back to the courts. Still with the stock market in mind, he brought in a terrific report against the Water Works in November of 1790, thundering before the Assembly about "shameless frauds" and "the fruits of the people's sweat," until a virtuously edified Assembly printed the report and passed drastic decrees, abrogating former decrees of the Parlement, against the Water Works. Until Brissot, who did not know as much then as he did in 1792, exclaimed in his paper that Mr. de Batz was "the partisan of order in financial affairs," and was "too strongly the adversary of crooks not to deserve just praise for his work and his talent."

Heaven knows what he did, rigging the stock market, borrowing from liquidations, selling confiscated properties over and over again to dummies; but it was the result of all these operations which, in 1792, as a proof of his own personal advances merely, earned him that mention in the King's handwriting—in his diary found in the famous secret iron closet at the Tuileries—in which the King referred to the "perfect behavior of Mr. de Batz, to whom I owe five hundred and twelve thousand *livres*."

21.

IT was not done without a great deal of tribulation and uproar from the Assembly, in which all manner of accusations charging speculation and collusion were frequently passed. Jean had to be on his guard at every moment. The deputies in the Assembly, even the honest ones, were not all completely unintelligent, and the suspicion that all was not well with the Committee of Liquidation, that its proceedings were dilatory and its decisions prejudiced, found repeated and noisy expression.

No one could quite put his finger on anything specific—deputy Camus, of the Pensions Committee, perhaps came the

nearest to seeing through Jean's performances—but they were always trying to add new members to the Committee or alter its organization. In November of 1790, twelve additional Leftist members—and Jean produced his great condemnation of the Water Works frauds. In December of 1790, a new Bureau of General Direction for Liquidation, with Camus and Jean both elected to it—and Jean pulled enough wires to ensure the choice as Bureau President of the royalist Dufresne, a financier who was already in secret touch with the King. In March of 1791, a great todo by Camus over a Central Committee for Liquidation of his own invention—a gratuitous extension of the powers of the Commission which had established the earlier Bureau—and this time Jean went for Camus who had been burning his fingers on the side in connection with the liquidation of a claim for the Duc d'Orléans's bankers. Camus was back at the rostrum immediately with a terrific oration, which, had the Assembly but realized it, was a very fair exposé of Jean's tactics with the Committee of Liquidation. There was a very fearful uproar.

That sort of thing would not do, and after a careful investigation—with legal advice—of the somewhat dubious Orléans claim which Camus had supported, Jean let it be known that he would expose *that* whole affair if there was any more trouble. But now Camus himself was in trouble; in May, while Jean was bringing in a very splendid and thoroughly Leftist report on the formation of a Chamber of Accounts. Camus, following Jean's scent, had gradually forced himself into ostensible control of liquidation, and all the blame for everything was now falling on his head; so that the irritable Leftist investigator, who knew that he was on the trail of something, found himself being accused of royalist connivances. And other very unpleasant things, for liquidation had finally produced its inevitable crop of bucket shops and profiteers sweating advance commissions out of hopeful creditors, and the air was red, white and blue with indignation.

So, with Camus fuming and Jean contriving, liquidation went its course as the Constituant Assembly drew to its adjournment on September 30. On the day before, Jean made his last report for the Committee of Liquidation, turning in a final list of recommendations, and in the matter of the Water Works Company—for which he had recently been severely criticised as having deceived the Assembly—offering to produce all the proofs of the Company's fraudulence before the new Legislative Assembly. But no—not at all—members of the Constituant were answerable only to the Constituant—thank you, Mr. de Batz.

Always prudent, and shrewd, and meticulously legal.

22.

THE Constituant Assembly retired and the Legislative came in, and Jean was out of the Riding Academy.

With his one idea in mind, royalist money, he went to England, in October, and for three months his financial activities were incredible and, at this late date, impossible to unravel. Dealing in exchange, in shares, in negotiable paper; travelling constantly back and forth by way of Boulogne between London and Paris; employing dozens of brokers and agents, and always the faithful Devaux; his surviving accounts —in addition to such operations as he undertook for the Ministry of Finance—show daily transactions in thousands and a total of millions out of which Dufresne, at the Bureau of Liquidation, kept constantly receiving his share for the King.

In January of 1792, Jean was back in Paris, a little at the end of his tether; wondering what to do next; wondering whether he ought not to join the royalist army forming abroad for an invasion of France; finding it difficult, of course, to explain his apparent Leftist connections, his close association with Clavière, to his royalist friends. Clavière who, in March, at last found himself Minister of Finance in the new Roland

Ministry. Clavière whose ambition and violence were thenceforth constantly to increase until his contemporaries saw in him perhaps the principal agency—in one case certainly the direct cause—of the upheavals of June and August which finally smashed the monarchy. And Jean could not explain how he had helped to make Clavière; how, in his secret campaign for money, he had used Clavière; how the presence in the Ministry of Finance of this man completely beholden to Jean—still, to a very great extent probably, his dupe—was a source of secret delight.

But Jean did not have to explain anything to the King, now deep with the Queen in endless intrigues concerned with armed foreign intervention which they considered their only remaining salvation. They sent for Jean; one of those furtive nocturnal interviews in the gloomy and closely guarded Tuileries, where some trusted retainer took you on pins and needles down that long pitch black service corridor leading to the special staircase of the private chambers on the half floors. And they wanted him to go to Coblenz, to the royalist army, for a purpose which has remained a secret between them; and in April, with his friend Saint-Mauris, Jean took the post road. His passport, authorising him to undertake various financial enterprises in Belgium on behalf of the Ministry of Finance—so that he was not committing the crime of emigration—was signed by Clavière. Mr. de Batz, "known for several considerable banking and commercial operations and for his business relations with the principal commercial houses . . . in Holland and England . . ." The document alone was worth the whole cost of Clavière.

But Coblenz, with its insane delusions and smug self satisfactions—its selfish bickerings and personal connivances—was no place for belated royalists who had not been dancing attendance on the Princes, the King's fatuous and treacherous brothers. The late comers were snubbed, even hazed to such an extent that Saint-Mauris had to find shelter with his cousin,

the Princess of Nassau-Siegen, to the person of whose consort Jean was attached as aide. One of the principal clowns in the Coblenz circus, this adventurer Prince, with his trappings, and his pots and pans, and his corps of eight cooks. Late in June, Jean and Saint-Mauris were back in Paris. And whatever it was, the royal mission had been faithfully performed, because it was then, on July 1, that the King wrote in his diary.

"Return and perfect behavior of Mr. de Batz, to whom I owe five hundred and twelve thousand *livres*."

23.

LATE June and July of 1792, and Jean had no illusions. The King had been shorn of his Body Guard, later of his constitutional Royal Guard, refusing their offer on the day of dismissal to clean out the Assembly and the Jacobin Club and put an end to the nonsense; when, in a sudden flareup of belated anger he had dismissed the Roland Ministry, Clavière and the rabid Girondin group who controlled the Assembly had precipitated that first unchecked irruption of the populace into the Tuileries; on that terrifying afternoon of June 20 when the Queen stood for hours before the braying mob; behind a table which had been hastily pulled out for her by a certain Chevalier de Rougeville, whose face she was to remember and who will appear again in these pages. Out in the streets, in the midst of the furious thunderstorms of that suffocating summer, the Jacobin clamor against the monarchy was sweeping the Assembly with it; and in the Tuileries gardens Councilor d'Eprémenil himself, once the Parlement "idol of the people," had been hacked at with sabers.

At the Tuileries they were trying the last resorts. Projects of flight for the Queen, for the King—which they both refused—projects of corruption aimed at various Jacobin bigwigs and Girondin Assembly leaders; with negotiations actually under way, and promises exchanged, and the money already passed.

Buy them off. Jean's perpetual refrain—but too late now, too late, with the final carefully organized push of August 10 already preparing, and to which some of those who had presumably been bought off were too deeply committed. All so helpless and bemused, in the presence of this ponderous fate which was approaching, so clumsily and still so surely, and yet which might have been avoided.

Jean had no illusions, and he was not wasting his time—indeed, not even risking his life—at the befuddled Tuileries, in the melodramatic posturings of a lost cause. He was thinking of the future, and what could be done with it to counteract the disaster. In July he was attending to his own affairs; early in August he was up to his ears in counter-revolutionary arrangements; on August 9 he was already at Boulogne, on his way to England.

He had put his own house in order; in fact—foreseeing the proscription of all royalists and Constituant Rightists which was sure to follow, and the necessity for anonymous shelter—he had put the rue Ménars apartment in Marie Grandmaison's name; and the Hermitage and house at Charonne, by a pretended sale consummated at Beauvais on July 28, in that of her brother who called himself Burette Grandmaison, and who was one of those royalists posting house masters in charge of public coaches and relays who were to be so useful to Jean. With some nondescripts replacing Clavière temporarily at the Ministry of Finance, Jean had filled his pockets with easily obtained additional passports and official authorizations to represent the government abroad in financial deals; and at Boulogne, that convenient port—where his warehouses gave him the necessary local standing—he had provided himself with assortments of documents from the municipality establishing his status as a merchant. Later, as plain Jean Batz, he was to secure his civic oath certificate from them, and later still some very important attestations to the effect that he could

not possibly have emigrated since he had been in and out of Boulogne all the time on business.

He was never to be at a loss for papers—whether as Jean Batz himself; or as Muller, the simpleton Alsatian; or as Vallier, the stocky little southern bourgeois; or as Nathey, the Swiss clockmaker, an identity borrowed from a real Nathey who served him in many capacities. He learned to quick change with amazing celerity from one to another of these impersonations; and during the Terror to come it should have been the concern of the police to make sure that a pointed nose going by in the street was not pulled up by its tip with an invisible silk thread attached to the hat, transforming the roman appendage of the terrible Baron de Batz.

But then it was to be very difficult in those days to be sure of any person's figure or features; what with the great overcoats with many capes, and hats pulled down to the eyes, and the chin sunk up to the lips, even up to the nose, in the folds of enormous cravats.

24.

AND in Paris, Jean had been counting noses.

Lining up all the persons that he thought he could trust, to act with him, to act for him, to shelter and hide him, come what might when the monarchy fell. Friends, tradesmen, clerks, nobles, coachmen, brokers, scamps, toughs, ladies and gentlemen and gutter rats. Persons he had known for years; persons he had come across in his own devious comings and goings; persons he had used, or befriended, or bribed, or incriminated; persons who, some of them, were never to know each other, or suspect each other's allegiance; persons who, many of them, lived together or within stones' throws of each other and Jean in that region to the north and east of the humming Palais Royal, all around the rue Ménars; persons he had seen daily in the neighborhood life of the

quarter; persons who never saw him, and never realized the invisible hand pushing them around through his intermediaries; persons devoted either to the royalist cause—for cash or for love—or, personally, to Jean; for the instinct, in case of vital peril, of friendship transcending politics was repeatedly to abolish prudence and duty and find expression during the Revolution, and more particularly the Terror, in many remarkable fidelities.

The fidelity, for instance, of Guyot-Desherbiers; a judge of the Civil Tribunal; a worthy jurist who scribbled verses all over his legal papers and who was to be the grandfather of Paul and Alfred de Musset; a partisan of the Revolution and a friend of Robespierre, but still more a friend of Jean; and in whose quiet, unsuspected house, in a narrow street far removed from the Palais Royal—introduced as a secretary—Jean was time and time again to be hidden, while Robespierre's ferrets sniffed all over the town after him.

And now, in 1792, who was there?

Loyal Marie, and faithful Devaux. Saint-Mauris and de la Guiche. The Comte de Marsan, who lived near Devaux. Balthazar Roussel, Jean's romantic young disciple, a hero worshipper who left all the attractions of his wealthy bourgeois heritage to serve the cause and share his lodging with Jean in emergencies, and who was a great friend of Burette Grandmaison. Desfieux the wine merchant, with his convenient cellars where a man could hide for weeks, and his broker crony Pereyra, the Portuguese Jew; both of them from Bordeaux whence they had come, in 1790, as delegates to the Festival of Federation. The grocer Cortey, with his shop and residence opening onto two streets, and from whose attic it was possible to go across the roofs all the way to Desfieux's. Pottier the printer, and Michonis the confectioner—kind, quiet, sly Michonis, and his friend Bault, warden of the Force prison.

And others, and others.

Lullier, a smart shyster; all mixed up with the private

financial and domestic affairs of the nobility, more recently of the *émigrés,* but clever enough, in 1787, to have advertised his services gratis to indigent citizens; a man who might—and did—go far in a new order of things; a personage who knew very well how much Jean knew about him, and whom Jean had seen at work, in January of 1792, in the divorce proceedings of the Comtesse de Beaufort whose subsequent wayward career was also to prove of great utility. The Comte de Proly—and he was a Count, an Austrian Count, alleged to be the bastard of Prime Minister Kaunitz—who lived with Desfieux, fallen into the most tortuous ways, and for whom intrigue and adventure were a pastime, every manner of shady transaction an amusement. Curiously devoted, in his Austrian heart, to the Queen. Jean had picked him up somewhere, and made use of him, and paid him with Indies shares. He would be very useful again. Gusman the Spaniard, once a Grandee of Spain, splashing about since 1780 in the Parisian mire; another intimate of Desfieux, and of course of Proly. A man, with Pereyra, for any job. A riffraff, all these last, high scum and low dregs of the times, but faithful and useful to Jean, and their names will recur in these pages again and again.

And others, and others.

The d'Epréménils were gone, refugeed to their country estates; but the Thilorier in-laws were there, settling down to live very unobtrusively on a remote street near Montmartre, counting on Mr. Thilorier's former notorious advocacy of Cagliostro the magician to ensure safety from the anti religious Revolution. Jean could be sure of a very safe shelter in that house, under the protection of Michelle's silent adoration. She was sixteen now, and head over heels in love with Jean, that was obvious. Well. A very sweet girl, certainly, with a great deal of charm and a quite superior intellect. You could not help being quite decidedly attracted to her.

And the elegant Pons, of course, was on hand.

Things had gone badly financially with Mr. Aucane of

Sucy, and, in order to recoup, he had done what so many persons of standing did, he had invested what he had in one of the better gambling houses of the Palais Royal. Now Aucane was proprietor of the celebrated Number Fifty—an establishment of the greatest elegance, where only the most refined manners were tolerated—and to increase the tone of the place Aucane had arranged for Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe and the now dazzling Emilie to appear there as hostesses. She had also appeared very frequently of late at the Favart Theatre, had Emilie; to listen to the handsome Elleviou sing *Philippe et Georgette,* and to become very completely Philippe's Georgette; she was now frankly—and inevitably in such surroundings—a *demi castor,* as they called those ladies of the Palais Royal who were not quite one thing or the other; and it should not have surprised Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe to discover suddenly that Emilie was about to become the mother of a child presumably Elleviou's. At any rate, they had whisked Emilie off to the seclusion of Rouen, with all the retinue following after, whence she was in due time to return, as the wife of the accommodating Sartines, to Elleviou's renewed embraces.

Except for such interruptions, they were all living at the Aucane "house," right next door to Pons who, with Sartines and a crowd of aristocratic young blades, was in and out of the joint—the *tripot*—all day long. The porter, Paindavoine, was one of Jean's henchmen. The wines were provided by Desfieux, who was also a silent partner. Proly and Gusman were among the familiar spirits. For all its elegance, the place was frequented by all and sundry, high scum and low dregs, Right and Left.

Such a place, and such a crowd, could no doubt be made very useful too.

25.

JEAN was in England in August of 1792, at Brussels and at Verdun in September, back in England via Boulogne from October until December.

The insurrectional *Commune* had been established in Paris; on August 13, surrendered by a completely subservient Assembly, the royal family had been turned over to this *Commune* for imprisonment in the old dungeon tower of the palace of the Templars, the Tower of the Temple so called; the royalist and foreign allied armies were advancing into France, and Verdun had fallen before them; Clavière was back in his Ministry, and a new thunderer, Danton, at Justice—none of them lifting a finger to prevent the ghastly massacre of royalists and priests jammed into the prisons of Paris; and on September 21 the Republic was being proclaimed.

And Jean had no illusions. To save the King, to get him out of his predicament before it became necessary to battle for his life—that was, now, the one imperative concern.

But Jean's conception of the method was vastly different from that of the cocksure and militant royalists. Where they saw nothing but vengeance and retaliation, the easy and swift occupation of Paris, and the restoration of Louis XVI to his throne, Jean was for the abandonment of any such notions which he knew to be ridiculous; he was for the immediate cessation of hostilities and the withdrawal of the invading armies from France, for the prompt opening of negotiations—and no aggressive nonsense—with the revolutionary authorities in Paris, with the promise of such a military withdrawal held out in exchange for the freedom and safe conduct abroad of the royal family. To expect or to demand anything else was insane.

That Jean was aware of negotiations of that general nature, instigated in England, and elsewhere through Proly, by the double dealing Danton, is very likely. That Jean already knew that direct negotiations for a retreat from France were actually

in the wind is more than probable; negotiations which it is impossible now not to believe were being conducted through the medium of high Masonic influences between Clavière and other revolutionary leaders and Brunswick, the Prussian commander—himself the son of one of the foremost members of the *Illuminati*—and which, after some curious official conferences, were to result, on September 29, in the otherwise absolutely incomprehensible unmolested retreat of the Prussian army, followed by all the others, from Valmy.

To have the royalists take the initiative and make use of this willingness, in some quarters, to exchange the royal family —this desperate desire on all sides to be rid of the military menace confronting the Revolution—was Jean's one idea. Buy them off with olive branches. On September 6, he was at Brussels talking to Fersen, the Queen's romantic friend, the organizer of the fatal flight to Varennes. Practical Jean, who had so far never risked his life for the Queen, and chivalrous Axel who, in 1791, had taken every possible chance and whose mentality now, in 1792—beyond the borders of France to be sure—was all fire and sword. They got on very badly, the proud Swedish nobleman and the Constituant financier; but on September 10 Jean was at Verdun, bearing letters to his old friend the Baron de Breteuil from Fersen, in which Fersen seemed to think that Jean might have some useful suggestions although he had been too much involved in all sorts of transactions to be trusted very far.

But Breteuil and the royalist leaders were hopeless. Intoxicated by their recent conquest of Verdun, they could think only in terms of the King's immediate restoration. Negotiate, retreat—that was idiotic. As soon as Brunswick got going again they would be in Paris. As for Jean, they would be glad to have him go to Paris and raise money with which to defray the expenses incidental to the reestablishment of the royal government. Jean finally packed up his portmanteaux and went back to England.

26.

AND now, after Valmy—when it could no longer be achieved by negotiation, when, before very long, it was obvious that the King would have to stand trial before the new National Convention—everybody was saying it. Save the King! Save the King!

Yes, no doubt, but how? Always supposing that he could be persuaded to leave without the Queen, and the children, and his sister. The King was in the Big Tower now, after September 30, on the third floor—the others were to join him there, from the adjacent Little Tower, on October 26, going to the fourth floor—surrounded by Commissioners of the *Commune;* the whole place patrolled by troops; every landing on the only Tower stairs protected with massive bolted doors; the only access to the Tower being through the former palace of the Grand Prior of the Templars, where a Grand Post of two hundred and fifty men was on duty night and day. And always that strange creature Simon, the *Commune's* factotum, roaming at will all over the enclosure; a shoemaker by trade, a completely uneducated simpleton, obsessed with revolutionary ardor and authority.

The King had already refused once to be saved alone, from the Little Tower, when it might have been arranged; but still the attempts to get at him persisted. Almost all of them originating in England, in the minds of frantic royalist refugees, and none of them very practical. Some of them fantastic, such as that of the gentleman who set out alone, with a false passport and "some blunderbusses"; some of them very tremendous on paper, full of mysterious allusions to lost burial vaults of the Templars under the Tower, which could be reached through secret passages; some of them much more hardy in conception, such as that irruption into the Temple enclosure of a false patrol which soon found itself at grips with the genuine guard.

But that showed something—you could get in, even though there might be very slight assurance of getting out again. Messages and money got themselves delivered to the King; in fact, a whole system of communication was organizing itself from the upper windows of private houses facing the Tower, by means of which news was announced to the royal family when they took their airings on the platform. In October there was a regular scandal, when it was discovered that the Temple Commissioners had been dining and wining outsiders at the palace. It had been, so it seemed, an "orgy." You could get in; and the dependencies of the vast bailiwick of the old Templars, a complete walled city within the city—until lately the property of the King's brother, Artois—were still inhabited by countless persons, caretakers, menials and cooks on duty at the Temple and many of them former employees of Artois, who were reputed to have their own private methods of access to the otherwise secluded palace and Tower enclosure.

You could get in; and Charlotte Walpole, in London, was prepared to tell all and sundry—she later told the British government and the King's other brother, Provence—that she had gotten in, and done sentry duty on the Queen's floor. She had been an actress, specialising in male parts and notably a military part, and later, as the wife of a certain wealthy Lord Atkyns, had spent a considerable time in France where she had developed a passion for the Queen. She had certainly been in touch with the royal family in Paris, as late as June of 1791. She was a romantic, effervescent and very gullible soul, and she was—with her guineas, and her enthusiasm, and her theatrical love of self display—to play a remarkable part in all these affairs, compounded of ludicrous credulities and mercenary greeds and of very courageous personal efforts.

The fact is, and Jean was unquestionably aware of it, she was a British secret agent known as the Little Sailor, and passed repeatedly back and forth between England and France through Dieppe and Boulogne, disguised as a sailor—a slim,

dark and not very tall sailor, in whom many of her friends would have been astonished to recognize the dainty and impetuous Lady Atkyns.

Jean, who was to take countless personal risks—whose daily life from now on for a number of years was to be one continuous risk—but who was very chary for himself of voluntary specific risks unless justified by a reasonable expectation of survival, listened prudently to all this talk, learning what was to be learned, aiding what seemed worth while, establishing contacts, passing himself across to Boulogne to hear what Devaux had to report, dutifully performing financial commissions for Clavière, and carrying on his own operations. In December he was in Belgium, talking to d'Espagnac who was soon to be in Paris taking charge of that administration of Public Cartage, which, with that of Public Vehicles, was to be one of Jean's best standbys. A means for smuggling people in and out of Paris, saving refugees escaping from the revolutionary police, and running the post roads without fear of too close a scrutiny of passports and identity cards. On December 29, Jean was at Boulogne.

The King's trial was over. The voting on the verdict would begin on January 15. On January 2, from a source now unknown, a letter was being dispatched to Jean. "Convinced," the letter said, "of the importance of the services which may be expected of Mr. the Baron de Batz and of his attachment to the King and to the royal family, we invite him to return to France, there to seek and attempt every means to save the King, the Queen, and their family." A mission, Jean called it afterwards, "of too great a significance not to devote my entire existence to it." *We* invite—the source of the letter is unknown, but it does sound like a royal command.

On January 7, 1793, Jean was in Paris.

27.

THE Convention was in a fever. This was the new Assembly, elected in September of 1792, to replace the Legislative. A vague, vacillating, timid Center, the "Plain" or the "Swamp," preoccupied with its own self preservation. A Right, in which so much of the rabid Left of the Constituant —in which the violent so called Girondins of the Legislative— found themselves the conservative party, however republican; the still ostensibly dominant party of order, and property; the party of France, of the provinces, against the dictatorship of Paris and of the *Commune*. And in front of them, on their steep benches, the "Mountain"; the new violents, the men from the *Commune* and the Jacobin clubs, the men who were to make the Terror. And among these, and already despised even by them, "Philip Equality," "Philip the Red," late duke of Orléans. And here and there in this Assembly a foreigner, Clootz the Austrian, Thomas Paine the American.

And now all these men were to vote, singly and in person at the high rostrum, on the question of the King. His accusers and judges become his jurors. To vote under a Jacobin inspired pressure from the Paris rabbles which was to cause many of them to go constantly armed in the streets and sleep away from their homes; and which was to culminate in scenes of unspeakable disorder in the public galleries from a drunken, howling populace terrorizing the Convention hall during the recording of the votes.

The Girondins individually—for they were never what might be called a disciplined political unit—thought that they could save the King. Guilty, yes; the entire Convention was to vote unanimously, on January 15, on the question of guilt. After the discovery of the contents of the iron closet at the Tuileries it could not be denied that the King had committed treason with the armed enemies of France; in his defence, he had been obliged to deny his own signature in order to deny

what in his mind was only a legitimate counter move against the treason of Paris against himself. But when it came to conviction, to the death penalty which the Jacobins were demanding, the Girondins thought that they could avoid it. They would "strike at royalty but not at royal heads." A good answer to Danton's "fling the head of a king" at the foreign powers.

The Girondin leaders had no intention of putting the King to death. France did not want it, and they did not want it themselves. The "Plain" did not want it, and some of the Mountaineers did not want it. They were all going around very positively, in private, announcing that they would not vote for it. A deal could even have been fixed up with Danton, if the Girondins could have brought themselves to grasp that hand stained with the blood of the September massacres. As for the Girondin leaders, they wanted the King exiled; to America, possibly; and they had already been discussing the matter with young Genet, whom they were about to send as Minister Plenipotentiary to America.

One has his own written word for it—on file in the Library of Congress at Washington—that it was, in fact, he who originally suggested the idea of exile which was developed in a series of conferences between himself, Thomas Paine, Madame Roland without whom nothing was done these days, and such personages as Roland, Brissot and Lebrun, Minister of Foreign Affairs. How, Lebrun finally asked him, would Genet like "to go to American and carry [the King] and his family" with him? Genet replied that he was the servant of his country, and that he would make of the King an American planter, of the King's sister a spinster, of the little daughter a Quakeress, and of the son a good American citizen. So, with laughter, it was arranged, and Genet began to delay his departure.

28.

JEAN DE BATZ did not believe a word of it.

All around the Convention, up and down the town, in and out of every public gathering, he was not deceived by all this talk. He knew his Girondins, he knew his Center, and concerning the Mountain he had no illusions. The rabbles, hired rabbles day after day, would howl for death, and the precious Girondins, individually, would lose their undisciplined nerve when the time came to go on record before the populace. They were pinning their faith to a referendum to the people. France and the provinces would save the King from Paris—and the Mountain knew it. A referendum, Saint-Just had exclaimed, but would that not simply call the monarchy back? And on January 15, after the vote on the question of guilt, the Girondin leaders had their answer—or was it their cue? On the question of a referendum to the people—for, two hundred and eightythree; against, four hundred and twentyfour. They were going to have to decide the question singly, in person. Before the populace.

On the question of the death penalty, the vote opened on January 16, at eight o'clock in the evening. In the roll calls by provincial departments it was the turn of the letter G. The Gironde. Twelve deputies—among them Vergniaud presiding, one of the foremost Girondins—who would vote No against death, giving the lead to the whole Girondin following, to the timid "Plain." A good start. Only the night before, Vergniaud had announced that he would never vote Yes for death. He voted first. Yes. Of the other eleven, eight of them, Yes. While the public galleries screamed their approval, while many another timid soul took his cue. There was not as much applause for Orléans when he, too, voted Yes; on the Mountain benches they drew away from him. Genet was there, watching, and he was astonished; still, the government must have something up its sleeve, so that he continued to delay his departure. At

eight o'clock on the evening of January 17, they were through. Voting, seven hundred and twentyone; Yes, three hundred and eightyseven; No, including the votes for death but with commutation, three hundred and thirtyfour. On January 18, a frantic attempt to put through commutation of the sentence was snowed under, Orléans voting against. On January 19, a brave plea by Thomas Paine to reconsider was set aside.

The date of execution, by the guillotine, was set for the morning of January 21.

29.

JEAN had not waited.

On January 10, already, he had started to formulate plans for a rescue of the King. If he should be deported, well and good, but otherwise the occasion of his transfer from the Temple to the place of execution must furnish the opportunity. Any attempt at the Temple itself was out of the question, since the King, for one thing, steadfastly refused to be saved alone. The thing must be done openly, in the streets, by force, against the King's obstinacy if necessary. You could drag him away in a crowd where you could not drag him against his will down the Temple stairs. Jean began to muster his people. The town was full, still, of young royalists ready for any attempt; such young men as Hyde de Neuville, the de Lézardière brothers, d'Allonville; full, too, of plain middle class fellows like Roussel to whom this proposed execution of the King seemed a criminal sacrilege; through Marsan, and de la Guiche, and Devaux, Jean passed the word around until he had several hundred persons in all walks of life awaiting his signal.

Too many persons, perhaps, although this very desperate venture must necessarily rely on numbers. Numbers with which to stampede other numbers in this city which with dread in its heart was expecting the rabble's sacrifice. If enough people started to do something, perhaps they would all do it. Perhaps it would be better to say too many indiscreet persons.

For the thing was getting out. On January 17, Hyde de Neuville told Malesherbes, one of the King's attorneys, but the old gentleman already knew it. The priest, Firmont, who attended the King's last devotions, knew it. On the night of January 20, a woman of the people was telling her whole neighborhood that something was up, while the town quivered with rumors and fluttered with mysterious hand bills. On January 21, Genet, but from another source, was still expecting something, since he kept his carriage ready, postilions mounted, in front of his hotel until after the execution, and sent his two secretaries to watch at the foot of the scaffold. And the King knew it. Malesherbes told de Neuville that the King knew all about it, and that he was "categorically" opposed to any such undertaking; a statement of the King's will which was to send de Neuville and a good many others dutifully out of the conspiracy.

But Jean was not to be put off like that. *We invite Mr. de Batz to seek and attempt every means to save the King. . . .* If the King could be rescued he would be, whether he forbad it or not. Perhaps de Neuville and his young fellow royalists were getting a little too much excited, and perhaps the King knew far more about it than they supposed. He was certainly to try and delay the actual moment of execution by every expedient that he could think of on the fatal morning. In the meantime, Jean had the itinerary of the King's procession, and at Charonne they were working. The King was to be taken in a carriage under strong military escort, through streets lined every step of the way with troops—and more detachments in reserve every few blocks—from the Temple to the scaffold on the Place de la Révolution facing the Tuileries gardens, by way of the straight outside Boulevards.

Now on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, at the intersection of the rue de Cléry—just where the Boulevard climbed steeply up from the old Saint-Denis gate, and where the carriage would be going very slowly—there was an embankment and fill situ-

ated between the rue de Cléry, the rue de la Lune and the Boulevard, capable of accommodating a great many persons, and commanding the entire slope up which the procession must come. Any signal given from there would be easily visible for quite a distance, and from the fill down to the rue Sainte-Barbe more persons could be placed, as well as on the other side of the Boulevard all around the Saint-Denis gate. This rue Sainte-Barbe ran from the Boulevard, across the rue de la Lune, to the rue Beauregard which itself came to make a corner with the rue de Cléry. And on the rue Sainte-Barbe was Devaux's house, and on the rue de Cléry, right next to the embanked fill, was Marsan's.

This was the spot.

From the embankment it was only a step to Marsan's, or there were three ways of getting to Devaux's; the King could be hidden in either one of those houses, assuming they could surround the carriage and get the King out by force and up the embankment which was not obstructed by any railing. The bank was so steep that no escort cannon could be fired up it at such close range, a general fusillade into the populace was not likely, and many of the troops would only be provided with pikes or sabers. Once on the fill, in a crowd of several hundred conniving persons, to whisk the King out of sight would really be very easy; and the very temerity of the *coup* on the Boulevard was calculated to produce a considerable panic, if not actually to sweep along with it both crowd and soldiery. Jean had men in the National Guard—Devaux, for instance, would be out on duty, in uniform—and they were certainly counting on a favorable public reaction. The contagion of success. Jean himself was to give the signal, as he started down from the Cléry embankment.

"This way those who wish to rescue the King!"

30.

THE *Commune* was also counting on a public reaction, and was guarding against it. It knew very well that in the city at large the King's execution was being execrated. It had heard all sorts of rumors about a popular uprising, about groups of young royalists, about the Saint-Denis gate. It had even heard of a conspiracy to assassinate the King, in order to spare him the disgrace of the scaffold. It took steps.

It issued decrees forbidding all circulation in the streets, any crossing of the Boulevards, before the procession passed. In every quarter it summoned all the young men, all the youth of the neighborhood, to present themselves at a given spot on January 21, and made the fathers responsible for the good conduct of their sons—in de Neuville's case it was his own aunts who surreptitiously locked him up for the morning. Instead of the Mayor's carriage for the King, it decided to use another—it was said to have been Clavière's—the doors of which could be more securely closed. It instructed all troops called out on street lining duty to be at their posts before dawn and to remain silent and motionless, the attention order to be given as soon as the procession came in sight. It forbad any other movement of armed persons in the streets. It caused the procession, beginning in the Tower enclosure, and the execution itself, to be accompanied by continual rolls of deafening drums. And it let it be known all over town that its spies would be everywhere, in every detachment, that it had offered enormous rewards for any denunciation, and that the penalty for the slightest irregular gesture would be death.

And during the night preceding the execution, on the strength of a definite denunciation received on January 20, it marched patrols of constabulary in every direction, placing sentries at the house doors of scores of suspected persons. At daybreak, they found it impossible to leave their homes.

Jean, who was spending the night out at Charonne, did not know that. None of those who had not slept at home knew it.

31.

THE morning came damp and dark, thick with fog. Shops were left closed, ground floor shutters fastened. In the streets through which the procession was to pass, a silent, stricken multitude, gathered since dawn, awaited it was not quite sure what behind the files of soldiery. No one spoke, no one moved, no one dared look at his neighbor. A "silence of lead."

On the Cléry embankment, Jean stood perplexed. He had come to his appointed place full of assurance, confident of being "powerfully assisted." The thing could not miss. But where was everybody? He could not seem to find the expected faces. He spotted Devaux, he saw de la Guiche, one or two others—but where were the rest? He did not know all of his adherents by sight, to be sure, but were all these strange faces around him those of conspirators? The place was supposed to be packed with his men. Down towards the rue Sainte-Barbe, across the Boulevard, he kept looking and looking, searching the crowd. A horrible dread slowly possessed him. In God's name, where were they all? Where was Marsan—it was almost time—where—

Up the Boulevard came a roll of damp, thumping drums. There they were, the procession was coming, passing the Saint-Denis gate, starting up the slope. Mounted constabulary in front, then the grenadiers of the National Guard—there they were, abreast of the embankment, the artillery behind them. Now the guns were clattering by, and there—there were the drums, there was the green carriage surrounded by infantry, the two horses pawing at the slope, the window panes thick with mist. Now the carriage itself was passing. Jean went plunging down the embankment.

"This way those who wish to rescue the King!"

Heaven knows what he thought he was doing. He must have known that he was almost entirely alone—he found out afterwards what had happened, because the *Commune* failed to imprison anyone. It dropped the whole affair like a live coal, and it was not until much later that Devaux, who had been noticed by an acquaintance, was questioned. As he stood there looking in vain for the men who should have been at his elbows, Jean must have realized that the thing had missed. Perhaps he lost his temper. The carriage, there, going by, and his whole scheme evaporated in the fog. Perhaps he thought that the crowd would follow him alone. Follow anyone. At all events, he went plunging down the embankment, through the cordon of troops, out onto the Boulevard at the heads of the rearing horses.

"This way those who wish to rescue the King!"

He was alone. No—there was de la Guiche and another man; at the cordon Devaux was scrambling through; some others were running along the sidewalk. Four of them out on the Boulevard, in the midst of the soldiery.

"This way those who wish to rescue the King!"

It was like a dream. They were there for a second or two, and, when no one else came, they were gone, before the astonished escort could put a hand on them. Except for those men running along the sidewalk—two of them were afterwards hacked to pieces on the steps of the Bonne Nouvelle church by a squad of reserves—no one moved, no one made a sound, "every eye was lowered"; no one lifted a finger to stop the four when they broke through, no one lifted a finger to stop them at the cordon when they came plunging through again to lose themselves in the spellbound, paralysed crowd.

The procession had hardly been delayed. Up in front they did not know that anything had happened. If the King had heard anything, he gave no sign. He was reading the prayers for the dead. The drums rolled on, with the carriage.

Part Two

THE MANIACS

January 21–June 2, 1793

PART TWO

THE MANIACS

I.

THE *Commune* kept absolutely mum. It was always to do that in case of conspiracies concerning the Temple—and there were to be plenty of them from now on, involving the Queen and the children; later the wretched little son, the Dauphin who should have been Louis XVII, whom they were to keep locked up alone in the Tower after the removal of the Queen. Terrified for fear that the public knowledge of one conspiracy would engender others, the *Commune's* policy was always to be to give such affairs as little publicity as possible, and when it had to mention them it tried at least to suppress the details.

But it had had a good fright this time. As Jean was immediately to learn, something very shocking had happened on the day preceding the King's execution to give color to the rumors which were pouring in. For on January 20, at six o'clock in the evening, in one of the cellar *cafés* of the Palais Royal, an unknown somebody armed with a saber had murdered a Convention deputy, Lepelletier, one of those who had voted the King's death. And for that reason, as the assassin announced at the moment of the crime. The martyr was to give his name to the municipal Section in which Jean and most of his friends lived—in other respects always a very royalist Section.

Well! No wonder the *Commune* had moved so drastically with its constabulary sentries. That poor fool with his saber!

If it had not been for him, perhaps things might have gone differently. Still, nothing seemed to be happening. The man who had noticed Devaux had not done anything about it, apparently—he was not to turn in his information until the spring of 1794—de la Guiche was safe, Marsan was all right, Jean himself was not molested. For one thing, because no one ever knew where he was. He no longer slept at all at the rue Ménars, but in various hiding places, at Roussel's, at Cortey's, at Desfieux's, at Charonne, and seldom two nights in succession in the same house.

The country house at Charonne was still entirely free from suspicion, under the ostensible ownership of the Grandmaisons. Marie lived there continuously now, with quite a household. A housekeeper, a gardener, Rollet the excellent cook, and in due time a valet who was Jean's irrepressible Biret, Marie's personal maid, Marguerite Papillon, and later on little Nicolle Bouchard, just a child. There was naturally always a room for Marie's brother, Burette, the supposed proprietor; and in one of the upstairs chambers on her floor Marie had gathered in the seventyeight year old Marignan, a former singer at the Italian Comedy. A very quiet, harmless establishment; an old man, some women and the men servants. It was not known yet by the authorities that quite a number of other persons—Roussel, de la Guiche, Cortey, the de Lézardières—were using the pavillon, sleeping there when they chose, passing in and out at will, often unbeknown to the main house where Jean spent the night when he stayed.

For the Hermitage could be reached through a selection of back alleys in the village of Charonne—the rue du Parc, the Alley of the Cows, several different ways of approaching the property—it was surrounded by deep woods; if anything happened, the Bagnolet quarries were right nearby in which one could remain hidden indefinitely; and in and out of the city one might pass through four separate barriers, those of Aunay,

Montreuil, Charonne and the "Rats," thus avoiding the risk of repeated scrutiny at the same barrier.

Indeed, for its secret purposes, the place was perfectly situated.

2.

BUT all the same, the town was just a little too hot. Jean was rather well known, his counter-revolutionary activities in the Committee of Liquidation were better understood now, and it seemed advisable to him to make himself scarce for a while.

He refused to let himself be stampeded by those who wanted him to start in at once and rescue the Queen. Something could perhaps be done later at the Temple. In the meantime, Jean consolidated his system of visual communication with the Tower platform—although for many weeks the Queen would not stir out of her room—and put a certain Madame Arnault, who lived in one of the houses fronting on the Temple, in charge of a code of signals effected by means of laundry hung in windows. And he took Cortey aside, urging him to fortify his standing in the quarter as a good Jacobin by every possible method; and in particular to be most assiduous in his National Guard service, and to do Temple duty as often as the opportunity arose. This would not be difficult, because the National Guard was already shot through with mutiny, demoralized by the *Commune's* own rantings against distinctions of rank, so that the men turned up for duty or not as they chose, and, in any case, did their best to avoid the tiresome Temple detail. Any man who actually wanted to go would be welcomed with open arms, and there would be certain advancement for any guardsman who really took his drills and his company work seriously. And if Cortey wanted to know why he must do all this—well, never mind why for the present.

And with these matters well in hand, and others in his

mind, Jean slipped quietly out of Paris at the end of January, and over to England.

3.

LONDON, forgetting Charles I, had been horrified by the execution of the King of France. The Court was in mourning, and in the theatres audiences were singing patriotic songs. And in London, too, the cry everywhere was Save the Queen! In official circles, however, a more practical attitude prevailed. The British government was henceforth to be continuously at war against the French Revolution, with its navy and more particularly with its money. Not from any sentimental attachment to the French royal family; still less from any actual sympathy with the aspirations of the emigrated Bourbon Princes; but for the reason that the Revolution's military aggressiveness against all Europe, and the quality of its propaganda at the point of the sword, constituted a threat to the domestic security of England and to the maintenance of her foreign policy.

For that reason Prime Minister Pitt, while also occasionally supporting invariably disastrous royalist military expeditions to the coasts of France, was always to be ready to listen and give financial backing to any intelligent scheme looking toward the disruption of the Revolution's progress—by means of intrigue and bribery; by means of sedition and civil war; by means, also, of economic pressure, the depreciation of *assignats,* the boosting up of living costs, and the destruction of supplies. All the proceedings which went to make up that counter-revolutionary activity from which the Revolution was continually to suffer until the very name of Pitt was a household bugbear in every Jacobin home. Through an endless succession of spies—the English were to have one acting as Secretary to the Convention's Committee of Public Safety in its secret sittings with the leaders of the *Commune*—through countless agents, often through the intermediary of the bank-

ing house of Boyd and Kerr, English gold was to pour into France, frequently into the most unsuspected pockets.

Jean occupied himself with all those matters; he kept in touch with Lady Atkyns, the Little Sailor—in royalist circles they spoke of him now as "the Englishwoman's Friend"; he made "a sport of passports," crossing the Channel "when and how he chooses"; he was in and out of Boulogne constantly, "passing" people through; and on February 9, 1793, he passed himself through, once more on the way to Paris.

4.

HE was on the trail of something to do for the Queen, and to that one will have to return on a later page; but more important than that, in some ways, Jean had a plan which had been revolving in his mind. A plan sprung somewhat from his disappointment and rage over the outcome of the King's affairs; a plan, one might almost say, of personal vengeance; but also a plan which was the perfectly natural product of his single minded determination to fight the Revolution, on behalf of the monarchy, from every possible angle, and to which he was to subordinate every personal consideration.

He was already outlining the plan to some of his intimates in March, and in July of 1794 he recorded it on paper, and one cannot do better than to examine it through his own words.

And first his opinion of the National Convention, since the validity of his plan, his belief in his ability to achieve it, must necessarily have resided in his estimate of the principal foe which he was preparing to combat. The Convention, he wrote, a tyrant, was by reason of its composition a "nameless orphan, and consequently shameless and pitiless." With such personages as Tallien and Barras preening themselves in the Convention—among countless others of similar ilk—the phrase was more than justified. Politically it was "a monster with a

thousand heads continually blaspheming and devouring; destroying each other in their agitations and dissensions, agreeing together only for the purpose of passing bloody laws and ordering continuous confiscations, imprisonments and massacres."

Hand in hand with this tyrant, "another, dominating the first; although no mission, no public authority had been vested in it; and for that very reason all the more powerful—as having sprung from what passed then for liberty, and pretending to represent public opinion—and on that basis exercising a bloody right of censure upon the Convention and dictating laws to it: this was the Jacobin Club"—and one could not, today, ask for a more adequate summary of its peculiar, self imposed role than is contained in those brief sentences of Jean's. An institution, he went on, which in Paris was "the head of another monster"—the affiliated provincial Jacobin Clubs—"the bellowings and curses of which against the nobles, the priests and their partisans were almost simultaneously heard and repeated in every township of France." And along with those two—the Convention and the Jacobin Club—all the petty authorities, "everywhere minor tyrants and ardent prison purveyors."

This, as Jean saw it and lived through it, was the revolutionary government of France.

But from that government's own behavior one might learn to appraise it. "It abhorred itself! Terrified of each other, its own leaders envisaged it with nothing but secret dread. Perpetually suspicious of each other, they were secretly waging a war to the death upon each other; but they never came out openly in armed conflict—they merely scrambled to push each other to the scaffolds, and struck at one another solely with the executioners' axes." But such a regime, in Jean's opinion, was "a delirium, a state of convulsion"; any such violent proceedings must always be shortlived; dissension "always arises between the leaders who end up, all of them together, by falling into the abysses which they have dug."

How, then, could "so formidable a power, one before which all heads were bowed in silence," be destroyed—and here was Jean's plan, in its very simple terms.

"Prepare those dissensions," foment them, activate them, "by sowing mutual suspicions, by irritating rivalries"—that, when force of arms was lacking, was "the only intelligent way to conspire against such a government and hasten its downfall."

In those few words Jean summed up his scheme; remarkable, not for what he proposed to do, which was obviously intelligent, but for the fact that he was actually proposing to do it. Alone in Paris, relying on his ingenuity, on a group of friends and on the cupidity of many adversaries, he was proposing to make private war on the Convention, on the whole revolutionary government. Making use of a condition of affairs which he found already existing—and his written statement says nothing of the corruption with which the Convention was riddled—he was proposing to ruin the Convention; to set it by the ears with murderous discords and fratricidal distrusts until, terrified of itself, it began its own self destruction; later, to humiliate it, to drag it through the mire of scandal and treason, to vilify it—that was the contemporary word—until, panic stricken in the presence of an intangible menace, it rushed headlong into the fantastic aberrations of a suicidal hysteria. In order to do this he was going to go out into the streets of Paris, take the whole machinery of the Revolution and, bluntly, swing it around his head.

It would take doing. They would all be in it. Marie, Devaux, Roussel, de la Guiche, Marsan, Cortey, Proly, Desfieux, Pons, Michonis, and how many others. Conscious or unconscious agents of a relentless, merciless purpose; instruments of an invisible hand which, skeletoned with iron and sinewed with ice, had no nerves with which to recoil from any sacrifice.

Not one of them, not one of those who had any choice, backed out.

5.

IT would take doing, and Jean began to look over his ground.

Some of his own people had done very well for themselves in a revolutionary way, establishing themselves in civic posts and making a great public show of republican zeal. Cortey was getting along famously as a guardsman; he would soon be Captain of his company. Pottier the printer, who could help a great deal running off false "cards of security" and all the other identification papers which you had to produce at every moment, was secretary of the Revolutionary Committee of Jean's Section. Michonis—goodness, Michonis, now in his fifties, was a member of the *Commune,* he did his turn regularly as a Commissioner at the Temple, he was in the Police and an Inspector of Prisons. As an assigned member of the *Commune,* he had done his enforced duty as a tribunal judge during the September massacres, at the Force prison where his friend Bault, the warden, had saved as many people as he could. Among the Jacobins, Michonis passed for a "pure," as they said of the out and out republicans. Clever Michonis.

Desfieux, too, was a tremendous fellow now at the Jacobins; Desfieux, and Pereyra, and Proly, and Gusman who kept proclaiming how he "adored" liberty even if he was a Grandee of Spain. All very tremendous fellows at the Jacobins, noisy and pushing, extremely republican, and all in cahoots. Proly, in fact, was superb; all dressed up fit to kill in the evenings at Aucane's gambling house; and spending the rest of his time roaring up and down with Pereyra and Gusman, playing about and drinking cheap "blue" wine with some of the filthiest thugs in the town, September massacrers and street howlers, all of them reeling around together in dirty *carmagnoles* and red bonnets. Unkempt, blaspheming, horrific long trousered *sans-culottes.* It amused Proly to do that sort of

thing, just as it amused him, when he chose, to remember that he was an Austrian Count.

And with them now was another man, recommended by Desfieux. A crazy coot called Dufourny, who always referred to himself as the "Free Man." He signed his name that way, Free Man Dufourny. He had a good job somewhere in the Administration of Explosives, but he preferred to loaf around in the streets, gesticulating and bellowing with his big voice. Always against the powers that were, a chip on the shoulder man. And a bigwig at the Jacobins, vociferating and tearing his hair, frequently presiding, fond of the limelight. Perhaps it was true, perhaps not, that his mistress was an *émigré's* wife, and that when he went to see her he got himself up as elegantly as Proly going in to Number Fifty. He could be very useful because he loved to shout. All you had to do was to tell him what to shout, as long as it was against something.

There were others like that, among Proly's boon companions. Wild men, street shouters, dregs of the dregs some of them, "Maniacs" as they were called. Maillard, the great mover of mobs; the man of October, 1789, at Versailles; the man of June 20 and August 10, 1792, at the Tuileries; the boss of the September massacrers. Fournerot, a complete thug, an "apache" —the term was contemporary—whose one perpetual exclamation was Where? Where? In other words, where do we go now for a fight, or a riot, or a bit of massacre? Chapelle, an entirely unintelligent person with another pair of leather lungs. Varlet —but Varlet was a little different. He was a young Post Office clerk who went around with a small rostrum on wheels from which he made violent speeches to the populace. The hungry, disillusioned populace which was getting very tired of the National Convention, and which listened eagerly when Varlet roared against it—for how was the populace to know that Varlet was at heart a counter-revolutionary; that he "abhorred," that he "execrated" the Convention and all its works; that, as Robespierre was later to say of him, he was "a valet of the

aristocracy." All that the populace knew about Varlet was that he was one of the principal "agitators of the Paris mud."

6.

JEAN saw his way clear with these Maniacs right away. The mob scene, and obscene, men. The riot makers and "trouble" instigators; the men whom Orléans and the Gironde had taught to go smashing and slaughtering through the streets. The unintelligent men with exalted ideas. The inevitable rabble riffraff of revolution. The men—the genuine ones, Simon at the Temple, for instance, Fournerot, Chapelle—who took it seriously; who took the highfaluting rigmaroles of revolutionary propaganda, the muck smeared utterances of Hébert and Chaumette, for the gospel, and the Revolution itself for the millennium; who believed all the equalitarian pap which Hébert, and Chaumette, and other *Commune* and Convention apostles were dispensing with their tongues in their cheeks—while they feathered their nests and conspired for a restoration of little Louis XVII.

These Maniacs could be used. Varlet could be coached. Maillard and his lot could be hired—over and over again, by all sides for any purpose. A person like Dufourny could be diddled and played all the way out to the end of the line. Fournerot, and Chapelle, and that type, could be egged on to further and further excesses of their own spontaneous fanaticism when occasions suitable to the royalist plan should arise. It was only necessary to agitate the agitators down the right alley; to play their own game, instigate and lead them, with crazy men more violent than themselves. With Proly, and Gusman, and Desfieux. Take a leaf out of Orléans's book. Men disguised as fishwives—how about royalists disguised as Maniacs?

What better disguise for a "pure" royalist was there, after all, than the mentality and deportment of a "pure" Jacobin, than the dirty clothes, and filthy tongue, and brutal behavior

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of a "pure" Maniac? In fact, what better method of combating the Revolution was there than to conduct it? To take its worst elements in hand, appropriate its most furious eccentricities and insanities, pull it along to fantastic lengths of bilious virulence, and then push it over the edge of any possible stretch of common sense into a complete delirium of idiocies calculated to render it ridiculous and disgusting.

That struck Jean as an admirable idea. From now on, in all the big public fracases of the Revolution, it was going to be difficult to tell a real red bonnet from a false one; to distinguish between a genuine movement and a deliberately excessive one.

Robespierre was soon to sense it, and the Jacobins and the Convention both were to listen to their fill of harangues about it. The counter-revolutionary agents masquerading as "ultra" republicans. The royalist conspirators braying around so ardently in red bonnets. Whatever he was—whatever he eventually became, in the cold, abstract realm of his mind—Robespierre was no Maniac, anyway. Always carefully dressed, foppishly powdered, intellectually prim, the Maniacs disgusted him. In private, because his type of paranoia must always have inferiors around it to do it homage, he could surround himself and find pleasure with some of the lowest characters in town—Robespierre's "Tail," as they came to be called; but the utter vulgarities of the Maniacs shocked him, and politically they terrified him.

Vaguely, at first, Robespierre felt the danger; later he would more acutely resent the continuous Maniac ballyhoo; the perpetual furore of riots and commotions in the streets; the increasing antics of Hébert and Chaumette; the sacrilegious mummeries of the Goddess of Reason, when actresses sat enthroned on the altars of profaned churches; the crass indecencies of raucous delegations invading the Convention all done up in mitres and stoles, dragging after them in disgraceful triumph the chalices and crucifixes of ransacked sanctuaries;

the thousand and one demands for idiotic decrees, the promulgation of which made a bugbear or a laughing stock of the subservient Convention.

Yes, certainly; the Maniacs and all the other crazy men brought to the surface by the Revolution could be used, their extravagances encouraged and their deviltries improved upon. Robespierre might rant, but Jean had forged himself a formidable counter-revolutionary weapon.

7.

As for Lullier, who still must know exactly how much Jean knew about him—what about Lullier? Well, Lullier also had done very well for himself. The popular advisor, free gratis, of indigent citizens had by fourteen votes barely missed being elected Mayor of Paris on November 21, 1792; in a new election on November 30, necessitated by the refusal of the elected candidate to serve, Lullier had run again, but with less success this time; finally, in the *Commune* elections of December, he had been chosen Assistant Procurator for the Department of Paris. A very important post, involving contact with the municipal police. And when the Convention had sought, at first, to block the appointment, the *Commune's* successful clamor on behalf of Lullier had been led by Desfieux and Dufourny. Excellent.

But now, in March of 1793, Lullier seemed suddenly to have forgotten how much Jean knew about him. The seals of legal seizure had been affixed upon the apartment of the rue Ménars, and Jean was hiding out for the moment at Roussel's, when, on March 7, the police arrived. The door was opened to them by a certain Muller, or a certain Nathey, or a certain Vallier—at any rate, it was Jean himself, in one of his quick change roles—and to this personage they handed an order of search and arrest, explaining that they were looking for the Baron de Batz. Jean assured them that no such person was

present, and read the order. It was apparently signed by Lullier.

Jean went into one of his tempers; a state of mind in which he was capable of committing the most extravagant follies. That rat Lullier! And as soon as the crestfallen police had departed, Jean quick changed himself back again, clamped on his hat and jammed his chin into his cravat, and marched himself across town and straight into Lullier's private office at the City Hall. Once and for all, what was the meaning of this order of arrest, and was Lullier or was he not Jean's man? Lullier swore up and down that he had never even seen the order, and decided—after what personal exchange of conditions demanded and inducements offered is not now known—that he had better be very much Jean's man.

And from that day on there was never any trouble from Lullier. He stepped warily along the line which Jean drew for him; the home of the Assistant Procurator for the Department of Paris became one of Jean's most frequent and secure hiding places, as safe as Desherbier's or Michelle Thilorier's; and later on in the spring, when Jean needed new civic certificates with which to get the seals on his apartment lifted, it was Lullier and Clavière—now at the Ministry of Taxes—who managed it for him. The last instalment of Clavière's debt to the man who had made him.

Decidedly, when Jean put a man in his pocket, he stayed put.

8.

BUT Lullier was not enough. He could hide Jean; he could help him out with passports and papers; he could lend a hand in more complicated affairs when the administrative resources of his post fitted in with Jean's needs. But it was necessary to go deeper into the Administration of Police.

To have in one's pocket individual police agents capable of turning more immediate, and frequently more valuable, tricks in the streets, in the police stations, in the prisons. Men

who could be counted on to exert their influence in the daily happenings of police routine, in the constant neighborhood mix-ups over civic and identity cards which were liable to be demanded for inspection on any street corner, and which a person employing several names and various domiciles might not always be able satisfactorily to produce. Men who, in the event of some sudden arrest—some unexpected denunciation emanating from all the officious municipal and Section standing committees which were all the time ferreting out something about somebody—could be relied upon to do the needful and insure prompt release or a forgetful side tracking of the case. Men who could be relied upon, too, to aid and abet the smuggling away of suspects from the increasingly crowded detention pens.

Men through whose good graces to offset the continuous peril in the shadow of which one walked those streets of Paris plastered with violent posters, fluttering with tricolor streamers, filled with the clatter of armed patrols. Peril of chance recognition and alarum; peril of relentless official search and pursuit; peril of haphazard suspicion, or of deliberately concocted accusation, or of accidental self betrayal. Peril by day, peril by night, peril with every step, everv breath, every mouthful. And this was not yet the Terror.

Jean looked around.

Later on, he would bribe his way straight to the heart of the High Police, into the precincts of its controlling body, the Committee of General Security itself; to scratch the itching palms of some of its members and fill the private pockets of its secretary, Sénar—one of those weather vane men who blew along with any prevailing wind; a barrister, originally, reasonably educated and well disposed, but morose and peevish by nature, whose adopted Jacobinism had cost him his self respect, his honesty and his courage. Later on, too, Jean would come to terms with some of the lowest forms of the police system. With *mouchards* and *moutons,* spies and stool pigeons

like Poupart and Armand—a convict and second offender—foul, mercenary creatures whose allegiance did not endure beyond the spending of the money earned for their last disreputable job, but who could be greased into temporary usefulness. With out and out scoundrels like Burlandeux whose specialty, in cahoots with Armand, was the blackmailing of wealthy persons who, if they did not pay up, were threatened with imprisonment on trumped up charges. Jean had run into Burlandeux—and scared the livers out of him—trying that trick out on Pons whom he was attempting to milk with a false decree of arrest. Burlandeux was always threatening to do for Jean—"he is rich and watch me make him buy back his head for a hundred thousand *écus*"—but Burlandeux was too smart to kill the golden goose and Jean was to use him, and match card for card with him, and eventually cook *his* goose.

But for the present Jean confined himself to the *Commune's* municipal police, banking on their instinctive hostility to and jealousy of the regular general police. And four men—there may have been a fifth, Michel, and the precise chronology of their association with Jean can now no longer be unravelled—four men, four Administrators or Inspectors of the *Commune* Police, underlings of Lullier's, attracted his attention.

Three of them—all of them, actually, by virtue of their common function of Inspectors of Prisons, but three of them in particular—were cronies of Michonis and of the Force warden, Bault. Two of them, Marino and Dangé, as members of the *Commune* sent out officially to supervise the ructions, had found themselves serving as judges with Michonis on the Force prison tribunal during the September massacres. The third, Froidure, had already achieved or was on his way to a post as Enquiring Magistrate, before whom suspects were brought immediately upon arrest for the purpose of determining whether they should be held or not. Yes. Marino, who lived near Roussel, was in charge as well of police spies and also of

"troubles," which put him in touch, of course, with all the Maniacs and street howlers, and with Dufourny and Desfieux. He was considered a "pure." Excellent. With Dangé and a certain Soulès, Marino did a good business—for a price, no doubt —of assisting detention and even prison escapes.

Soulès was the fourth man. An Inspector of Sections and Public Gatherings, who consequently, along with Marino, knew his Maniacs and thugs; but who, later on, was to join Froidure as an Enquiring Magistrate, because his continued commerce with the rabble riffraff was turning his stomach. For Soulès, under his police rat's coat, was a royalist.

By these four men and Michonis, and possibly the fifth, Michel, Jean was to be faithfully served, right through the Terror—faithfully, in good faith of its kind, since in that day of enforced occupations, of ostensible political loyalties unless you wanted to go straight to the scaffold, faithlessness did not necessarily reside in the private betrayal of an external attitude, in deliberate disloyalty to a repugnant duty. There was nothing unduly heroic about these men—except the constant risk of their heads—nothing much to differentiate them from their sordid associates; nothing, certainly, altruistic about them. They were working for Jean's money, and, with the exception of Soulès, not from any specific conviction, betraying the trust which gave them their living. And yet, in the minds of all of them there did exist a conviction of kindliness and humanity; what they betrayed was an oath of their choosing but not of their choice; and in the presence of death they could not be bought from their allegiance to Jean.

9.

NOTHING could be done without money, and Jean had plenty. From his own funds abroad, from his constant speculations at home, from contractor d'Espagnac's thoroughly dishonest proceedings, from the banking house of Boyd and

Kerr—perhaps from his own counterfeit *assignat* plant at Charonne, who knows! When the end of the tether came for so many of them, Roussel was to let slip something about such a plant at the Hermitage. No traces of it, as he foretold, were ever found, but neither the criminality nor yet the dishonorable character of such an activity would ever have stopped Jean. Economically, the distribution of false *assignats* would have been only one more method of attacking the Revolution; and to pass them off as bribe money on some of the Revolution's corrupt nabobs could not have failed to delight Jean's acutely sardonic sense of humor.

Jean had plenty of money, and plenty of bankers and brokers, besides Walter Boyd, to do his bidding. First and foremost, perhaps, at this time, he had Benoist d'Angers, to whom he had confided his entire counter-revolutionary plan, and in whom he was to find an eager and exceedingly shrewd ally. Benoist was a royalist who, after the Restoration, was to occupy a ministerial post under Louis XVIII. In the meantime, in 1792, he had served Danton—the double dealing Danton—as a secret agent in England; Dumouriez—the double dealing General Dumouriez—as a secret agent to the Duke of Brunswick prior to the declaration of war; and Danton, again, as an emissary to that same Brunswick, just after the strange battle of Valmy. He was still very close to Danton—whose curious, contradictory double dealing career was by no means over—and in touch with several Convention deputies of importance, and he possessed the gift of knowing just when to be extremely indiscreet. He was not a banker at all, really, and his ostentatious financial doings were merely the cloak for his intense activities on behalf of the royalist cause. He was to be of great help to Jean, with considerable profit and amusement to himself, for his sophisticated mind derived great entertainment from watching Jean at work.

And Jean had the Frey brothers.

One can just see Jean's Gascon eyes lighting up in his

inscrutable face when he contemplated the Frey brothers. Two of the most fantastic clowns—not excepting Tallien and Barras—produced in the Revolution's circus. They were Moravian Jews, Siegmund and Emmanuel Dobruska by name, whom the Emperor Joseph of Austria had ennobled as Counts Schönfeld in return for their services as contractors in the Turkish war. Entering France in 1792, they had reached Paris just before August 10, just in time to get in with Foreign Minister Lebrun whom they sought to advise, to acquire shares in French privateers, to purchase confiscated properties, to speculate in wheat and collect interest on loans. Before very long they knew everybody and were rolling around with influential Convention deputies, and in particular a certain Chabot.

They were very liberal, these Counts, enamored of liberty—like their friend Gusman, they adored it—and to prove it they took the name of Freï, or Frey, which meant free—Gusman had used the name, too, in his first days in France—while Siegmund changed his front name to Junius, since there must always be a classical touch. Did not Citizen Vilate, police spy, call himself Sempronius Gracchus? Junius Free and Free Man Dufourny. The Freys were soon at the Jacobins, introduced by Chabot, very intimate with Gusman, and Proly, and Pereyra; and no red bonnet was too bright for them, no *carmagnole* too unkempt, no republican vociferation too loud. They were Proly, Dufourny and all the Maniacs rolled into one, or two—but Emmanuel was only his brother's shadow.

At home, in their mansion on the rue d'Anjou which had belonged to an *émigré,* they lived cockawhoop, after hanging up their *carmagnoles.* Junius and Emmanuel; the fifteen year old Joseph, who passed for Junius's nephew and may have been his son, although Junius claimed to be a bachelor; and the sixteen year old Léopoldine who was supposed to be Junius's and Emmanuel's sister—but there were those who whispered that she was really an illegitimate daughter of the late Emperor Leopold of Austria. One could find a significance in the names

of both the youngsters; Joseph named after one Emperor and Léopoldine after his successor. At all events, there she was, Léopoldine—appearing on suitable occasions to play the "forte piano"—young, and blond, and brazen. There was also an old man living in the house, whom the Freys had patriotically adopted in the hope, thereby, of getting themselves admitted to French citizenship. This was after the Convention began to pass very drastic laws about the property of aliens.

Magnificent dinners were given by the Freys who, when they were not upholding liberty at the Jacobins, certainly knew how to do things up in style. Magnificent parties attended by many of the Jacobin deputies who, when they were not upholding the Revolution at the Convention, certainly knew a good thing when they saw it. They were simply rapacious adventurers, the Frey brothers; ready for any profitable transaction; living off the fat of an already very lean land while advertising their democracy with public antics at the Jacobins, playing for suckers a lot of dazzled deputies of dubious morality preening themselves in the elevating presence of the blond Léopoldine. They were a symbol, the Freys—very different from the depraved Proly, from the shoddy Gusman—a symbol of everything rotten in the Republic.

Jean contemplated the Freys, and understood the symbol, and saw that the Dobruska-Schönfeld-Frey brothers were just what he needed. It was not difficult to explain to them—one visited them privately, too, by means of secret stairs—to explain to them that the byways of counter-revolutionary intrigue were paved with gold.

10.

AND now, in March of 1793, the times were furious, Paris was in a ferment, and the whole political situation was ripe for counter-revolution. Jean was also, in that month, occupied with an adventure at the Temple to which

one must later return; but for the present it will be better to follow the putting into execution of his general plan against the Convention which occurred concurrently. And in order to understand the material which he found at his hand, it is essential briefly to examine the state of affairs both in the city and in the Convention which was producing it.

The city, for one thing, was stirring with panic, working itself up into the customary hysterias of fright over military disasters. In the West of France, the Catholic and Royal Army of the Vendée was rising for that terrific and long drawn out struggle which was to be an open wound in the side of the Republic until 1795. On the frontiers, the precious "natural" frontiers so recently won, the armies were in retreat; the generals defeated, General Dumouriez among them; Holland lost, Belgium and the Rhineland threatened. A similar condition in 1792 had made possible the public acquiescence in the September massacres. A series of defeats for France, and Paris was sure to go wild, spontaneously or otherwise. And the city was cold and hungry. There was an alarming scarcity of supplies, a shortage of food, the specter of famine was stalking up and down the long bread lines.

The city, the poor, the populace in the slum suburbs, were miserable while they watched the "Gilded Breeches," the perfumed "Muscadines," all the rich, aristocratic young whipper snappers who should have been at the front, dodging—what the devil, riotously resisting—conscription in and out of the prostitutes' "beaver huts" under the Palais Royal arcades. While they watched Convention deputies gorging themselves at the clattering restaurants of that same Palais Royal—call it "Equality Palace" now if you liked—going into Number Fifty to fling their money away, rolling in and out of the Frey magnificence, taking their bedizened concubines to sit in boxes at the patriotic spectacles, frequenting Madame Talma's elegant soirees and Mademoiselle Contat's musicales. Talma the actor's wealthy courtesan wife; that big bessie Contat who had been

playing comedy ever since the 1784 *Mariage de Figaro,* and who had been a mistress of Artois's. They could always be found where there was food, and actresses, and *demi castors,* and bloated contractors and bankers, those deputies. Girondins and Jacobins alike.

Within the Convention, a bitter factional conflict was coming to a boil just in time to make use of the popular disillusion and anger. The climax of a long hostility, the final showdown between the Girondins and the Jacobin Mountain, with the "Frogs" of the "Marsh"—of the central "Plain"—preparing to hop in the safest direction. In the former Assembly, the Girondins had prided themselves on their advanced policies, their republicanism and their radicalism. But here, in the Convention, faced by the Mountain, they found themselves the conservative party, the party of private property, the party of the middle classes, above all, they hoped, the national party of France as a whole. Over there, it seemed to the Girondins, on those Mountain benches, was a party of rabid "levellers," a party of the populace—of Marat, and Hébert, and Robespierre—a party primarily of Paris; a party of an avowed radicalism such as the Girondins had never envisaged; such as the legal minded theorists who start revolutions never do envisage. Anarchists, as the Girondins did not hesitate to call them; anarchists, levellers, disrupters, the "real counter-revolutionaries."

In return, the Girondins suddenly heard themselves being called "moderates," reactionaries, men who wanted the Revolution to stop, men who did not approve of an even distribution of wealth, of the idea of property as a privilege subjected to the welfare of the State. Before they knew it, those legalist Girondins heard themselves being attacked as regalists; as defeatists, they who had made the war; as royalists, they who had helped to condemn the King. And as they well knew—as was freely admitted in the *salon* of their high priestess, Madame Roland—it was not all loose rostrum talk either. They *were*

disgusted with the Revolution as it was now developing; they *did* want to put a stop to all this Jacobin fury, all this equalitarian braying before the populace, all this perpetual invasion by Paris of the affairs of France.

As for their royalism—if by that was meant a return out of increasing anarchy to some form of self respecting concentrated government—it would have given the Girondins republican heart failure to admit what their contemporaries already believed of them. Jean himself, for instance, was convinced that "the Gironde . . . and everything that is termed Girondin . . . did not want the Republic at all; neither did they want Louis XVI; but they did want a minority [with Louis XVII, the boy at the Temple] and the opportunity to govern France as a regency council."

The notion was often to occur, to one group after another —to Hébert, to Danton, even to Robespierre—as the only salvation as the Revolution went trampling on into deeper and deeper morasses.

II.

SOMETHING was brewing, and when it came it would be enormous. The Gironde no longer had any influence at the Jacobin Club, but it still controlled the Convention, the Executive Council of the Ministers and the Defense Commission. It controlled France, for that matter; but this was to be decided in Paris; and the Mountain, through the Jacobin Club, would probably have Paris. The populace was going to move; insurrection was in the wind; everybody, from the police up, saw it coming. Which way would it go? Against the Girondins, or against the Mountain? Dog eat dog. To Jean, and to royalists in general, it was a question which to favor—the Mountain against the regicide Girondins, or the Girondins against the regicide Mountain, with the balance quite possibly, from the point of view of personal spite, against the Girondins; for it was obviously the royalist game to get in on one side or

the other and push against that part of the Convention which proved to be vulnerable. But while you were at it, why not help to stir up something which would involve the entire Convention? The times were furious, Paris was in a ferment, and the political situation was ripe for Jean's plan.

In the meantime, something could be done to help things along.

Soap and candles. Every house wife must have soap and candles, and every house wife would be furious if she found that soap and candles had gone up so in price that she could not afford to buy any. She would come home and raise the devil with her man, who would go out into the streets, fill himself full of "blue" wine, listen to a Maniac or two, and raise the devil with the Convention which could not even keep the poor populace supplied with soap and candles. Excellent use could always be made of the feminine element in the populace. The fishwives, the "ladies" of the Markets, could be absolutely terrific when they got their dander up. Something to be reckoned with, those harridans. And women could be aroused by such simple devices; the rumor, for instance, that the tricolor cockade was a prostitutes' emblem was sufficient to send them into tantrums, tearing off their cockades, the wearing of which was obligatory, and rushing into fisticuffs with the weary police. Street "troubles" with which to vex the authorities. A group of Jacobins in a fit because someone had taken down his trousers on top of one of their precious newly planted Liberty Trees was not more ludicrous than a crowd of angry women with a bee in their bonnets. But soap and candles was different. With soap and candles gone out of sight, the Convention would have an insurrection on its hands in every pantry.

Jean got hold of Cortey, to have him work on the Grocers' Corporation—whose ruined import business from the colonies kept them very much opposed to the prevailing government—and the price of soap and candles began to go up. At the same

time, out in the streets, with Proly, and Gusman, and Desfieux leading the way, the Maniacs were turned loose to work up the populace.

They had their headquarters in the Café Corrazza, at the Palais Royal. In the midst of the racket which roared through that great enclosure, half garden half courtyard cluttered up with the old circus shacks of the Tartar Encampment, surrounded by arcades sheltering dubious lodgings and shops the cellars of which were transformed into *cafés* and eating establishments, some of them very large and brilliant like Meot's, some of them very dingy and disreputable; a riotous, populous gathering place, engulfing the audiences of two rowdy theatres within its confines, seething with noise and motion, one of the great pulses of the town, the starting point for almost every big movement, a paradise of thieves, scamps, speculators and deserters—six thousand men without domiciles rounded up there in January of 1793—a resort for young hoodlums and "Muscadines," the stamping ground of hundreds of girls who lived in the warrens above and below the arcades. Fifteen hundred resident girls when Hanriot, commander of the National Guard, inspected them in that same year of 1793.

And there, nightly at the Corrazza, the Maniacs were egged on, while Proly fumed and Desfieux ranted; while Benoist looked on and the price of soap and candles continued to soar; and finally, in a series of savage riots led by Varlet and Dufourny and culminating on March 10, the first movement of the populace against the Convention, against the profiteering deputies, against the whole miserable government, was launched. But it missed fire. The *Commune* still stood off, smelling a rat, and only a few of the Sections got themselves going. But it was a beginning; the Convention had been very much agitated; it showed what could be done through the agency of the Maniacs.

Soon they would be at it again.

12.

GENERAL DUMOURIEZ was to furnish the spark. Dashing, befeathered General Dumouriez, grandson of one of Molière's footmen who had become the father, if not of his country, at least of eight daughters and twentyfour sons. General Dumouriez, the idol of his hitherto victorious troops, who right along had had the notion that he was to be at least the Cromwell of France. Someone had called Lafayette that at Versailles, in October of 1789, when he had arrived so belatedly at the palace with his National Guard. And Lafayette had always been too late with his military gestures against the trend of the Revolution's progress which his liberalism had not envisaged, any more than the Girondins had envisaged the Mountain. But Dumouriez flattered himself that he could do better. He had almost started to do something about it at the time of the King's condemnation; he had been in touch with Brunswick in 1792, and now he was in touch with him again; all that was needed was one good victory in the midst of the recent defeats with which to hitch his army's waggons to his own personal star.

On March 8, he was in Belgium, ostensibly defending Brussels; his staff embellished by the young Duc de Chartres—he who was one day to become Louis Philippe, King of the French—one of Orléans's three sons, and by that Valence who was the son-in-law of Madame de Genlis, who was herself the former mistress of Orléans and the governess of his children. To say nothing of those other two staff officers, the Fernig sisters, whose uniforms proclaimed them to be hussars.

And on March 12, to be received in Paris on March 14, Dumouriez, sensing a rising opportunity, dispatched an extremely threatening letter to the Convention. What they must do and what he would do if they did not. It came at a very awkward time for the Girondin government, whose General in some sort he was, and when the Defense Commission cau-

tiously sent Danton to him Dumouriez could scarcely be persuaded to soften his utterances. He was looking for his victorious battle, and on March 20 he had it—only at the last moment it turned out to be the defeat of Neerwinden. The news was in Paris on March 21, and on March 26, having evacuated Belgium in cahoots with Brunswick, Dumouriez was at Tournay.

And awaiting him there, he found three Commissioners sent to him by the anxious Executive Council of Ministers, by Lebrun, and Clavière, and the rest. Three sterling Jacobins, republican "pures," by name Dubuisson, Proly and Pereyra! Dumouriez, whom the Neerwinden defeat had not in the least tempered down, told them in very violent terms his opinion of the Convention, of the Republic, and of the Jacobins, and sent them home. On April 2, when a delegation of five from the Convention, this time—including the Minister of War and Jean's old antagonist Camus—presented themselves at Dumouriez's headquarters with instructions to arrest him if necessary, Dumouriez promptly seized them and turned them over to the Austrians.

A day or so later, Madame de Genlis, who had found refuge with the staff, also went clattering away to the Austrian lines. A strange, romantic lady who, as a child, had spent a whole year parading about everywhere in a Cupid's pink frock with blue wings, with a quiver and bow over her shoulder. She was more adequately clothed now; but not Mademoiselle d'Orléans—one of Orléans's daughters—whom Madame de Genlis had hoped to leave behind, but whom her brother Chartres pulled out of bed just as she was, with only her watch and her muslin night dress, and shoved into Madame de Genlis's carriage. Someone did succeed in loading the young lady's harp on a waggon, but that was all.

And on April 4, fleeing from his now completely hostile army—preceded by the Genlis hysterics and followed by a spatter of bullets—Dumouriez, with Chartres, and some troop-

ers and servants at his heels, went galloping himself across the lines, and into oblivion. The bubble had burst.

13.

BUT in Paris what had burst was a bombshell. The report of the Dubuisson-Proly-Pereyra mission to Dumouriez was read in the Convention on April 1, and, coming just before the receipt of the news of Dumouriez's actual desertion, it stood the town on its ear.

Dumouriez had apparently talked like a madman. He had stated to Dubuisson that his faith in the Republic had lasted precisely three days, and that he had wept over his victories won in so poor a cause. He had assured Proly that the Convention was "a gathering of seven hundred and fortyfive tyrants," all of whom "horrified" him, and that as for the Convention's decrees, he thumbed his nose at them—"as I told Danton, pretty soon they will be valid only in the suburbs of Paris." And the Commissioners could tell the Jacobins that there was only one way for them to distinguish themselves and cause their crimes to be forgotten; "let them pledge their persons to the security of the royal family, let them stir Paris into insurrection, let them disperse the seven hundred and fortyfive tyrants." In the meantime, Dumouriez had shouted, "I march with my army, and I proclaim the King!"

There it was. A king was "necessary." Any king, whether his name was Louis or *Jacobus*. Dumouriez proposed "to save France in spite of the Convention, and no matter whether people call me Cæsar, Cromwell or Monck." As for himself, all he wanted was to be head of an independent State of the Low Countries; but unless peace was made the Austrians would be in Paris in three weeks; and with his army Dumouriez would take the city in one. But when Proly slyly enquired whether the name of that king whom Dumouriez wished to proclaim could not be *Philippus,* instead of Louis or

Jacobus, Dumouriez flew into a rage, insisting that he was no Orleanist.

Jean rubbed his hands.

This was better than soap and candles. This was the whole fat in the fire. Treachery, and a royalist scare—Paris would need nothing more. If Dumouriez had been Jean's direct spokesman he could not have done better for him. It began right away; Orléans to prison—and his head would roll for it later—because the Mountain was very jumpy, too, about the taint of Orleanism; a new Committee of Public Safety to take the place of the Gironde's Defense Commission; and in the Convention, at the Jacobins, at the *Commune,* in the streets, everywhere finally the Girondins were being bombarded with accusations. Dumouriez had been the friend of Girondin Brissot; Dumouriez was the Girondins' General; with him they had expected to stop the Revolution and restore the King; Dumouriez was the Girondins' "creature," and "death to the Girondins!" It did them no good to deny it; to disavow and repudiate Dumouriez; to insist upon the setting aside of parliamentary immunity, of the inviolability of any deputy guilty of malfeasance in office—the Dumouriez label was sticking, and the Girondins were only digging their own parliamentary grave.

For the "Frogs" of the "Marsh" were holding their breath, and the Mountain was preparing to move. With Paris. Preparing to risk the danger from a circumstance which it very well understood—the circumstance that much of the popular uproar now definitely arising from the Sections and from the *Commune* was of royalist origin, of "Muscadine" temper, of counter-revolutionary inspiration. Chary at first of such an alliance, suspicious of red bonnets too conspicuously flaunted, repeatedly warned by Robespierre that the movement stirring itself up was anything but genuine, the Mountain was preparing to risk it for the sake of smashing the Girondins. Already on April 5, the Jacobins were ordering their affiliated provincial societies

to petition for the recall of the "appellant" deputies—those who had voted in favor of an appeal to the people on the King's behalf; a purely Maniac notion which Dufourny and the rioters of March 10 had proposed; one of the insidious components of Jean's plan, whereby what was bound to be a popular idea in rabid circles could be made to serve as a method of thinning out the Convention, since the "supplementary" deputies, the substitutes, would probably take fright and remain prudently at home.

This was where the Mountain began to hold out its hand to the Maniacs; because in order to smash the Gironde in the Convention it would be necessary to enlist the *sans-culotte* populace which the Maniacs controlled—Maniacs some of whose names were Varlet, and Desfieux, and Proly, and Dufourny, and Gusman, and Junius Frey.

And Jean rubbed his hands. This was where he took the Mountain's hand in his own invisible one, in order to smash not only the Gironde but, as he hoped, the Mountain itself and the entire Convention.

14.

JEAN'S men went out into the streets.

Of course, it was not as definite as all that; not the result, always, of deliberate advance planning, or of any precisely chronological schedule of intended events; not necessarily, always, the fruition of a desired outcome. Uncontrollable outbursts sometimes clashed, impairing the success of other ventures with untimely interference. That had happened in March in connection with the Temple, as will later be seen. But you took what you found, you made use of developments as they occurred; dealing with forces which you could only canalize, with agitators the opinions and purposes of all of whom you could not inspire, you were obliged to content yourself with encouraging such of their activities as could be made

use of without attempting to hinder their further intrigues; you followed a movement, frequently, in order, later, to try and alter its destination. You tossed the Convention as a bone of contention into the gutters and waited to see what would happen.

If it was a public assembly, you let Dufourny talk while Pereyra or Gusman egged him on with inflammable arguments. If it was a street gathering, Proly or Desfieux would be sure to be there to play up its tumultuous potentialities. If it was a "trouble," Soulès and Marino would probably be on hand very soon to increase its turbulence with deft manipulation. If it was a riot, Varlet would be out in front of Fournerot and Chapelle to make it more violent and uproarious, to deflect it from soap and candle chandleries towards committee rooms and Convention lobbies.

That was the fundamental policy; the touchstone of all spontaneous or fortuitous action; the subject of every conclave at the Corrazza; of every clandestine interview up and down the Frey secret stairs; of every conference at Charonne, when Devaux, and de la Guiche, and Roussel, and Pons, and Benoist came to fit their cogs into the machinery. To aggravate the cause of every economic grief; to accentuate the panic of every national misgiving; to embitter the resentment against every form of graft and profiteering; to exaggerate the furies of every reprisal; to use the Mountain against the Gironde, the Gironde against the Mountain, and the populace against both in order to attack the Convention, the entire Convention, and drive it out of existence.

15.

IT all had to be done in the streets, in the Section assemblies, because there was then no Maniac press available. With all his enterprise, Jean does not ever seem to have attempted any controlled newspaper, although he was always very close to Richer de Sérisy, that bitter royalist jour-

nalist; a washed out *roué,* burnt out physically but his mind still in furious incandescence, whose pen was a flaming sword directed against the Revolution which neither imprisonment during the Terror nor eventual deportation under the subsequent Directoire was ever to sheathe. Jean relied on inspired speeches, and there were always couplets and pamphlets.

Out in the streets, for instance, there was Ange Pitou, ballad singer and journalist too, of sorts. A delightful hand to mouth person who had come out of Normandy in 1789, running away at the age of nineteen from some theological seminary, and whose street arab wit and deep slicing irony were entirely devoted to the disparagement of the Revolution which he detested. An interesting instance, less unique, perhaps, in its attitude than in its courage, of the Revolution's effect on a completely plebeian, soil of the soil personality. They had him in prison during the Terror, up before the Revolutionary Tribunal on trial for his life, but he wormed himself out of it with a republican ballad sung to the jury—and continued to attack the Revolution with parody and satire; one of the most powerful weapons, always, against the Republic, for Jacobinism, which was a kind of camp meeting fervor, could not endure ridicule. He was to become a privileged character on his street corners, a source of infuriation to the police who could do nothing with him, until the Directoire finally caught him up in one of its deportation drag nets. For having slapped his behind every time that he mentioned the Republic.

As for pamphlets, there were ways and ways of producing pamphlets. Deputy Chabot, that big Mountain Jacobin, issued a very fine one attacking the Girondins; a most effective pamphlet entitled "The Antifederalist," which the new Mountain controlled Committee of Public Safety caused to be widely distributed. And when Chabot was asked afterwards where he had obtained his material for such a forceful pamphlet exposing all the crimes of the Girondins, he explained that Junius Frey had prepared it for him. Chabot had wanted something

in a hurry on the indivisibility of the Republic, and twenty-four hours later Junius Frey had put this pamphlet in his hands. Just like that. In fact, Chabot admitted, it was the Frey brothers, really, who had opened his eyes to the Girondin iniquities and royalist tendencies; the only way to circumvent which, the Freys insisted, was through an insurrection of the populace against the Convention.

What very few people stopped to consider was that Junius Frey spoke French very badly, and could not possibly have composed such a pamphlet in twentyfour hours. Those who did consider it were assured by Frey that badly as he might speak French he wrote it very fluently and correctly.

At someone's dictation? At all events, one seems to see Benoist with an amused smile on his face, and Jean rubbing his hands. It always delighted him to have Leftists and Convention deputies become the unconscious instruments of his own schemes against them. Marie Grandmaison liked him best then, all bubbling over with satisfaction.

16.

THE Girondins were not taking all this sitting down. Under the fearful strain of incredibly impassioned sessions, they still controlled the Convention—in the old Riding Academy until May 9, and after that at the Tuileries—and from its rostrum, on April 14, they put through a decree of arrest against Marat, one of their principal Mountain tormentors, in that at the Jacobins, and in a communication forwarded to all the provincial affiliated societies, he had cited as "traitors" all the "appellant" deputies, which was a seditious incitement to massacre. There went that parliamentary immunity which the Girondins had themselves set aside, and there—had they but foreseen it—went the Girondins.

Marat, the Friend of the People; the haggard, filthy, vitriolic Marat whom the populace adored. The *Commune* went

wild. On April 15, thirtyfive Sections followed the lead of Lullier's Section in a demand upon the Convention for the arrest of some of the leading Girondins. On April 18, when the *Commune's* petition for the application of price fixing to food supplies was side-stepped by the Convention, it declared itself "in a state of revolution." On April 24, when Marat's case came up for trial, the *Commune* got him acquitted. Perhaps, when they heard him coming, when they saw the doors of the Convention hall smashed in by the jubilating mob, perhaps then the Girondins had an inkling of what was in store. Perhaps some of them remembered the afternoon of June 20, 1792, at the Tuileries. He came, Marat, haggard, and filthy, and crowned with laurel, shoulder high on the upraised arms of the populace all the way from the Tribunal to the Convention and into his seat; to speak venomously for a moment, and then on his triumphant way again to the Jacobins.

Jean rubbed his hands.

But the Girondins were not yet done. Indeed, as they well realized, it was do or die with them now. With the *Commune* already illegally appointing a "General" for the National Guard, the Gironde, on May 18, began to discuss violent measures; the summary dismissal, by armed force if necessary, of the entire *Commune;* the summoning of the "supplementary" deputies to sit in special session at Bourges, in the heart of France, if the Convention in Paris should be attacked; the formation of a Commission of Twelve to investigate the recent commotions in the Sections—a Commission, Girondin controlled, which went into effect on May 24.

But the Maniacs were already moving, with a Revolutionary Committee which the *Commune* might disavow, but which it did not disperse. A Committee numbering among its members Dufourny, Varlet, Proly, Pereyra and Gusman.

17.

THE insurrection, as it was gradually and shrewdly developed by Jean's red bonnets, was worked up in the Section assemblies; at agitated, physically ill smelling, nightly sessions resounding with a violent, plebeian oratory desperately in earnest, ingenuously unsuspicious of the hypocrisy of a Proly's or a Gusman's utterances; in the dimly illuminated meeting rooms reeking with pipe tobacco smoke of mayories and disaffected churches, now ornamented with the axe and bundle of sticks emblems of the Revolution, the big painted placards of the Rights of Man, and the "Liberty or Death" mottoes of the new cult; all under the cold stare of classical or patriotic busts, Brutus, or Lepelletier, or Marat, up on the grimy walls.

The Revolutionary Committee which was controlling the movement, and into which Proly and Jean's other "conductors" had insinuated themselves, was fundamentally nothing new. The original machinery of insurrection was already to hand in the organized cooperation of the Maniacs who, ever since 1792, had maintained among themselves in Paris, and from town to town throughout France, a system of correspondence for purposes of essentially socialistic propaganda which was the underlying concern of their guiding spirits, similar to that of the associated Jacobin Clubs; even more comparable to the constant individual interchange of news and ideas which existed between Robespierre's little group of intimates in Paris —the nondescript shopkeepers and artisans, the plain thugs of the personal bodyguard with which he surrounded himself— and their cronies in the larger provincial cities.

When under the stress of misery and hunger, under the insidious persuasion, too, of Jean's continual excitation, the Maniac propaganda finally began to crystallise into a definite thrust against the Convention—to pass from the stage of haphazard street commotion into a conductible one of concerted

political action—it was no great trick for smooth, sophisticated talkers like Proly and Gusman, those former aristocrats whose "pure" Jacobinism was only the more impressive and flattering to inferior minds by reason of its origin, to take the reins; and this in spite of the misgivings, the proclaimed alarm, of more prudent or more clear sighted intelligences in the Jacobins, in the Mountain, and even in the *Commune,* to whom this insurrection still remained a perilous royalist and counter-revolutionary snare.

18.

IT was the Police, curiously, who provided the ultimate impetus. For it was they who, early in May—as the result of too frequent riots, some of them, as in Lullier's Section, promoted by the Girondins themselves—called upon the Section Commissaries to gather at the City Hall for the purpose of checking over lists of counter-revolutionary suspects.

The first meeting of these Section representatives, on May 18, was quiet enough; but it was on May 18 that the Gironde began putting forth its drastic measures, and the formation of its Commission of Twelve; and the Section representative meeting of May 19 was a riot in itself. Faced with the menace of the Gironde's Twelve, the *Commune* was no longer to be restrained, or the Jacobins either, by any counsel of prudence; and the way was open for the Maniac Revolutionary Committee, for the now positive and secretly inspired leadership of Varlet and Desfieux, of Gusman and Pereyra, of Proly and Junius Frey. And of Dufourny, who had plenty to shout about. After having for some time followed the uncertain course of this rising movement, Jean was about to conduct it and lead the Revolution into one of its most desperate climaxes. He was, so he, and Gusman, and all of them thought, about to destroy the Convention.

They met, on the evening of May 19, at the episcopal mansion—at the "Bishopric" near the City Hall—the representa-

tives of thirtyseven Sections, under the supervision of Police Inspectors whose names were Michel, and Soulès, and Marino, and whose voices were added to those of Varlet, and Dufourny, and Proly, and all the good red bonnets, in a furious uproar demanding the ousting of the Girondins, the armed seizure of the Convention, the massacre of "appellant" deputies, Heaven knows what—and always a Marino, or a Varlet, or a Proly, or a Desfieux to incriminate *all* the deputies whenever any particular group was under fire. Night after night they met, the fury increasing, the *Commune* repudiating much of the violent talk but doing nothing to suppress it, Jean's red bonnets striving always to stir up the tempest to include the entire Convention; and on May 24, on its first day in power, the Girondin Commission of Twelve—striking straight at the *Commune* and its Sections—decreed the arrest of Hébert, the *Commune's* Assistant Procurator, and, among others, of Varlet, Marino and Michel.

Jean moved very quickly. This was getting close to home. Until that moment he had not made himself scarce; he had gone about Paris, shifting his nightly domicile from place to place, from Roussel's to Cortey's, from Cortey's to Desfieux's wine cellars. But now he vanished. At Desherbier's front door, at Lullier's, at Michelle Thilorier's—who knows? But probably at Lullier's, this time, where he could readily keep in touch with the news. He was very busy with Michonis just then, and Cortey, too—one will inspect that preoccupation in due time—and it would be fatal if he were caught. The Convention business must take care of itself now, go its full or only partly successful way in the adequate hands of Proly and his associates.

And the *Commune* moved. Hébert was not Marat, and Varlet, and Marino, and the rest were not Hébert; but on May 25, the *Commune* peremptorily demanded the release of its magistrate Hébert, on May 26, that of the others; while the Jacobins declared themselves in a state of insurrection against the deputies. It was discussed in the Convention on May 27; a

terrific session for which certain loyal Girondin Sections were called out in arms to guard the Convention hall; and in which the Gironde still did not hesitate to challenge the insurrectional power of Paris; stating from the rostrum that if ever the riots of March 10—Jean's Corrazza Maniac riots—were repeated, if ever the Convention was attacked, "Paris would be annihilated: Yes, the whole of France would avenge that crime, and soon it would be necessary to hunt around in order to discover on which bank of the Seine Paris had stood." It was a second Brunswick Manifesto, issued to the city and *Commune* which had flung the September massacres in the face of the first, in which the Duke of Brunswick had offered to do the same thing to the recalcitrant capital.

The Girondin deputies, and most of the "Plain," went home to their suppers, deeming the session under control, and were flabbergasted to learn, later in the evening, that the Committee of Public Safety—calling upon a continuing Mountain session of scarcely a hundred members—had secured the revocation of the Twelve and the release of Hébert, Varlet, Marino, Michel and everyone else. The Twelve were immediately reinstated, on May 28; but Varlet and his companions were loose, Hébert and the *Commune* were in a magnificent temper; and, wherever he was, Jean rubbed his hands.

Very probably, one feels sure, at Lullier's; listening to what the Procurator of the Department had to say about the adventures of the Assistant Procurator of the *Commune;* about the reactions of the interesting Varlet; about the general conduct of Police Administrators Marino and Michel.

19.

THE rest is well known.

That in a thundering meeting of six hundred Section delegates at the Bishopric, on May 29, the motion for a Central Insurrectional Committee was passed. That through a

steering Committee of Six, already organized on May 28, an all powerful Committee of Nine, carrying the plenary powers of at least thirtythree Sections, was formed to conduct the proceedings against the Convention. That the City Hall tocsin alarm bell began to sound on the night of May 30, and was again sounding on the night of May 31 with its bell rope in the hands of Mountain deputy Marat.

That on the morning of May 31, the Committee of Nine confirmed itself by solemnly confirming in their technically suspended powers all the members of the Municipality, of the Council of the *Commune* and of the Department of Paris. That on the afternoon of that same day, in the presence of enormous crowds which invaded the Tuileries hall, the Committee of Nine sent to the terrified Convention a delegation from the Department of Paris, headed by Lullier, to demand cheap bread, taxes on wealth, the suppression of the Twelve—which the Convention, in the midst of a tumult of armed mobs blocking the aisles, finally conceded—and the arrest of twenty-two Girondin deputies. That on the night of June 1, while the Sections were already surrounding the Tuileries and the Convention in session, the Committee of Nine ordered the arrest of Lebrun, of Roland who escaped—but Madame Roland was arrested instead—and of Clavière, Jean's man Clavière, who, when his time came in December to appear before the Revolutionary Tribunal, stabbed himself to death in his cell.

And that on June 2, an army of eighty thousand men of the Sections, massed behind sixty pieces of cannon and exhorted by Mountain deputy Marat, blockaded the Convention; pushed back the deputies into their hall when they tried to parade around and out of the Tuileries gardens; and forced a vote—eagerly recorded by the Mountain, silently endured by the "Frogs"—ordaining the expulsion and proscription by the Convention of twentynine of its Girondin members.

There went the Girondins, reaping the whirlwind of the storms they had sowed; on June 20 and August 10 of 1792,

when insurrections of their sending crashed into those very Tuileries; on August 13 of that same year, when they surrendered the royal family to the *Commune;* on January 17 of 1793, when they permitted the death of a man to be voted on under the compulsion of threatening mobs; and on April 1, just a few weeks before, when for reasons of their own they had set aside the parliamentary immunity of deputies. There went the Girondins, and that is well known.

What is not so well known—what is so often overlooked, but should, on the contrary, be very carefully remembered—is that the Bishopric Section meeting of May 29 was presided over by Dufourny. That the steering Committee of Six, which, for one thing, handled the money for the insurrection, included Dufourny and Desfieux among its members. And that the Committee of Nine in charge of the insurrection—that Committee which in the Convention on June 2 was very clearly described as a handful of foreigners, instigating emissaries abusing and betraying the people—consisted of Fournerot and two other Section leaders, and Varlet, Dufourny, Desfieux, Pereyra, Gusman and Proly.

Jean had done his best.

20.

JEAN'S best was not quite good enough.

They had expected to destroy the entire Convention. Gusman afterwards stated that "the insurrection was aimed at the whole body of national representatives"; Pereyra complained of the small results; on the night of May 31, Varlet was furious because of the little which had been accomplished on the first day. In the streets, right up to the moment of the appearance in the Convention of the envoys from the Department of Paris, it had been assumed that the movement would embrace the Convention as a whole. Down with the Convention was the rallying cry of the Sections.

It is difficult now—in fact, it would perhaps be impossible —to elucidate the discrepancy between the potentialities for Jean's plan of that Committee of Nine and the actual fruits of the insurrection; to ascertain how the intentions of such red bonnets of Jean's as Proly, Pereyra, Gusman, Desfieux and Varlet—five of the Nine—became the restricted demands of the delegation headed by Lullier, which remained the ultimatum of the populace on June 2. It is true that on that day, if the Convention had refused to give up the Girondins, the Convention hall would have been smashed to pieces and the Convention dispersed; and it may well be that that program of demands was followed by the Nine in the expectation, precisely, that the Convention would itself precipitate that outcome. It was within reason to suppose that the embattled Girondins, the corporate Convention, would not abjectly surrender to the populace, and it was clever policy to work through that channel. But, as it turned out, there was never any question of not giving up the Girondins, after the necessary amount of sanctimonious mummery. With Mountain deputy Couthon palavering about a Convention "assured of its freedom of deliberation," while sixty pieces of cannon stared at its doors. With Mountain deputy Marat haggling over the list of names to be sacrificed at the rostrum.

It was the Mountain's day, and to them remained the victory. And there, probably, lies the eventual answer to the riddle. In that so to speak three legged dash for the Convention in which Jean was hitched up to the Mountain by means of the *Commune* and the populace, it was the Mountain which controlled the course. Instead of it being Jean who used the Mountain with the populace to overthrow the Convention, it was, after all, the Mountain which used Jean and the populace to overcome only a part of the Convention. To the Mountain the victory remained, the political victory.

But a larger victory, however reduced from its complete

possibilities, still remained to Jean; and in spite of the disappointment which he no doubt experienced over his immediate failure, he cannot have failed to derive the most intense satisfaction from the underlying success of his efforts. The efficacy of his plan, of his campaign against the Revolution, was not to be judged by any single objective achieved or not, depending on the accidental twists and turns of fundamentally uncontrollable and unpredictable forces.

Jean had not destroyed the Convention; but to prepare dissensions, to foment them and activate them; to sow mutual suspicions and irritate rivalries; to set the Convention by the ears with murderous discords and fratricidal distrusts until, terrified of itself, it began its own self destruction—there how well he had succeeded. That self destruction had begun; the Convention had ripped itself up the back, in the persons of how many of its members did not essentially matter; from now on its mentality would never be the same again; fear was to sit upon its green benches, suspicion and vengeance to inhabit its maple rostrum; what had been done on June 2 could be done again; the bitter fruit of the Girondins' sacrifice would never cease ripening; the germ of the Mountain's downfall was itself already deeply imbedded in the soft soil of the "Marsh."

And outside, all over the length of France, the Girondins fell and the provinces rose. Normandy in rebellion; the big cities in rebellion, Lyon, Marseille, Toulon, Bordeaux; and always in the West the tragic Vendée. France was up to annihilate Paris, although it was to be the other way around—but with what desperate difficulty, with what horrible savagery, with what venomous seeds of suffering, and hatred, and retaliation continually scattering from the Revolution's bloody hand.

From that point of view, Jean had fearfully succeeded.

Perhaps he regretted Clavière, in June and in December. Probably not. Men, individuals, friend and foe alike, were nothing to Jean. In his single minded fury of purpose he was

terrible. As terrible as the Terror. But Marie Grandmaison loved him, and Michelle Thilorier adored him. Sweet, gentle girls, both of them. Marie and Michelle. Michelle and Marie.

In his own mind, Jean no longer knew which of them filled his heart.

Part Three

FOR THE QUEEN

February–June, 1793

PART THREE

FOR THE QUEEN

I.

IN late January of 1793, after the execution of the King, Jean had refused to become involved immediately in any attempts to rescue the Queen. He had instead, one will recall, suggested to Cortey that he apply himself faithfully to his National Guard service; he had consolidated certain methods of visual communication with the Temple Tower from adjacent houses; and he had then slipped across to England. On February 9, he was back at Boulogne, on his way to Paris. He was about to put in motion his plan of campaign against the Convention, the progress of which one has followed in the preceding pages; but he was also very much concerned with another matter.

Something had happened at the Temple.

The regime at the Tower had relaxed a good deal in the few weeks which had elapsed since the King's death. Mademoiselle Pion, a former royal dressmaker, had been allowed to visit the Queen to fit her mourning garments; the military Grand Post had been cut down and, more important still, very much demoralised by insubordination and lax attendance; the number of rotating Commissioners from the *Commune* on continuous duty at the Temple had been reduced from eight to six. These Municipals, as they were called, formerly selected by lot but now by appointment, were chosen from the membership of the *Commune* Council. The formality of a vote of appointment was gone through daily, but one could practically volunteer for the detail, as often as one wished—it had come

to that—so irksome and disagreeable, and dangerously responsible too, was the assignment considered by the majority of those liable.

The whole Tower was dismally cold, with its enormous vaulted stone chambers; the single spiral staircase was very trying for middle aged lungs; the place boomed and clanged all day with the resounding tramp of patrols and service chores, the banging of heavy iron doors on every landing; some of the required duties were an unmitigated nuisance, the inspection of laundry baskets, the scrutiny of medicine bottles, the fool formalities at the prisoners' meals—looking under the table cloth, examining the paper stoppers of carafes, poking into the bread loaves for hidden messages; the food provided, though improved, had originally been vile; the uncomfortable cots were filthy, furnished with measly blankets and sometimes without sheets; the hygienic arrangements were most primitive. It was getting to be a common occurrence, increasingly so as the winter wore on into spring, for Commissioners to shirk their assignment, or to turn up as late as possible; and it was nothing exceptional to see Commissioners being chivied through the main entrance of the Temple by armed patrols which, under stringent decrees from the *Commune,* had been obliged to rout them out of their homes.

And all that was very interesting. What was even more interesting was the fact that certain Municipals, playing up their "pure" civic virtue—Michonis, for instance; a man called Toulan; another called Lepitre; several others—were apparently willing to appear over and over again at the Temple; and that among them, while preserving the necessary republican front before their colleagues—a front so frequently manifesting itself by means of the most childish discourtesies towards the captives—were certain Commissioners known to be favorably disposed to the royal family. Michonis, of course; but he was a sly one, never batting an eye, never departing from the impersonal performance of his *Commune* instruc-

tions. Some of the others less discreet; much less prudent in their behavior; more carried away by the cajoleries exercised upon them by the Queen, by her sister-in-law Madame Elizabeth, by the Queen's little girl, Madame Royale so called, by the jolly little imp of a boy who was now, theoretically, Louis XVII. The Capet family, two women, a girl and a boy; so patient, so pathetic and so plaintive in the black garments of their recent bereavement. It brought tears to the eyes of such Commissioners as Toulan, Moëlle, Lepitre, Vincent. Jobert, too, but he was more of Michonis's type, as was Goret.

The "good" Municipals.

2.

THOSE things got out.

Through Cléry, the King's valet, who had served him in the Tower until the end; and through Madame Cléry, his wife, who had visited him regularly. Through Gagnié the Temple cook, who had had charge of the Tuileries kitchens—the *Commune* had appointed these people to the prison staff in its early munificent mood—and through Meunier the assistant cook, who had been a "roaster" in those same Tuileries kitchens. Through Turgy, the former Versailles and Tuileries waiter and pantry boy who had wormed his way into the same post at the Temple by the simple process of telling representatives of the *Commune* that the Assembly had appointed him, and assuring deputies from the Assembly that the Mayor had sent him, trusting that the Mayor would forget whether he had sent him or not.

Through Turgy especially, devoted soul whose reward it was to survive the Revolution, after his dismissal from the Temple in October of 1793, and in her later years to serve Madame Royale who alone of the prisoners was destined, in 1795, to regain her liberty. Turgy who had transformed his plate and napkin service in the Queen's prison dining room,

under the eyes of watching Commissioners who were not always of the "good" variety, into a complete system of code messages agreed upon with Madame Elizabeth—the children's Aunt Babet was the energetic, imaginative instigator of all the prisoners' secret enterprises—by means of which news of the day, of royalist activities, of the *Commune's* doings, could be ascertained by the position of Turgy's hand, the location of his napkin, the passing of his fingers over his nose, over his mouth, over his hair. Turgy who, with still greater courage, managed to substitute missives inscribed in invisible ink for the paper carafe stoppers; to take written instructions from Madame Elizabeth while he was handing her dishes; to smuggle in the necessary implements for this clandestine correspondence; to conceal newspapers in preconcerted hiding places when the "good" Municipals were not able to bring theirs under the capes of their great coats. Turgy whose unrestricted goings and comings made him an invaluable go between with the outside world; with some of the Queen's former ladies; with royal retainers; with a certain Chevalier de Jarjayes. And with the "good" Municipal Toulan.

It was difficult to say what had happened to Toulan. He had started out as a genuine republican; he had attacked the Bastille on July 14 of 1789; marched to Versailles in October of that same year; gone to the assault of the Tuileries on August 10, 1792. He was a "pure" when he first came to the Temple, disagreeable and severe, so that Turgy very much disliked him. But something had happened, just as it happened to so many of them. Contact with the prisoners softened them, or contact with some of their colleagues shamed them, or contact with the Revolution disgusted them—one may not ascribe to bribery every last revolutionary change of mind—and they found themselves sick at heart of their jailor's job, little by little enmeshed in an irresistible attachment to those ladies, to those children, which carried some of them within the shadow of the scaffold, two of them to its trenchant finality.

In the case of Toulan, it was not long before Madame Elizabeth was telling Turgy that he could trust the Municipal with his life, with all their precious secrets. Toulan was a bookseller, at home; a Gascon, like Jean; impulsive, quick witted and merry when you knew him. It was only a short while before he was being designated as "Faithful" in their private codes. And faithful he was to be, steadfast and courageous—a little romantic, perhaps, and indiscreet—until the guillotine claimed him.

3.

IT was Toulan who, on January 26, had broken open the locked drawer of the desk in the Commissioners' council room, extracted from it the little package of tokens which the King had put aside for the family, and taken it to the Queen when the *Commune* had thought to sequester it. It was with Toulan that Turgy took to making all his arrangements; Toulan whom he frequently met outside the Temple, for the purpose of putting into effect various commissions from Madame Elizabeth; at the home, for instance, of Toulan's cousin, Inspector of National Domains Ricard; a royalist whose very minute and legible handwriting was resorted to when any carafe stopper notes to the prisoners needed inscribing. And, no doubt on Ricard's advice, it was Toulan who hinted to Madame Elizabeth that Lepitre might be a "good" Municipal, and who sounded him out on her behalf and the Queen's.

Lepitre was President of the Passport Commission. He was a school teacher; a professor, in fact, with a school of his own —he was to outlast the Revolution in that capacity—a very ugly fat little man with a limp. He took himself very seriously, dabbled in drama, something of an intellectual snob—he had very soon, in the early days at the Temple, exchanged Latin quotations with the King—and he was inclined to be maudlin. It was this quality which enmeshed him, because otherwise Lepitre's instincts were all cautious and miserly. Introduced as

a "good" one by Toulan, Lepitre was all sighs and sympathies in the presence of the Princesses. He must compose a Romance, a funeral Romance, for the Dauphin. He composed it, to Madame Cléry's music—those Temple people all seemed to know each other—a lugubrious and highfaluting ballad entitled "Filial Piety," with an additional verse for Madame Elizabeth; and the Queen was very graciously pleased to accept it. The next time that Lepitre was there, the Dauphin sang it, in his mother's arms, Madame Elizabeth standing by, and Madame Royale at the poor prison clavecin.

"Throne, palace, power, grandeur,
From me on earth all things have fled;
But happiness is still mine to know
For near me I still have my mother.
Some day, perhaps . . . To misfortune
Hope must at least be permitted . . .
A deity favorable to the son
Will soon calm down the storm;
The tempest which bows their heads,
Will never destroy the Lilies . . ."

It was not a ballad, it was a political program, with tears. The President of the Passport Commission was in the sack. And just in time, for Toulan had a plan involving passports. He went to Turgy with it; and he went to Lepitre with it; and they both went to the Queen, who sent them to Jarjayes. That was on February 5.

It was almost the first thing that Jean heard at Boulogne, when he landed.

4.

THE plan, a plan of escape for the entire royal family, was rather complicated.

It hinged on four factors—well, actually five—in the Tower routine. First, the continuous presence on the prisoners'

floor, the top or fourth floor, of two Commissioners. Second, the accustomed coming, every late afternoon, of the Temple lamplighter with his two children to light all the Tower lanterns and lamps, and his departure around six o'clock. Third, the changing of the entire guard and all the sentries—at the wickets and on the Tower staircase landings—at seven o'clock. Fourth, the fact that Turgy's arrival at nine o'clock with the evening meal—and the Queen could always postpone the hour a little when she chose—provided the first interruption of the fourth floor's seclusion after the lamplighter's departure.

So that if a false lamplighter, properly disguised, turned up after seven o'clock—claiming that he had been delayed that day, and had now come to fetch his children whom he had sent at the usual time to light the lanterns—the new sentries would not know that the regular lamplighter had come and gone already with his children. They would not, consequently, interfere with the false lamplighter when he passed out of the Tower with his false children—the Dauphin and Madame Royale, in messy, oily smocks and with their faces smudged up. No one paid any attention to the lamplighter and his dirty brats anyway. They were taken for granted, like the sweeper, and the wood man, and the water carrier.

In the same way, if two Commissioners—Toulan, and the Queen dressed as one—went down the Tower stairs and out of the Temple on some mission *before* seven o'clock, the sentries of the expiring guard would think nothing of it, since Commissioners were privileged characters. And if two more Commissioners—Lepitre, and Madame Elizabeth also dressed as one—went down the Tower stairs and out of the Temple on some mission *after* seven o'clock, the sentries of the new guard would think nothing of it, since they would not have seen the exit from the fourth floor of the first pair of Commissioners.

It was a simple thing to smuggle in the necessary disguises and uniforms—those great coats and capes could be made to conceal almost anything, including a hat, or one could come

to the Temple wearing two sets of garments—and Commissioners' identity cards and tricolor sashes presented no difficulty. The ticklish moment would come at the palace main entrance, in the presence of the Grand Post; but any talking would be done by Toulan or Lepitre; strange faces at the Temple, visitors disguised as Municipals, were not unknown —the painter Kocharsky, for instance, had been gotten in and out to do a portrait of the Queen in her widow's weeds; with your hat down over your eyes and your chin sunk in your cravat, all muffled up on a cold night, your features would hardly be noticed; and, in any case, the discipline was so poor now that the mere sight of a Commissioner's sash, the casual glimpse at a distance of an identity card, was sufficient to satisfy lazy sentries, or guard rooms more interested in the progress of a game of cards around the stove.

It was risky, of course, but it might work.

5.

THE fifth factor, while presumably presenting the greatest difficulty of all, was actually the one most easily gotten around.

It was essential that the escape occur on an evening when Toulan and Lepitre were together at the Temple—which, as a result of the state of mind of the *Commune* Council, was easily accomplished almost every week—and on an evening when the two of them were on duty together *upstairs,* which was something else.

In order to provide a permanent Temple Council of six Commissioners—sitting on the ground floor of the Tower, with a military guard room on the floor above them, and the King's empty floor between that and the Queen's fourth floor —three Municipals were chosen daily for a fortyeight hour shift, each set of three replacing an outcoming set of three every twentyfour hours. Of the six thus constantly at the

Tower, four constituted the Council proper; a monotonous chore consisting principally of sleeping as soundly as possible through a nocturnal watch over the keys of all the Tower doors, locked up the last thing at night in a closet of which the Commissioner senior in age theoretically had the key. The remaining two Commissioners went upstairs, twelve hours at a time.

Now it was customary each day for the three incoming Commissioners to draw lots, in order to decide which two of them should immediately go upstairs for the night duty on the prisoners' floor; to supervise the evening meal; and then to sleep very inconveniently in the antechamber on cots stored during the daytime in one of the corner turrets which embellished the main Tower. It was for this shift, determined by chance—or so the *Commune* imagined—that Toulan and Lepitre needed to be together; and it was at this point in the procedure that Toulan had devised a clever scheme. The ballots which the three Commissioners drew out of a hat were supposed to be inscribed, one of them "Day," two of them "Night." What Toulan invariably did was to inscribe all three of them "Day," and when the third Commissioner announced his, Toulan and Lepitre threw theirs into the fire. The third man was almost never the same one as on any previous occasion; none of the Commissioners hankered after the night duty upstairs anyway; and the trick was worked repeatedly, week after week.

Too frequently, probably.

6.

ACTUALLY, it was Toulan alone whom the Queen first sent to Jarjayes, with a note stating that the bearer could be trusted absolutely since his conduct had "not varied in five months." As for Jarjayes himself, a high ranking officer in the army, his wife had been one of the Queen's

ladies; he had performed a number of secret missions for the King and also for the Queen who, on the night of August 9, 1792, had entrusted to Madame de Jarjayes's keeping a number of her private papers, and, on the afternoon of August 10, had instructed Jarjayes to stand by in Paris; assigned, since 1791, to the post of Director General of the War Depot, Jarjayes was a tried servitor of long standing of the royal family.

"Listen carefully," the Queen told Jarjayes in a second note, "to the ideas which will be proposed to you; let your prudence thoroughly examine them; as for us, we commit ourselves with entire confidence." Jarjayes would see Lepitre, "the new personage." His "exterior is not attractive, but he is absolutely necessary and we must have him." Toulan would explain what was wanted. Toulan himself was not asking for anything; and only later would he accept from Jarjayes, at the Queen's request, twentyfour thousand francs enclosed in a little gold box which he very foolishly showed to too many people. There was later, also, on March 7, a ring containing some of the Queen's hair for Lepitre. But in February what was wanted immediately was money. For Lepitre. Maudlin as he might be, Lepitre was not a bit maudlin when it came to adventuring himself on an enterprise which was to take him out of France, since both he and Toulan would naturally have to make their escape as well. Lepitre wanted to be reimbursed for the loss of his school—what disposition he proposed to make of his wife is not clear—and he estimated the loss at two hundred thousand francs. One half to be paid in advance, in fact at once.

The Queen hoped that Jarjayes would be able to produce the money; or he might apply to Laborde, her former banker, in order to spare himself the loan "of a sum so great for you," for Jarjayes was no longer well off. But Laborde was not in Paris; he was under observation as a rich suspect; and Jarjayes was not anxious to reveal the undertaking to any more persons than he could help. He so notified the Queen who agreed with

his suggestions that it would be best for Jarjayes "to complete this affair yourself, or through your friends." And on February 15, Jarjayes had the money; advanced, it has always been said, by himself; in part at least obtained, it seems probable, from some of those "friends"—from Boyd and Kerr and from Jean—although nothing survives now to prove it.

The conspiracy was now entering into a stage of double activity. The internal contrivances at the Temple, and the external financial and mechanical arrangements. While, at the end of February, the destination of the refugees after they left the Temple had not been positively decided upon—there was some question of going into the Vendée; a political question involving the continued sojourn on French soil and in French hands of the little Louis XVII—still the decision for a dash to the coast and a crossing to England was pretty well fixed. And where Lepitre had argued for a single travelling carriage, a *berline,* to take them all through the regular relays to some port, say in Normandy, the Queen would not have it. It was too conspicuous and too cumbersome; too many horses and too many public stops; they had done that in 1791 for the flight to Varennes, and the Queen would not hear of *berlines.* She wanted three light traps, with fewer horses to be changed less frequently at privately arranged relays; the first to carry herself and the Dauphin, with Jarjayes; the second Toulan and Madame Elizabeth; the third Lepitre and Madame Royale.

These matters were all in Jarjayes's hands, and in those of his colleague Amabert, another high ranking officer stationed at Rouen; two officials employed by the Republic, busy at their daily tasks, and obliged to keep all suspicion turned away from themselves; and there again it seems incontestable, if not recorded in black and white—so much of those conspiracies remains mysterious—incontestable that Jean was called upon; with his knowledge of the roads, his acquaintance with the posting personnel, his intimacy, for instance, with Burette Grandmaison, his organization at Boulogne—rather than any

Normandy port—for passing people through, and his relations with the Little Sailor who disposed of several fast vessels.

That Jean did not originate this conspiracy, any more than did Jarjayes, is obvious. But that Jean had his share in it does happen, as a matter of fact, to be recorded in black and white in Lepitre's subsequent reference to street disturbances deliberately organized for the purpose of distracting attention from the Temple at the period of the attempt—disturbances which were none other than Jean's Corrazza riots in March.

So that the two things were marching together; Jean's plan against the Convention and the escape of the Queen; and not only Jean, but also Proly, and Desfieux, and all the rest of the Maniacs had their unsuspecting hands to the wheel.

7.

THEY met on February 15, at Lepitre's—Jarjayes, with the money, Toulan, Lepitre and Ricard.

It was Ricard who was to impersonate the Temple lamplighter, copying his appearance and his clothes, and come to fetch the children. He was to turn up after seven o'clock, just before it was time for Lepitre to leave the Tower with Madame Elizabeth; and he was to receive a terrific scolding from Lepitre, in the presence of the sentry on the landing, for his tardiness. The children, and the Princesses, would change their clothes in the little turret dressing closet just off the chamber in which the Queen slept with the youngsters. It would be natural for them all, and the Commissioners too, to be in that room at that hour of the day. Then out of the Queen's room into the antechamber which the Commissioners used, and which was also the dining room; then, immediately, the iron door to the apartment, the heavy oak door to the landing, the sentries and the stairs.

As for Turgy, he was to come a little late with the supper that evening; after half past nine, if possible. He would find a

barred and bolted iron door, as usual, but no answer from any Commissioner to his knocking. By the time the Temple Council had been summoned, and the door unhinged, and the *Commune* across town notified, and the city barriers visited, the fugitives would have at least four hours' start.

Lepitre, of course, would furnish the passports. If one only knew, now, where the traps and horses were to be met; where they were to have gone on foot, first, through the dark streets —those two pairs of Commissioners, that dirty lamplighter and his two bedraggled children . . .

8.

THE greatest obstacle, of course, the greatest peril—concerning the circumvention of which one remains so helplessly in the dark—was to be found continuously right on the fourth floor of the Tower.

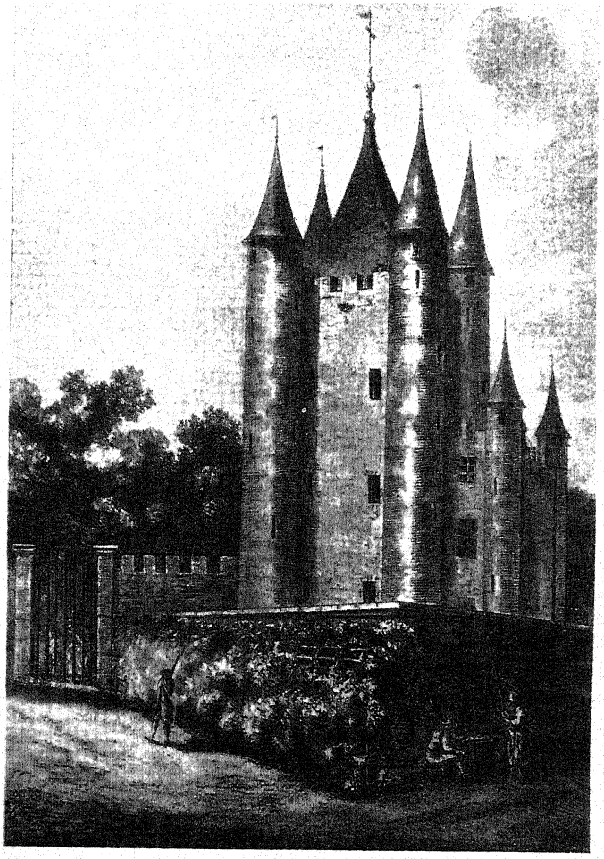
The woman Tison and her husband.

They had been, from the beginning of the imprisonment, assigned by the *Commune* to do the heavy domestic work. A disagreeable, queer couple; the man morose and surly, the woman a little less so. They were both very fond of Spanish snuff, which some of the Commissioners brought to them. They lived, under the same restraint as the prisoners—except that their daughter was occasionally allowed to visit them downstairs—in a corner room adjoining Madame Elizabeth's, through one partly glassed partition of which they could see into the antechamber. Practically anything that was said they could hear; since the room partitions did not go all the way, some eighteen feet, up to the vaulted ceiling of the originally single Tower chamber. There had been a false ceiling of painted canvas stretched over the partitions on the King's floor, but not on the Queen's. What the Tisons chose to notice they could not help observing; the very whispers of any concealed conversation were bound to attract their attention.

The Queen trusted neither of them, and the woman less than the man. "Look out for the woman who is shut up here with us," she kept warning Jarjayes. In fact, in her very first note, the Queen had advised Jarjayes not to trust her "too much"; as for herself, "I neither trust her nor her husband." But that *too much* is interesting, coming so soon in the correspondence with Jarjayes—as though, willy nilly, the Tisons were go betweens. And silent partners, at least, they must have been. The clothes, the hats, could not be smuggled in and hidden without their finding out about it; all the hocus pocus with Turgy did not entirely escape their eyes; it was not always on the top platform of the Tower that Lepitre and Toulan conferred with the Princesses, while the children were sent to play in the big attic. That the Tisons were aware of such matters was to be made all too clear in April when, in a fit of spite—or a fit of fear—they turned in a series of not too well defined accusations against Turgy and some of the "good" Municipals.

What was done with them in February? Were they bought? The Queen, at least, was never sure of them. What was to have been done with them on the evening of the escape? Were they to be drugged, as Lepitre afterwards stated? With a narcotic in their Spanish snuff—if such a procedure was even feasible—a measure which "pleased no one, but we had no choice." Or were they conniving? They were to have been found when the door was broken down, completely overpowered by this drug, and a note from the Queen left behind to exonerate them of complicity. Perhaps the apparent effects of an alleged drug was a part of their connivance.

No one will ever know; just as no one will ever know how many other people outside the Temple were involved.



THE TOWER OF THE TEMPLE

9.

MADAME THIBAULT, one of the Queen's former serving women, was mixed up in it. Jarjayes was told to go and see her, and he would find out why.

And who was Madame "Archi."?

"Be careful with Madame Archi.," the Queen advised Jarjayes in one of her notes. "She seems to me to be very intimate with the man and the woman [the Tisons] I told you of." And that *seems to be very intimate* is ambiguous, too. How did she seem so, in her correspondence, in her conversation? *To me,* the Queen said. Someone, evidently, whom Jarjayes knew, and with whom he must be careful, because she was involved with the Tison woman whom the Queen could not bring herself to trust.

Was it Lady Atkyns, the Little Sailor, as some have said? Or, as others have said, was it Madame d'Archiac? There were two of them, the Comtesse d'Archiac and her daughter-in-law, Cécile d'Archiac. And it would be instructive to know if it was either of them, because Madame d'Archiac senior was the mother, Madame d'Archiac junior the sister-in-law, of Madame de Saint-Amarand—the Sainte-Amaranthe, the hostess of Number Fifty, the friend of Pons, the associate of Desfieux and Proly, and through them all an instrument of Jean's.

Or was it simply a code name for Madame Ricard?

10.

JARJAYES wanted to see for himself.

He wanted to see just what you did have to do to get in to the Temple, to get out again; just what chance there was for an escape of the entire royal family. He sent word to the Queen of his desire, and she let him come. "If you are determined to come here, it had better be soon. But goodness! Be careful not to be recognized, and especially by the woman

who is shut up here with us." Jarjayes spoke to Toulan, and it was arranged.

It was really ridiculously simple. It was mortally perilous —the slightest slip, the slightest mischance, and the perpetual risk of an unexpected inspection by the Mayor, by Hébert, by deputies from the Convention—but it was also very simple. You dressed as a Municipal, and you went in accompanied by Toulan; and either they took you for a genuine Commissioner, or, without undue concern—as long as you kept yourself and them out of trouble—for a visitor.

And right away, as Jarjayes later recorded, he saw that it was impossible. The escape of the entire royal family was a "fantasy." It was necessary to pass eight sentries and a guard room, to say nothing of another guard at the main entrance. One must consider it "an impossibility for four persons and especially two children to pass out without being recognized."

Now it has always been assumed that this nocturnal visit of Jarjayes's to the Tower occurred in February, while the conspiracy was still in preparation, and that Jarjayes caused it to be abandoned as a result of his observations. This assumption has been based partly on the indefinite wording of his own cautious statements, partly on the belief that by March 2 he was on his way out of France. But from his own chronology of notes from the Queen it is manifest that his decision to visit the Temple was not reached until some time after the money had been paid to Lepitre, and after the conspiracy had gotten into full swing. And from the archives of the Ministry of War, it is evident that he emigrated not on March 2, but on May 2, arriving at the headquarters of the Princes on May 6; having been relieved of his otherwise continuous service at the Paris Depot on April 2, at which time he was transferred to the Army of the Alps from the lines of which he passed across the border.

It does seem unlikely that Jarjayes would have insisted on jeopardizing the success of a going conspiracy by an untimely

visit to the Temple which, however simply accomplished, was still fraught with every possibility of risk. Moreover, an examination of Jarjayes's objections would seem clearly to indicate that they do not apply to the Toulan scheme. There was no question in that scheme of four persons, and especially two children, passing out of the Tower. Seven persons were to pass out of the Tower; two at one time only, then the lamplighter group of three, then two more. Toulan's scheme, subject to the inevitable chances of any such undertaking, was extremely well contrived precisely for the purpose of avoiding any such group as Jarjayes feared. The *arrival* of Ricard, rather than his departure with the children, was a danger spot; no matter what scheme was adopted, sentries must always be passed; and, perhaps even more than the Grand Post, the necessity of passing close to the Temple Council's chamber on the ground floor of the Tower was the greatest emergency to be faced. But the stairs were in the turret, not in the main chamber, and if the sentries made no fuss the attention of the Council was not likely to be attracted.

And so one is of the opinion that Jarjayes's visit occurred subsequently to March 10; perhaps on March 16, when Toulan is known to have been at the Tower; for the purpose of estimating the chances of a different attempt, necessitated by a different set of conditions, the nature of which one will shortly describe. At all events, after the failure of Toulan's scheme.

Because it did fail; for the reason that it was suddenly rendered impossible of execution.

II.

JARJAYES went in; and up the long three flights of stairs; across the antechamber and into the Queen's room, while the Tisons held their peace. Into that room papered in wavy stripes of green and pale blue, in which she had her four poster bed done in green damask, her mahogany

chest and mirror, her two arm chairs and her sofa; into that room where the children also slept, the boy in his little pink and white bed behind a screen near the fireplace built in to the southwest window.

They talked, the Queen of France and Jarjayes, with Toulan on the lookout. They talked, without ceremony, without illusions, and without fear.

Jarjayes knew that he was leaving soon—so the visit cannot have occurred so early—and before he left something could, must, be done. If it was impossible for the whole family at once to escape, it was perfectly "practical" for the Queen alone. The Commissioners "could get her out at night without any danger," in the same disguise as Jarjayes's. If she did not avail herself of such an opportunity, Jarjayes bluntly warned her—and begged her, and pleaded with her—an opportunity which might not recur, she would undoubtedly perish. The Queen refused. Leave the children? Never. Her "determination" was "invincible."

They would send Jarjayes the tokens from the King to be taken to the Princes, his brothers. They would send him letters from all of them for Provence and Artois; affectionate, simple letters written so tinily on a single strip of very thin paper; Madame Royale would "kiss you with all our hearts for my brother and me," and the boy would sign his little kingly Louis—but that was all. The Queen would not come. No, no and no. Time to go, Jarjayes, dear friend.

Her confidence in him was "unlimited," she wrote to him once more. He would always find that "I possess character and courage." But "the best interest of my son is my only guide." They had dreamed, she and Jarjayes, and all those who sought to help her, "we dreamed a beautiful dream, that is all . . ."

12.

THE attempt at the Tower, adapted to Toulan's and Lepitre's schedule at the Temple, was to have been made on the night of Sunday, March 10; under cover of disturbances all over the town in the previous days deliberately precipitated—"designedly organized," Lepitre wrote—through Jean's Maniacs.

Already on February 25, Lord Grenville's spy in Paris was reporting to London that "we shall be given an insurrection." Very dangerous for the Queen, he thought, because at the "first murmur" of the populace against the Convention she would be sacrificed, and Heaven only knew what would happen at the Temple. Actually, nothing happened at the Temple, and not a finger was to be laid on the Queen, either in March, or in May and June when the populace moved against the Girondins. But the spy did see this very correctly; that "in an insurrection the populace lets itself be commanded right enough to start it; but can one be certain that the populace will stop where it has been told to?"

One has no means of knowing where the populace was told to stop in March, or how far beyond, or short, of the intentions of Jean's instigators it went. On February 24, 25 and 26, very serious riots, with pillaging of grocery shops, had occurred; ostensibly stirred up by washerwomen complaining of the high price of soap. Jean's soap and candles. On the night of March 9, attempts were made to stir up the Sections with inflammatory talk against Dumouriez—the irony of that was entertaining—and against the Gironde; attempts which were entirely unsuccessful, but which left the city in a state of nerves. On March 10, while Desfieux, and Varlet, and the others ran agitatingly all around preoccupying the Sections, the *Commune*—sitting a long way from the Temple—was approached with seditious proposals which, as it happened, it rejected. This was at about nine o'clock in the evening.

Just prior to the time when Turgy must discover the absence of the Tower prisoners, which would be reported first to the Commune, *their official keeper, by a mounted orderly from the Temple.*

Over at the Wheat Market, in its pillared vaults, a patriotic banquet of army conscripts—each man to bring his own food—had been arranged for the afternoon. A banquet which in its later and less sober period Desfieux and Varlet had no trouble in persuading to parade, military band in front, to the Jacobin Club—also a long way from the Temple—there to invade the session of the Club which occurred during the supper intermission between the Convention's day and night sittings. Whereupon Desfieux climbed into the rostrum and demanded the recall of the "appellant" deputies in the Convention; and before the tumult was over—before Desfieux, and Proly, and a man who was an agent of Dumouriez's were through—the lights were out and the mob in the dark, going no one knew where. Going nowhere, actually. It was raining, and the streets remained still as the grave. But the rumor was flying that the Convention—again, a long way from the Temple—was about to be attacked; so that Girondin deputies were running hither and yon warning each other, while among the Ministers Clavière, for one, sought refuge for the night in a borrowed bed.

Just about the time, all of this, when the news of the escape at the Temple should have reached the Convention and the government.

It had been pretty well imagined. If the *Commune,* at nine o'clock, had marched, if the Jacobin fracas had developed into a movement on the Convention hall—results which Jean's instigators could not possibly predetermine, and which they could only hope to precipitate—the frantic explosion of the Temple affair would have found the town in an uproar around the two centers from which any orderly pursuit had to emanate. As it was, on the evening of March 10, the Jacobins had scattered, to keep themselves out of trouble; some of the Ministers had

disappeared; many of the Convention leaders were rushing about, interviewing the Mayor, looking for each other; no one was giving a thought to the Temple in the midst of the excitement stirring to the west in the city.

But nothing had happened at the Temple. When Turgy came up with the meal, the iron door was opened, the Tisons were perfectly well, the royal family was still there, Toulan and Lepitre could only stare.

13.

IT was not because Jean's instigators had not done well enough on March 10, but because they had done too well on March 8 and 9. Especially on the evening of March 9 when, under the leadership of the Corrazza "insurrectional committee"—Desfieux, and Proly, and Gusman—the streets had gone roaring to the offices of several Gironde newspapers to smash, and wreck, and burn. That, for Jean's purposes—for Toulan's and Lepitre's—was where the populace had gone too far.

It could not have been prevented; with March 10 in view, the populace's riotous frame of mind had to be nursed through the preceding nights; and, as the spy had written, in an insurrection how could one be certain where the populace would stop? This time it did not stop at incendiarism, and it ruined everything.

For the events of the evening of March 9 helped to scare off the Sections; they disturbed the city unduly; they caused the barriers of Paris to be closed arbitrarily, against the advice of the Mayor; and they resulted, on the afternoon of March 10, in a *Commune* decree suspending the delivery of passports for abroad. On March 11, already, the decree was amended to recommend, merely, a great circumspection in granting such documents—but it was on March 10 that Toulan needed his passports; on March 10, and not on March 11, that he and

Lepitre were to be together at the Temple; and on March 10 Lepitre did not dare to fool with false passports, or with the unpredictable behavior of nervous barrier keepers.

They had all dreamed a beautiful dream, that was all.

14.

THEY had dreamed a beautiful dream, that time, but Toulan and Lepitre were not discouraged. When they came to the Temple on March 16, they, for their part, were still anxious to try it again. But on two occasions after that, when they attempted to get themselves appointed for duty together, objections were made to them—accusations of familiarity with the prisoners—and, while nothing was found against them, on March 26 their names were removed from the available list of Temple Commissioners. At the next *Commune* election, in April, they were not reelected to the Council.

And now the situation was very different at the Temple. The quiet team work of Toulan and Lepitre, which had operated for so many weeks, was broken up; one could no longer count on the repeated presence upstairs of a pair of "good" Municipals; and, worse than that, something had happened to the Tisons. Jealousy, fear, or just plain meanness—one can no longer tell, and the woman was queer, anyway—but on April 13, they came blurting out to the Mayor with accusations against Toulan and Lepitre; against Turgy—only this accusation was made to a Commissioner who promptly tore it up, and went to the scaffold for it later; against a doctor who had come to attend Madame Royale; against Moëlle, and Vincent, and other Municipals. But not against Jarjayes; and the accusations were of a very general nature; nothing about funeral Romances; nothing about the clothes smuggled in; nothing to incriminate the Tisons' own self evident connivance.

The *Commune,* as usual, kept absolutely mum outside. Nothing was done to Toulan and Lepitre, or to any of the

others. But on April 20, in the middle of the night, Hébert was at the Temple having everything ransacked. They pulled the boy out of his bed; they looked under all the mattresses; but all they found was some sealing wax and some religious emblems. On April 23, they were back again, and this time, in Madame Elizabeth's room, they found a hat. A man's hat.

It bothered the *Commune* a great deal, this hat. In June of 1794 they were still stewing over it, although by that time Madame Elizabeth had herself gone to the scaffold. Now, in April of 1793, she maintained that it was the King's hat. The *Commune* maintained that the King had worn his only hat out of the Temple on the morning of his execution. Madame Elizabeth insisted that it was, nevertheless, the King's hat. The Tisons did not reveal the fact that there had been another hat, and Municipals' garments, and lamplighters' smocks for the children. The *Commune* went off with its hat, to be scrutinized and argued over.

The Tisons went back into their shells.

15.

HEAVEN knows what else was going on at the Temple.

That the Queen was anticipating a restoration of the monarchy is incontestable—while audiences went flocking to the theatre to riot and scrimmage at performances of the manifestly royalist "Chaste Suzanna"; only slightly less royalist than the brazen *Adèle de Sacy* in which the Tower of the Temple was actually shown. That the Queen was expecting the overthrow of the Convention is undeniable. That the Queen was corresponding with various persons about a Regency Council for Louis XVII is certain. That the Queen's remarks to Jarjayes referring to the best interest of her son were not merely sentimental is self evident. She would never have left the Temple alone; she would never have abandoned her children;

but her maternal considerations were perhaps, at that period, secondary to her concern and duty as prospective Regent of France in her son's name.

They were very well informed at the Temple—quite aside from the good Toulan's somewhat fantastic device of playing signals on the French horn from the window of a room which he had rented in a house near the Tower; quite aside from Madame Aunay's alleged habit of throwing symbols through a magic lantern on a screen visible from the Tower platform. It had to be from the platform since the *Commune* had long since put obstructions on all the Tower windows. With Turgy inside, and goodness knows how many people outside, there was no lack of news on the fourth floor. They knew about the Vendée rising, advices of which had reached Paris on March 19; they knew of the widespread disorders occurring all over France; they knew what Jean's Maniacs were doing in the streets, in April and May, against the Convention; they knew a great deal, in March and April, about General Dumouriez; that he had thought of sending a cavalry corps to sweep into Paris and capture the Temple; that he was preparing to march with his army against the capital; that he was conniving on all sides to proclaim Louis XVII.

"You risk nothing with Dumouriez," Fersen, the man of the flight to Varennes, was writing to the Queen on April 8. "His interest is at this moment"—but Dumouriez had been obliged to desert on April 4—"intimately connected with yours and with the reestablishment of your authority as Regent. He must fear that of *Monsieur* [the Queen's brother-in-law, Provence] and the influence of the Princes and of the *émigrés*"; still, it would be wise not to be "too much obligated" to him, and to avoid the persons whom he might recommend; that could be accomplished by showing him how it was to his advantage not to share rewards with others, for he was "a vain and greedy man." The Queen would know "what to tell him."

As for the Regency Council, the Queen should try to keep Dumouriez off it, but "if it should be necessary to have Dumouriez preside over it, or even *Monsieur*"—a choice of two evils, evidently—"it would be well to call the Baron to it, if indeed you do not wish to make him President." The Bishop, with whom Fersen had conferred at length, "will explain to you [my ideas] better than I could do it in writing"—verbally, then—and "he will inform you of everything."

The Baron? The Bishop?

And who was "the blackguard"?

16.

"THE position in which you are about to find yourself," Fersen told the Queen in that same letter, "will be very embarrassing; you will be under great obligations to a blackguard who, as a matter of fact, will only have surrendered to necessity, and will have been willing to behave himself properly only when he saw the impossibility of resisting any longer. He has no other merit in your eyes but that; however that man is useful, you must use him and forget the past; you must even pretend to believe what he will say about his good intentions; you must even deal frankly with him concerning those things which you desire, and the reestablishment of the monarchy in its entirety, and as you wish it, and as circumstances will permit . . ."

There was only one person with a past to be forgotten, so important, so blackguardly. Orléans.

Already on February 3, Fersen had been telling Mercy, the former Austrian ambassador to France, that it was advisable "with money and promises to win over the instigators of the Orléans party," among whom Fersen numbered Dumouriez. It would be useless, Fersen thought, directly to approach Orléans; he was personally "as insignificant and incompetent

as he is low and cowardly," and he could only be reached through others.

Orléans—for no other individual seems to fit the qualifications. He had just been imprisoned, actually, when this letter was written; but *you will be* under great obligations to him, Fersen said. The matter had already been discussed; the blackguard had been the subject of correspondence; he had, consequently, already been in touch with the Queen. Possibly through Hébert.

The Baron, the Bishop, Dumouriez, Orléans, Hébert—one is treading very close to some of the highest mysteries of the Temple, and Hébert was before long to face the suspicion of just such an intrigue—and what had not been going on at the Tower? And what secret significance is not to be found in every action of Jean's agents; in Proly's mission to Dumouriez; in every move against the Convention instigated by Jean's Maniacs?

17.

IT all seemed less important on the fourth floor of the Tower in May and June.

The boy was sick. Already in April, he had had an attack of worms, and the medicine provided for him had given him convulsions. But in May, he complained of a pain in his side when he laughed; and on the evening of May 9—Hébert had been there that day, too—he was quite ill with the pain, and a headache, and fever. Madame Royale had to be moved out temporarily into her aunt's room, while Madame Elizabeth came to sit up with the Queen. On May 10, the boy did not improve; and on May 11, Thierry, the prison doctor, had to be sent in. Thierry consulted a surgeon, and the former royal physician—the one Madame Tison had accused, so that he was not permitted to visit in person—and for three weeks thereafter Thierry had to come twice a day to treat a recurring fever. Only on May 29—while Dufourny's insurrectional Commit-

tee of Nine was going into session—did the *Commune* find itself solemnly discussing whether *Gil Blas* or *Robinson Crusoe* was the more suitable for a little boy who, the Queen petitioned, needed a book to amuse him. As for herself, the Queen always preferred "the most terrifying adventures."

So that if the insurrection against the Convention had borne its full fruit on May 31, the boy would have been only just convalescing. To proclaim him King, if the movement had gone as far as that, he would have had to be taken from a sick bed.

And in June, he was in trouble again. Madame Royale was allowed to believe that it was a hernia; but the fact was that he had injured himself rather peculiarly while riding on a stick. Thierry had to come again, with the surgeon, and, on June 12, the Queen asked for a specialist. The *Commune* refused at first, but the Queen insisted; and a few days later the specialist made his examination, prescribing a treatment which had to be continued for nearly a month, although by June 23 the boy was as frisky as ever.

A matter, while it lasted, of very grave concern to the Queen; doctors coming every day, and the boy incapacitated. A matter, if it should last too long, of very grave concern to certain people outside; the boy obliged to be kept very quiet, and doctors going every day to the Tower where, on June 14, a sentry named Forget may have seen them.

A sentry of Cortey's company who answered roll call as Forget—but whose real name was Jean de Batz.

18.

JARJAYES was gone; Toulan and Lepitre were no longer at the Tower—but Michonis still came; the movement against the Convention had run its course for the time being; Cortey had done so well that he was now Captain of his Section "legion" of the National Guard, trusted and fre-

quently called upon, choosing his own men for the Temple and very assiduous in person with his patrols; and Jean, too, had wanted to see for himself at the Temple. Just what you had to do to get in, to get out again.

Characteristically, perhaps, he made no attempt to see the Queen. He was not one of the Tuileries crowd, not one of the "Knights of the Dagger," and he had left Paris before August 10 of 1792. When necessary, he had waited upon the King in private, and the heroics of the self appointed protectors of the King and Queen had never appealed to him. Now he did not get in touch with Turgy. He did not inaugurate a long exchange of secret communications. He played his lone hand, and in order to visit the Temple he passed himself in under an assumed name—with the connivance of Cortey—as a part of the Temple routine. He must march through the main palace entrance with some thirty comrades whom he had at every moment to hoodwink, at every moment to satisfy by his deportment and speech of his middle class republican status—just as Fersen had hoodwinked the coachmen on the hack stand outside the Tuileries on the evening of Varennes; he must be inspected and turned out for patrols without a slip; he must do a night's sentry duty within the precincts of the Tower.

Private Forget, who sometimes served in Captain Cortey's company.

And, well, there it was. The Temple. The palace and Tower; quite distinct and segregated now—the *Commune* had done a lot of tearing down since August—from the vast surrounding walled in enclosure; an enormous domain of streets and alleyways winding every which way between gardens, and markets, and empty private residences, and the old dependencies, chapter houses and cloisters of the Templar Commandery. The whole thing had belonged to Artois, the Queen's brother-in-law, and he had on occasions lived in the palace which at present housed the Grand Post. To leave the

Tower you had to pass through the palace, actually through the building, and its arcaded horseshoe courtyard, and its columned carriage entrance on the street. There was no other way.

To leave the Tower, you had also first to cross a large rectangle of made land—where formerly orchards and buildings had stood—a rectangle of which the Tower was the isolated center, and which was itself completely enclosed by a new wall eighteen feet high through which access was provided by two wickets only, one in the southwest, the other in the northwest front facing the palace. Between this wicket and the palace, with walls on all sides, you crossed what was left of the gardens. All this on foot, naturally, since carriages could not go beyond the palace courtyard.

And inside the Tower, on the north turret staircase, all those doors. An oak door, with enormous iron bolts and locks, on every landing—four of them to pass through between the Queen's floor and the open air, and a sentry at each one, and the keys downstairs—and the separate iron door which served as entrance to the prisoners' antechamber. And as for sentries—four of them in the turret, two of them at each wicket in the wall, a guard room on the second floor of the Tower, and the Grand Post at the palace. To say nothing of the four Commissioners in the Council room.

It did seem very formidable.

19.

STILL, there were some interesting things to be observed. In the daytime the place was an ant hill, actually. Troopers, Municipals, cooks, water carriers, sweepers, tradesmen, laundresses, workmen—it was a continuous procession back and forth of errands and chores. Some four hundred entrance cards a month officially issued to begin with—but not all of them countersigned "For the Tower"—over and above

the two hundred or so a day for the National Guard contingents. On the other hand many of these people lived on the premises, and some of them you would hardly have expected to find in the *Commune's* prison. The *Commune* had issued a decree long since ordering all of Artois's people out of there. But Gachet, for instance, the man who had the canteen at the main entrance for the National Guard—Gachet was Artois's former porter. Angot, the wood cutter, had been Artois's silver rubber. Baron, the keeper of sequestered property, had been Artois's floor polisher. Darque, the palace warden, and Picquet, the stableman, and Gourlet, one of the Tower turnkeys, had all been servants of Artois's. And if Mathey, the Tower warden, and his two assistants were a fearful trio of thugs, Mancel, the keeper of the northwest wall wicket—the one you constantlv used—was another of Artois's retainers.

And Gagnié, and Meunier, and Turgy from the Tuileries. Decidedly, the place had an atmosphere!

At night it was very dark, in spite of the lamplighter's one hundred and thirtysix lanterns and lamps. And unexpected inspections were not apt to occur after midnight. Yes, if the *Commune* got in a stew about something it was sure to send Hébert over in the middle of the night—so much of the Revolution's work was done at night by persons who supposedly worked in offices or shops in the daytime—but the Mayor or some inquisitive deputies were not liable to disturb you in the small hours. From midnight on, you had the Tower to yourself—your somnolent sentries and your snoring Commissioners—and the Grand Post was content to mind its own stove. Moreover it was customary to send out patrols from the Tower guard room, to go the rounds in the enclosure, all the way to the palace, and even out into the streets adjacent to the Temple; and such patrols, especially if commanded in person by the soldierly Cortey, passed unchallenged. Through the palace, tramp, tramp, tramp, and out through the main en-

trance which was immediately opened. It did not matter at what hour of the night, for Cortey was noted for his vigilance.

"Grand rounds!"

That was one way of getting out, with the sentries presenting arms as you went by!

20.

AND that was the way they were going to get out. No lamplighters, this time. No impersonations, no masquerading of children, no rehearsed scenes on the stairs, no Commissioners in disguise to be challenged, no intricate schedule of guard mounts. Simply the Tower all your own after midnight—except for the Municipals—and a grand rounds patrol going out into the streets. Openly and noisily. Attracting no attention whatever by reason of its perfect normality.

The first thing was to have complete military control of the Tower, and that was where Cortey came in. Disciplinarian, patriot, hipped on the subject of the National Guard—rather a pest around headquarters, but also a blessing since every sort of detail could be passed on to him by less zealous colleagues—Cortey's legion was his hobby. He was always fussing over his Temple company, weeding men out and introducing them in, until he had it just to his liking. A model company; the best company at the Temple; always so smart and alert; always tramping around on patrols. You could go home to bed when Cortey was in command at the Tower.

An excellent company—full of royalists. Little by little, with Forget's help, Cortey had managed it. Royalists by conviction—you soon found out—and royalists by purchase. Men whose more timid counter-revolutionary inclinations could be fortified by the prospect of gain; men who did not care one way or the other, so long as there was something in it for them. With thirty men involved, selected from a fairly re-

stricted field, you could not expect to have all of them in on the scheme for the love of it; and since they must all be in on it, you were forced, in a good many instances, to rely on the persuasion of money. You risked betrayal, of course—goodness, there always had to be some sort of risk—but a group of men paid to do a certain thing, and doing it faithfully, was nothing new in human experience. Even a man like Burlandeux could be kept faithful, for whole days at a time!

It depended on how carefully you picked your men; and in order to avoid the peril of loose talk in this case—of any dangerous surreptitious interchange of secret understanding—no one man in the company knew which of the others was a fellow conspirator. All that each man understood was that he was to close his eyes to any unusual occurrence at the Tower on a given night. See nothing, hear nothing, and know nothing afterwards. The rest was up to Cortey. But two of them, besides Forget—men who could really be trusted—had a special task.

For the same reason, nothing whatever seems to have been said at the Temple. Turgy was apparently not tipped off—for, whereas he had a lot to say afterwards about the Toulan attempt, he did not refer to the June undertaking; nor is there anything to show that the Queen was advised. The plan, as conceived, envisaged the removal of the entire royal family at one time, sink or swim—Jarjayes to the contrary—so that the Queen's *sine qua non* was observed; and no notification was given to the prisoners. No whispering back and forth; no excitement of anticipation; no possibility of indiscretion in advance. When the time came, quite unexpectedly on the fourth floor—here, quickly, do this, do that, keep still and hurry up. Ask no questions. The children would have to be awakened. Well, they had been awakened before, for the flight to Varennes, without any commotion. They were accustomed by now to interruptions and alarms, to the requirements of playing a part, to the imperative necessity for silence.

But if such arrangements were typical of Jean, one seems also to see in them the influence of the prudent Michonis.

21.

THERE were always the two Commissioners on night duty on the Queen's floor to be considered and brought into the conspiracy, and everything hinged on striking a night when Cortey and Michonis would be at the Temple together. For Michonis was willing.

What Michonis proposed to do—how he expected to dispose of the routine governing the Commissioners, and escape himself—is now a complete mystery. The whole conspiracy from now on is almost a complete mystery; and one would scarcely know of its existence if the Committees of Public Safety and General Security had not later testified to their own knowledge of the plot, of the imminence of its success, and of its last minute frustration by the man Simon; if some of the minor personages engaged in it had not let slip a word or two about it; if Jean himself had not in after years laconically corroborated Forget's share in it. Neither Michonis nor Cortey lived to write accounts of it such as Lepitre's story of his affair; the man Simon—who knew too much anyway—went to the scaffold with Robespierre in 1794; and at the time those who knew said nothing, while the authorities, as usual, pushed the thing out of sight, terrified of imitators.

Even in June of 1794, when it wanted every possible bit of evidence against Jean, the Committee of Public Safety was instructing the Public Prosecutor to "suppress the details of the big project" which the man Simon had "caused to fail." A project formed to achieve "the escape of the Capet family from the Temple . . . [a fact] so completely proved." Suppress the details "in order not to publicly suggest such means, but tell the gist without the means." A project to which the Committee of General Security had referred only a few weeks

before when it had reminded the Public Prosecutor that Batz, "by means of the scoundrels Michonis and Cortey," had been "on the point of carrying off the Capet family from the Temple into which the said Cortey introduced him as of his company and of the guard, and where, without Simon, their infamous accomplices, for the most part still unknown, would have found themselves in possession of the turret staircase doors."

There it is, in black and white. *On the point* of carrying off the royal family. Michonis, Cortey, Batz. And the man Simon who stopped it. Heaven knows how the Committees found out. The man Simon could not tell them—all that he had, as will shortly be seen, was a warning. An anonymous warning. Nothing was done for a long time to Cortey and Michonis. Cortey had his company, all serene, and, in September of 1793, Michonis was still inspecting prisons. Very much so. How did the Committees find out?

Tison?

Another mystery. The Tisons were always there, on the fourth floor of the Tower. They, too, had to be reckoned with. Not long before, they had turned in accusations against various Municipals. In June, what had been planned for them? Were they to have been knocked on the head? Held by force and locked in to await the arrival of the Temple Council? Brutality would not have bothered Jean. He nearly shot the man Simon—he admitted that afterwards—and a crack on the pate for the Tison couple was no great matter. Or had they been bought, and did Madame Tison again betray? She went crazy afterwards; throwing herself at the feet of the Queen and imploring her pardon for being "the cause" of her death; raving and shouting about prisons and scaffolds until it took eight men to hold her before she could be removed to a hospital, where she stayed until 1795.

And in September of 1793—when, for the first time, Michonis was in trouble—Tison himself, for no recorded rea-

son, was clapped by the *Commune* into solitary confinement in his own Temple corner turret, where he was to remain for nearly two years, abandoned and, as time went on, literally forgotten outside.

What had he done? What had he said? What did he know?

22.

THEY met on June 15—the day following Jean's preliminary inspection of the Temple—to discuss things. Jean, Michonis and Cortey. Probably at Cortey's; for while Madame Michonis knew what her husband was up to, she does not seem to have known anything about Jean. She had to be told about Michonis if he was suddenly to disappear, as he would be obliged to do after allowing the prisoners to walk out of the fourth floor under his nose. It was characteristic of Jean's methods that hardly any of the conspirators were aware of their fellow conspirators, or of the guiding mind behind them.

Because there were others involved besides the Michonises and the guard. The Municipal Jobert was informed, for what purpose one cannot now be certain, but he appears to have been at the Temple on the night in question. The fugitives were to be taken at once to a country place of Roussel's, in the suburbs, from which the dash to their ultimate destination was to be made. Outside the Temple, as they dropped out of the grand rounds patrol, they were to be met and attended by several royalist gentlemen, one of whom was that young Hyde de Neuville who had hoped to do something at the time of the King's condemnation. He was a friend of Michonis, and also of Jobert; intimate at the Michonis home which he supposed to be the headquarters of the conspiracy. And characteristically, again, he knew nothing except that he was to walk up and down the streets adjoining the Temple, avoiding pa-

trols until he saw one approaching which he would "recognize fast enough."

And that he did; sent out in a hurry by Madame Michonis when he came a little late for his instructions; and spent the night walking endlessly up and down, dodging other men who, also singly, were doing the same thing. They kept passing each other, furtively at first, eyes askance; as the night wore on more confidently, but always in silence. But they were to see no special patrol, and the next day Jobert took Neuville to his own home and hid him for a few days.

23.

THEY met on June 15, Jean, Michonis and Cortey; and if one does not know how they were proposing to do some of it, one does know what they had to do.

It had to be on a night when Michonis and Cortey would both be at the Temple—and trust that the little King would be well enough to come—and it was thought more prudent not to have Michonis ask for any specific date. Then, at the Tower, Michonis had to get himself appointed upstairs; he had to do whatever was necessary with the Tisons; and he had to make his arrangement with the second Commissioner on the floor, send him out on an errand or whatever it might be. Michonis, it must be remembered, was an important official in his own right, a power in the prisons, and a privileged character. However complicated it all sounds today, with nothing to guide one through the mystery, it was accomplished without a hitch, since the plan came within minutes of succeeding. Cortey, of course, would have the keys to the staircase doors when he went up to inspect his sentries.

The rest was easy, comparatively speaking.

At midnight, Michonis, having disposed of the Tisons and of the second Commissioner, would be on the fourth floor, waiting. At that hour, down in the guard room, Cortey—

having procured the keys—would organize a squad of fifteen men to go upstairs and inspect the Tower, preparatory to a grand rounds. Three troopers of the squad, Forget and two trusted men, would be wearing double sets of uniforms, and would have with them extra hats and muskets taken from the guard room. When Cortey reached the fourth floor, the three troopers would pass in their extra equipment, the Princesses would be aroused by Michonis—here, quickly, put these on—and in a few moments, picking up the sentries in the turret, a grand rounds patrol twentyone strong would come clattering down the staircase and out into the night. Twentytwo strong, if you counted the little boy, lost in the midst of criss crossing legs and closely shielding great coats. The only possible danger, really, was at the palace, and even there no one was likely to start counting hats in the dark, or figuring out pairs of legs, in one of Cortey's patrols.

The chances were that they would pass through without the slightest trouble.

What one cannot possibly guess at now is what was supposed to happen afterwards. How was Michonis to get out? Was Cortey's patrol to return to the Temple? Who was expected to discover the escape? What about the men left behind in the guard room and at the wall wicket? Or was Cortey taking his entire company out on that grand rounds patrol, not to return? One will never know. One only knows that it was worked out, that it was esteemed feasible, that Jean shared the risk—one of the rare occasions on which he appeared in person—and that it came within inches of being done.

24.

IT fell on the night of June 21; a coldish, overcast night, which was a stroke of luck. Great coats would be very much in order—but it was always cold and penetrating in the Tower, no matter what the weather. Michonis was on

duty, Cortey's company was in the guard room. By midnight, they had the Tower to themselves.

Michonis had gotten rid of the second fourth floor Commissioner. If it was Jobert, the matter was very simple. Sent away by the all powerful Michonis on an errand which would justify his absence, Jobert would take his time about returning to discover the escape—for it must, after all, have been the second Commissioner who was to find the empty floor and give the alarm. However, it has usually been said that the second Commissioner was the man Simon.

If it was Simon, the matter was still fairly simple. Michonis and Simon had been long acquainted; together they had been sent out by the *Commune* to inspect the prisons during the September massacres; and in Simon's eyes Michonis was a "pure" of the "pures." Simon, moreover, was an illiterate simpleton; easily impressed; tremendously gratified, always, by the flattery of his superiors and by any semblance of authority vested in him. He passed for a joke, to be tolerated and humored, around the Temple which he infested in some supervisory capacity for Hébert. Up on the fourth floor he was known for a kindly fool, ready at any time to do errands for the Princesses. But touchy, stupidly obstinate, frantically republican, dirty and bedraggled, pretty much of a moron.

If it was Simon on the fourth floor—and Simon was at the Temple that night—Michonis could have talked him into some mission to cajole his officious temperament; but there is no record of any such mission, of any errand for Simon. He simply went out of the Temple around eleven o'clock, on his own say so, to get himself a drink in a nearby wine shop. He was in and out of the Temple at all hours, coming and going as he pleased, poking his nose into things—he was supposed to keep the Temple accounts for repairs—and one still believes that his presence at the Temple on that night was accidental, and that the second Commissioner was Jobert.

As for Simon, always on his own say so, at eleven o'clock

he was standing at the main entrance of the palace, poring over a note which a constabulary private had just given to him. The note had been found at nine o'clock or so, shoved under the big door. Some message for Citizen Simon which the private had stuffed in his pocket until Simon should turn up—another indication of the fact that Simon was not a part of the Temple Council that night. The note was unsigned—Jean was sure afterwards that the Tisons had had something to do with it—and the note was very brief, very astonishing.

"Michonis will betray tonight."

Simon—and that was curious too—Simon did not rush back into the Temple. He took to his heels across town to the *Commune.*

25.

CORTEY was assembling his patrol in the guard room—a few moments later he would have been on his way up the turret stairs—when there was a great pounding of climbing footsteps and Simon rushed in all out of breath. He had a note which he showed them, he had an order which he brandished for Michonis to report to the *Commune,* and where were the prisoners, and was everything all right, and thank goodness Cortey was in command—still another indication of the fact that Simon had not been at the Tower that evening, or he would have known that it was Cortey's night.

It was then, in the first flush of fury over this interruption—Jean was always liable to do something crazy when he got angry—that Private Forget, fingering his musket, very nearly shot the man Simon. Jean admitted it long afterwards. There they were, all ready to go, everything perfect, and now this damnable mischance—should he shoot the fool and get rid of him? But that was madness. The shot would have been heard, the Grand Post would have been turned out, they would all have found themselves in a terrible mess. It was useless even to try and crack the man's skull with a butt, since the

Commissioners on the ground floor had been aroused by the uproar. No. Let the fool go storming upstairs. There was nothing to be done.

Michonis was perfectly composed. Slightly annoyed, perhaps; considerably bored. What was all the commotion about? A note? What nonsense. Betray—betray what, where, how? The prisoners? The prisoners were in bed, naturally. Where did Simon think they were? He could go in and look through the glass partition into the Queen's room, and if he thought that Michonis had Madame Elizabeth in his pocket he could go and look in her room too. Imbecile! Certainly, Michonis would report to the *Commune*. Right away. What a life! Dragged out of your cot in the middle of the night for some piece of tomfoolery. Michonis went stalking off, thinking his thoughts.

And in due time Michonis came stalking back. Still perfectly composed, more bored than ever. No, nothing had happened to him at the *Commune*. He did not say whether he had first been questioned by Examining Magistrates Soulès or Froidure; but nothing, certainly, had happened to him at the *Commune*. They were not excited any longer at the *Commune* over mares' nests. Michonis, so Jobert was able to inform Madame Michonis in Neuville's presence, had "triumphantly survived the [*Commune*] Council's examination, and left no doubt whatever of his innocence." Simon could not understand it. Here he had uncovered a conspiracy, and now everyone was laughing at him. Jobert was going around saying that he had made it all up. Simon is even supposed to have complained to Robespierre about it, only to be told by the great man to hold his tongue—what did Simon think he was doing, planting ideas of that sort in people's minds? The Temple must be above suspicion.

26.

SIMON could not understand it; and, for that matter, neither perhaps could Michonis. It *was* remarkable that the affair should be dropped, so completely and so immediately. Jobert, urging young Neuville to go into hiding, was anticipating a lot of trouble. Of course, none of them were in a position to know that the government had been negotiating ever since May with Austria for an armistice, and for an exchange of the royal family for the deputies who had been arrested in April by Dumouriez—negotiations which Austria was eventually not to consider worth its while, for the brutalities were not all in Paris—and that, consequently, the notion that an escape from the Temple was at all feasible was not one to be aired. And it was not true, either, that the affair had been dropped. As concerned Michonis, yes; but not as concerned the prisoners.

On June 28, the *Commune* was conferring about "new dispositions" for the security of the Temple. On June 29—the day on which Madame Tison went crazy—the King's third floor was being opened and rearranged. On July 1, the Committee of Public Safety's decree was issued ordering the removal from the Queen's floor of her son, and his incarceration—on the King's floor—"in a separate apartment, the most secure in the Tower." On July 3, the removal of the boy occurred, and with him any possibility of the Queen's escape since her unwillingness to be saved alone was common knowledge. And then, at last, Simon had his reward; for, with his wife, he was named guardian for the child.

There, more than anything else, is the purpose underlying the Committee's terrible decree—to separate the prisoners, and especially to segregate the little boy, and so render impossible any group abduction of the royal family. And there, in that drastic decision, is to be found the fearful result of Jean's attempt to serve the Queen. In so doing—since nothing fails like failure—he was the cause of unspeakable grief to her;

the inspiration of a fiendish regime now beginning for the boy; the destroyer of all hope on the fourth floor of the Tower.

Any enterprise on behalf of the Queen so threatening as Jean's to the *Commune's* peace of mind was bound, if it did not completely succeed, to produce some such disastrous result. Fersen would have counselled prudence; would have sacrificed every prospect of success in order to avoid any consequence of failure. Already in February, he had advised against any effort at the Temple which might jeopardize the welfare of the Queen. Let sleeping dogs lie, and work outside through negotiation of diplomacy or bribery. But Jean's mind was not cut from that pattern; he had slight faith, no doubt, in *émigré* intrigue; and he could not understand Fersen, who loved the Queen personally—and not merely her cause—and who sat safely beyond the borders writing wise dissertations. Jean's nature was all strung up for action, and any chance of success was worth all the risks on the calendar.

Actually, it is not likely that he cared what happened to the Queen, or to any of them, as human beings. What he was trying to save out of the Temple was the monarchy, not an individual; what he was serving was a cause, not a woman; what he was combating was a general idea, not a particular fate. He did not fundamentally care what happened to any of them—to Michonis, to Roussel, to de la Guiche, to Marie Grandmaison, to Devaux, to himself. To Michelle. But already, more and more, he was hoping that nothing would happen to Michelle—but not for that did he cease to expose her to the danger of sheltering him.

To serve Jean, to love him, was to dedicate oneself to destruction. That went without saying.

27.

IN the guard room, they looked at each other, Cortey and Forget.

And then very quickly, very efficiently, the commander of the Tower guard organized a smaller grand rounds patrol. The men went tramping out, Forget among them.

When the patrol returned, and no questions asked, the man Forget was missing. He had vanished in the night.

Part Four

THE FOREIGN CONSPIRACY

June–December, 1793

PART FOUR

THE FOREIGN CONSPIRACY

I.

JUNE and July of 1793, and the Convention was always there; purged of the Gironde; in full swing of Jacobin terrorism.

Prepare dissensions, foment them, activate them, by sowing mutual suspicions, by irritating rivalries. Ruin the Convention with murderous discords; humiliate it, drag it through the mire of scandal and treason; vilify it, until, panic stricken in the presence of an intangible menace, it rushed headlong into the fantastic aberrations of a suicidal hysteria. That could still be done.

It required a means of approach; a temptation for corruption; and some deputies to hook with the bait of easy profits. Then—when they were all glued up in every sort of disreputable dealing—upset the apple cart, turn loose a terrific public scandal, aggravate it with high treason, and let the axe fall where it might. Coldly—for it was to be a brutal business—with shrewd malevolence, but also in a vein of high comedy, Jean and his friend Benoist d'Angers applied their minds to this enterprise.

The means of approach was right there to hand, in the frantic speculation going on on all sides; in company shares, in army supplies, in government contracts; speculation and fraud; and none of it more notoriously active than in the affairs of the Company of the Indies, the liquidation of which was still dragging on. Jean's hands were no cleaner, they were perhaps less so, than most. His henchman d'Espagnac was

doing fantastic things with contracts which were to result, in July, in the latter's arrest and eventual condemnation. Jean's brokers, Jauge, Baroud, and how many others, were fishing on his behalf in every mud puddle. His associates in the big banks, such as Boyd and Kerr, were up to their elbows with him in every conceivable kind of hocus pocus. Benoist, who was not a banker, and whose participation in "affairs" was only the means to a royalist end, was following Jean's lead through the tortuous channels of every sort of financial trickery. It is only too easy now—it was only too easy at the time—to make out any degree of virtuous indictment against the cupidity and self enrichment of Jean and his crowd; cutthroats of the Republic's finances; bagmen of the nation's resources; partners in thievery of such crooks as d'Espagnac, Proly and Junius Frey.

What was not easy then—what is now still so often made a difficulty of—was to realize what Jean and his immediate lieutenants, Boyd and Benoist for instance, were really doing with the proceeds of a questionable manipulation which they made no particular effort to conceal. Time to think of reputations afterwards, in more reputable times. "Return and perfect behavior of Mr. de Batz, to whom I owe five hundred and twelve thousand *livres*." That certificate from the King would have to do for a while. And what they were doing was pushing shares up and down on the market by means of rumors spread by their brokers; by means of threatening decrees proposed at the Jacobins by their mouthpieces; by means of less threatening decrees put through the Convention by amenable deputies; and with the proceeds supplying funds to the Vendée, to the insurrected provinces, to the royalist movements in Normandy and Brittany, to every agency of counter-revolutionary activity which could be found.

To such agents, domestic or foreign—and the woods were full of them, not all of them as picturesque as Françoise Desprez, the Vendée peasant woman—to such agents as that one the capture of whose papers precipitated a furore of "for-

eign conspiracy" when, as "The English Letter," they were published in Paris in August. He may have been a "minion of Pitt"; or an "emissary of the Princes"; or a mere gobetween of Provence's "Paris Agency." He may have reported to QQ, or to "Castel Bianco," or direct to "The Institute." He may have gotten his pay from Duval, or Mallet, or Adrien—all of whom were the same person. And when he read about the "grocers," or the "candle makers," or the "vizirs," he may, if he worked for "The Jew," have known what was intended. But whoever he was, his papers were very alarming; full of references to spies and plots, from the depreciation of *assignats* to the distribution of "phosphoric wicks" with which to set fire to warehouses. Michonis no doubt called it a mare's nest; but the government took it very seriously; and it has been alleged that one document contained allusions to a certain "B-t-z whose advice is always useful."

The Foreign Conspiracy. It was nothing new, this notion of a great conspiracy permeating the Republic, sustained with foreign gold. The first person to be guillotined—"shortened" they called it later—on the new head chopping machine, on August 22, 1792, had been accused of being a conspirator, "the chief of the brigands paid by the Court." But now, in 1793, it was becoming a watchword, and the dread of it a bugbear. And to this circumstance, as well, Jean and Benoist applied their minds.

If they were crooks, they might as well be foreign conspirators too!

2.

AS for Convention deputies to hook, to tempt with corruption, there was no lack of them.

Men for whom their mandate as National Representatives at Paris had been, in the first place—for so many of them—a miraculous transformation from a previous condition of total insignificance and unworthiness; in the second place—for too

many of them—the open door to a scale of living, a degree of self gratification, of lustful indulgence in the fleshpots, hitherto unconceived in their small provincial imaginations. Men of no character and no morality, who soon had found their level in the multitudinous city; men of no compunctions who were quietly climbing from one level to another up the crowded ladder of opportunity. Men who would never be anything but dunces, and men who were on their way to be Dukes. Men who were deliberately feathering their nests, prudently and cynically, with their eyes on the future. Men who were all caught up in the machinery of the present, disintegrating with luxury, belching with a superabundance of food and drink, giddy from looking at too many easy women.

Accumulators and spenders; men who wanted money, and men who must have it.

Men who sought it in the fluctuations of the market; in the backstairs profiteering of contracts; in the lobbies of complaisant bankers in exchange for some favor; in the glamorous blandishments of the Frey brothers; in the desperate gambles of gaming houses, in the chance turn of a card at *trente et un*—but a Republican card, a Virtue, or an Equality, or a Liberty and not a King or a Queen—in the unpredictable twists of *biribi, bouillote* and *creps.*

Men who knew their way into the "stranglers" of the "black gang"; men who passed the *bouledogue* bouncers of a dozen smart "joints" with a nod; whose faces were familiar to "cutters," "table enders" and *croupiers* all around the Palais Royal. Men who could be seen almost any night at Number Fifty where Aucane was "Grand Master," where Pons was "Master of the House," where you never knew just who any of the assistant "Gentlemen of the Room" might be—royalist agents or foreign spies—and where Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe supervised the "Ladies of the Room," the "promenaders" and the *demi castors,* while the glorious Emilie sighed for her Elleviou and displayed her charms as well as her

virtue in the not too virtuous folds of an "antique" gown, with her hair in the Greek or Roman style. Glittering Number Fifty —dangerous, seditious Number Fifty to the Police—in which anyone from Danton to Saint-Just could be found; in which Proly lorded it and the Freys squandered; in which Desfieux listened, and Benoist noted, and Jean watched, while the men who were looking for money passed by.

Men like Tallien and Barras. Men like Delaunay, the deputy from Angers, and Julien, the one from Toulouse. Men like Bazire and Chabot. Men like Fabre d'Eglantine.

3.

DELAUNAY was one of the cynics, a pusher and a high liver; a fellow townsman of Benoist's, and on excellent terms with that most amenable speculator; an old acquaintance of Jean's from the days of the Constituant Assembly. And wherever Delaunay might be, his friend and colleague Julien was sure to be just around the corner. With his girl; that former Comtesse de Beaufort for whom Lullier had fixed up a divorce; and whose attachment to Julien had been carefully fortified by Jean, with attractive offers of speculative enrichment, until any tune whistled to the Beaufort wench was invariably the one to which Julien danced. They no longer needed to be tempted, those two—Delaunay and Julien—for they were already well enmeshed; eager assimilators of Benoist's tips; promoters in the Convention of decrees by means of which shares were pushed up and down; both of them only too ready to hitch hike to fortune in Jean's caravan.

Fabre was a bigger fish.

A comedian, always staring at Robespierre through his lorgnette, which vastly annoyed the great little man. The inside of Fabre's head, Danton had said of him, "is a repertory of comic ideas." Of very ordinary provincial origin—his brother was an itinerant quack doctor—Fabre had actually been an

actor. With the royal Montansier troupe at Versailles; later at Namur, where only a pardon had saved him from being hanged for scandalously abducting the daughter of a burgher; addicted, the magistrates had recorded of Fabre, "to the most refined licentiousness, displaying only perverted and dissolute habits." In 1778—after dabbling in music, painting and versification, singing in opera and playing on country stages—Fabre had married a woman whom, with her child, he had very soon abandoned while he absconded to Lyon; there to appear in a theatrical company which also included the actor Collot, who called himself d'Herbois—just as Fabre called himself d'Eglantine—and whose dramatic talent, no doubt, was to send him, as Fabre's talents were to send him, to the Convention as a Mountain bigwig.

The Revolution had overtaken Fabre in Paris, writing plays, composing songs—one of them became very popular—running after money. As with Tallien and so many others, the new chaos had been simply a means for Fabre of improving his fortunes. Plunging into the *Commune* of August 10, of which Tallien, the printer's devil, was secretary, Fabre had found himself pushed as an assistant into Danton's Ministry of Justice, on the strength, no doubt, of his near experience with the gallows. Now, in 1793, he was inevitably a member of the Convention; he passed for a big man; he gave himself intellectual airs and dressed like a fop; after a fortunate deal or two in army shoes, he was able to live very magnificently in an *émigré's* mansion, to buy up confiscated properties, to hold his own at the Freys', and to take on Junius's little Montansier company actress, Caroline Rémy.

A great friend of Danton's, a leader in the Convention, Fabre was just the man to glue up in something—but not by means of any ordinary flimflam. Fabre was too canny for that. The man to catch that way was Chabot.

4.

CHABOT—and his shadow, Bazire; a little good for nothing lawyer who lived off the other's scrapings.

At his end of the scale—just as the prim, ascetic, fanatical Robespierre at his—Chabot was the perfect Jacobin, the perfect Convention deputy. The whole Revolution of the Terror was personified in those two extremes. A renegade Capucin monk, a scatterbrained, impetuous little fool, Chabot was a howler, a Maniac at the rostrum, a bellower of idiotic proposals—a glorified Dufourny—a clown who came to his deputy's seat attired in a filthy smock showing his naked legs, a red bonnet perched on his tousled up head. A regular Proly, a Fournerot, a Junius Frey of the committee rooms. Already well known in the Legislative Assembly—a man of the most facile superficiality, possessed, as a matter of fact, of a mind like a sieve—Chabot, in the Convention, was the busiest body in that whole assemblage of dabblers. A notorious "pure," a frantic republican, an unbridled spellbinder, Chabot's omniscience was never silent, he passed for an oracle, in July he was on the Committee of General Security, he was already something of a popular idol.

Actually, he was an unmitigated dunce, who would never be a Duke like friend Fouché, the unfrocked priest. He was a simpleton of the first magnitude, with the soul of a mouse and the brains of a prig. He knew nothing; not even enough to keep his mouth shut about his own asinine credulities. He wrote them all down, when the time came, in a passion of unconscious self stultification. In the hands of Proly, of Junius Frey, of Benoist, deputy Chabot was meat for the grinder.

In the hands of any good looking wench, too, for Chabot loved the ladies. He loved fine clothes, he loved lots of food and drink—his ferocious Jacobinism was a farce, as was that of Tallien and all the other clowns—he loved money, he could almost be seen to dribble at the smell of it, and he loved

the ladies. He lived with one—his housekeeper if you wanted to be prudish about it—a very low character called Julie Berger who did him no good; he knew his way in and out of all the Palais Royal "beaver huts"; his life was a delightful succession of "concubines."

And it was through the ladies that Jean and Benoist got after him; through Madame de Janson who worked on Chabot, with her tongue in her cheek; through Léopoldine Frey who was allowed to cross his path once too often. And it was through the ladies that Delaunay and Julien finally brought him to Charonne, to Jean's Hermitage. A meal in the country, "with some wenches," that was what they had proposed to him; and Chabot was afterwards to be "astonished" at having found himself at the Baron de Batz's.

But it was a very nice party, which Chabot did not complain of at the time; an excellent meal, very elegantly served, with flowers and wine; the Baron de Batz was there, with de la Guiche and some of his friends, and Chabot talked to them about his "virtuous mother"; La Harpe, the author, was there, and Chabot talked to him about his own precocious scholastic attainments; Delaunay, Julien and Bazire were there; Junius and Emmanuel Frey, Jauge and Benoist were there; and talk about wenches—La Harpe's girl was there, and Delaunay's girl was there, and Julien's girl was there, and Marie Grandmaison was there, and Léopoldine Frey was there, and Chabot was here, there and everywhere.

This *was* the life; and not for a moment did it occur to him, a member of the Committee of General Security, to denounce his hostess for harboring the notorious Baron de Batz.

5.

THAT was in the middle of July.

Now on July 9, Delaunay had made one of his market speculation speeches in the Convention—which

promptly put him on the Finance Committee—inveighing against financial companies which evaded their share transfer tax. On July 16, he had made another market speculation speech, demanding a penalty triple transfer tax for delinquents. On that same day, Fabre—just appointed to the Committee of General Security with Chabot—had attacked the Company of the Indies in particular, and had asked for a decree affixing seals of seizure on the offices and funds of all insurance and banking concerns.

So that they had plenty to talk about at Charonne, besides Chabot's virtuous mother. The state of France, which was deplorable. The condition of Paris, which was increasingly alarming; the whole city starving, resounding again with Maniac propaganda against the Convention. The dreadful menace of the Foreign Conspiracy—why, only on July 11, Cambon, of the Finance and Public Safety Committees, had read a tremendous report to the Convention showing how all of the ills of the Republic were being intensified by secret enemies spending Pitt's gold. In Delaunay's opinion, the country was going to the dogs, and the only intelligent thing to do was to make your fortune while there was still some to be made. Chabot pricked up his ears. As for Fabre's decree, anyone with half an eye could see what he was up to. Get his decree, and then go to the banks and milk them in exchange for a lifting of the seals. Chabot's eyes were popping. Now the smart thing would be to beat Fabre at his own game. There was a lot of money to be made by a deputy who went to the banks ahead of Fabre, and caused the seals to be lifted before Fabre got around to it. Yes, sir, a lot of money. Of course that was only a joke, but Fabre's decree was pernicious. Bad for the country to tie up all the funds of the banks like that. A good game, though. A lot of money to be made that way, say what you pleased. Chabot was beginning to dribble.

He went home from the party with Delaunay—Chabot of General Security and Delaunay of Finance—and Chabot was

no longer even thinking of his virtuous mother. But he was so stupid that he put the cart before the horse when, a few days later—without having first approached any bankers—he went bouncing up to the rostrum of the Convention to ask for a lifting of the seals. Bad for the country, he argued, to tie up all the funds of the banks like that.

Silly ass, Delaunay told him, he had worked too fast. Going off half cocked all by himself. What did Chabot think they were doing in the Finance Committee? "We were so thoroughly intending to ask for the lifting of the seals," Delaunay explained—Chabot himself reported all these conversations afterwards—"that it was only with that object in mind that we asked to have the seals affixed in the first place." It was Batz's idea, as a matter of fact, Batz's and Lullier's. Now if Chabot would only hold his horses—Cambon and his assistant Ramel "are working on their side; Fabre is working on his; we must get at it too." What harm could Chabot possibly see "in looking out for our interests while at the same time safeguarding those of the Republic?" Danton and others had made their piles "through my friend Benoist, a trustworthy man; our names never appear; Benoist does the speculating for our profit against the bankers by playing the rise and fall of shares."

Danton, Lullier, Fabre, Cambon—Cambon who was as honest as the day—Chabot swallowed all that, hook, line and sinker. He did not see that they were trying him out, whetting his greed; that it was only because it was preferable that their names should never appear that Delaunay and Julien had been induced to allow Chabot to put his hand into the fire after chestnuts which otherwise they could very well have pulled out without him. Chabot did not see that, any more than Delaunay and Julien saw into the trap which Jean and Benoist were setting for them too. Even today there are those who fail to realize that if it had been a question merely of personal enrichment for Jean and Benoist—paving the way for the Indies

scandal which was to follow—there would have been no need of sharing the profits with Chabot; that the only purpose in working on Chabot through Delaunay and Julien was to be able to work on Fabre through Chabot and glue them all up together—with a result in mind far surpassing any ordinary speculation such as Delaunay and Julien envisaged. As they imagined it, they were using Chabot in order more prudently to "stir the soup tureen," to "whip the top," in the market vernacular of the day; they did not understand that Jean and Benoist were all the time sharpening an axe. As for Chabot, all that he saw was that if Batz, and Benoist, and Delaunay, and that meant Julien, were in on it, it was a good affair for Chabot, which would also mean Bazire. Certainly, he would look out for their interests while safeguarding those of the Republic. What was there for Chabot to do?

Well, he had ruined the seals business for the time being, but why not have them left on Boyd and Kerr and milk them anyway? But Chabot had better consult Batz first. Nothing could ever be done without Batz. Chabot did not think so. Nor did he suspect that the Boyd and Kerr notion had been put into his head precisely for the purpose of teaching him a lesson. For when he approached Boyd and Kerr, they were perfectly willing to be milked—but only after the seals had been lifted by Lullier at Chabot's request. And when Chabot approached Lullier, ostensibly on behalf of a client of Boyd and Kerr, Lullier was perfectly willing to lift the seals—only he failed to do so, day after day, while Chabot gravitated back and forth between Lullier's office and the bank. Better see Batz about it, various people kept advising Chabot; but Chabot kept refusing, until one fine morning he found that the seals had been lifted. But at whose request? Why, at Batz's, naturally. Immediately.

Chabot got the point, at last. And one hundred thousand francs from Jean through Delaunay, to console him. "Not so

bad," Chabot thought, for having gone from this street to that. Very easy money, and more to come, no doubt. Chabot was ready for the grinder.

6.

THE affair was being notably helped along by a great deal of public excitement over the Foreign Conspiracy. While Delaunay, on July 26, was furiously attacking the Company of the Indies, and having seals affixed upon its warehouses—another market speculation speech which earned him a place on the speculation investigation Commission of Five, along with Chabot, Cambon, Ramel and a man called Mallarmé—the Committee of Public Safety was examining the captured papers of the English spy which it caused to be published on August 1. The Convention was very much disturbed. Transfer the Queen from the Temple to the Conciergerie prison, and send her to trial; and that was decreed—an unexpected stroke aimed more at the Austrian negotiations than anything else. Aside from that, expel all the English from France, said Barère. All foreigners, said Cambon, allowing only the republican Swiss and Americans to remain. Penalize all Frenchmen from now on who deposited funds in London banks, said Couthon, the fine to equal the amount of the deposit, and one half of the fine to be paid to the informer; and as for those Frenchmen who already possessed accounts in such banks, let the accounts be declared and let the depositors be considered suspects.

On August 3, as if that was not enough to send the market every which way, Fabre was up again against the Company of the Indies, in an attack which placed him on the Commission of Five, now become Six. On August 24—it was getting better and better—Cambon was advising the suppression of all financial companies, and demanding at once that of the Discount Bank. On August 25, it was time for Julien to get him-

self appointed to the Commission of Five, now become Seven—he was on the Committee of General Security too, as was Bazire—with a market speculation speech calling for the confiscation of all the property of the Company of the Indies. A two edged proposal, however, involving very convenient delays; for Julien had been told to accuse the Company of advancing enormous sums to the King for counter-revolutionary purposes; an accusation which it took several weeks to investigate, and which was found to be groundless.

And now things were moving, with Jean pulling every string he could find—including a handful at the Conciergerie prison which one will later examine; strings that broke, so that, on September 9, Jean was obliged to vanish entirely. He was not safe at Michelle Thilorier's, or at Desherbier's, or at Lullier's. He was not safe anywhere in Paris—except in and out of it like a shadow, under various disguises—and it was from suburbs such as Compiègne and Saint-Germain, and at secret meetings at Charonne, that he was now directing operations.

But not for a moment did Chabot, who knew all about Charonne, think of exposing the Baron de Batz, or Benoist, or any of them.

7.

AND on September 7, the ball was rolling from another direction; with Dufourny, who was growing very violent these days, petitioning the Convention on behalf of the Jacobins for the confiscation of the property of any foreigner. That would mean Proly. That would mean Pereyra and Gusman, if they had any. That would mean the Frey brothers, who certainly had a great deal, so that they would have liked very much at this point to become French citizens. That would mean Walter Boyd, who had no intention of becoming a French citizen. That was a decree to have set aside, and sure enough, on September 9, its postponement was ob-

tained. By Chabot. By Chabot arguing, for one thing, that a decree of that sort was sure to result in speculation; indignantly reporting the fact that speculators had already offered him one hundred thousand *livres* to vote for the decree—when all the time he had two hundred thousand in his pocket from Boyd and Kerr for talking against it.

Decidedly, Chabot was learning.

But the man was terribly stupid. Wonderfully stupid, which was all to the good. In this proposed confiscation business, for instance—for the matter was only in abeyance—what was intended, Delaunay asked Chabot. To confiscate only the real estate, or everything a foreigner had? Now that was an idea! There was at least a million to be made out of the foreign bankers, Delaunay assured Chabot, by promising to work it around so that only the real estate was involved. Batz and Lullier were drawing up a decree to that effect. If it was substituted for the original decree, there was a cool million to be made out of it. But Chabot did not know how to go about it; he was not able to accomplish anything; and in October the decree was up again for consideration—called up by Fabre—in its drastic form.

Poor Chabot, Delaunay kept laughing at him. There went his million out of the window. Think of it, a whole million. Poor Chabot. Chabot was ready to weep. Chabot was ripe.

8.

AND Chabot needed money too. He was going to be married. He was going to be married to Léopoldine Frey.

It had happened this way—or so Chabot believed, and later reported with the most fatuous complacency. Pétion, deputed to escort the royal family upon their return from Varennes, and recording in his diary that Madame Elizabeth had fallen in love with him, had scarcely done better.

As for Chabot, it seemed that Chabot had a friend, a mercantile person called Glandy who, at a party at the Freys', had become violently enamored, to the point of matrimony, with the sixteen year old Léopoldine. Nothing would do but that Chabot should ask Junius Frey for his sister's hand on Glandy's behalf. But goodness, that was not Junius's idea at all. "My sister," he informed Chabot, "has been asked for by millionaires." No. "She might be asked for of me by the former Duc de Chartres, and I would refuse." And did Chabot know why? Because Junius Frey wanted Chabot to have her. Chabot and no one else. "If you do not take her, no one in France shall have her."

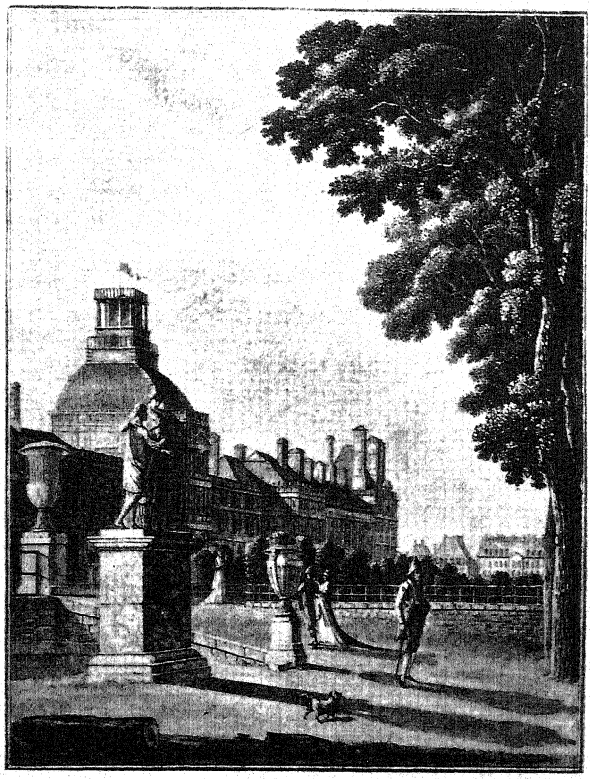
Chabot was flabbergasted. He had a woman already; it would be very difficult to get rid of her; in fact, she was then proclaiming to all and sundry that she was about to have a baby —or "a little Capucin," as she put it. Junius was not in the least disturbed. Chabot must get rid of the woman. Junius himself would help to buy her off. Chabot, a patriot, owed it to himself to terminate such an unseemly alliance. Well, all right then, but how about the financial end of it? Chabot had no money—oh, just enough to get along, but nowhere near enough to undertake the responsibilities of a match such as Junius was proposing. Junius looked Chabot in the eye, and told him that if he had had any more money he could not have had Léopoldine, because it would have meant that he was "a scoundrel and a counter-revolutionary." But since Chabot was poor and a patriot, "I give you my sister, and two hundred thousand *livres* as a reward for your civic virtue."

Chabot took that without batting an eye and was further informed that it was understood that Emmanuel Frey was not capable of having any children, and that, if Chabot would marry Léopoldine, Junius would renounce any idea of marriage for himself so that Chabot would be "the sole head of my family in France." Decidedly, it was an offer, but Chabot was not yet satisfied. What if Léopoldine should die childless?

Chabot loved his virtuous mother, but "it would be difficult for me to retire into the bosom of my family after being accustomed to the luxury of the Frey household." Chabot said that to Junius Frey, and recorded it afterwards on paper. But Junius was ready with an answer. The Freys, in the marriage contract, would guarantee the bride and groom food and lodging, together with four thousand *livres* a year for minor expenses, for five years. At the end of five years, the dowry of two hundred thousand *livres* would be paid.

And still it took Chabot fourteen days to make up his mind. There must be a catch in it, but Chabot could not find it. It did not seem to occur to him that big deputy Chabot, that Jacobin patriot, was being bought as a brother-in-law by the German Freys to cover up their precarious status as aliens. Still less did it occur to him that the little blond, Léopoldine, was being pushed into his arms at someone else's suggestion for the purpose of hanging two millstones around his neck; one, a millstone of extravagant, costly living for the next five years before the dowry should be paid; the other, a millstone of dangerous publicity for patriot Chabot, married to a rich foreign banker's sister. Very dangerous publicity for a patriot who, on September 14—along with Julien and Bazire—had been excluded from the Committee of General Security on a suspicion of trafficking with bankers and contractors.

But Chabot was too stupid to see that, nor did it occur to his friends. Go ahead and marry the girl, they advised him. He was always being accused of "running from wench to wench," now here was a chance to put a stop to such talk by settling down. And if one should not go hunting a fortune, one would be foolish not to "take it when it comes." Well, Chabot was "dizzy" from it all, but he finally made up his mind. He was going to marry Léopoldine. He bought himself forty pairs of pantaloons and moved into a sumptuous apartment on the second floor of the Frey mansion; an antechamber reached by an ornamental staircase, adorned with revolutionary prints, a



THE PALACE OF THE TUILERIES

bust of Brutus and a red bonnet with gold tassels; a *salon* done in green and white, in which you walked across an Aubusson carpet to look at a blue and white marble clock on the mantelpiece supporting a Cupid in Sèvres porcelain; a white and yellow bedroom where a bust of Cicero stared down somewhat severely upon a large four poster gilded bed, a mahogany dresser, two sofas and six chairs. Chabot moved into this patriot's abode on September 27, on the day following the irruption into the Frey residence of a domiciliary visit by the police.

But Chabot was impervious. He was going to marry Léopoldine. And incidentally, what about Léopoldine? What did she say? Junius sent Chabot to her, and Léopoldine said that she wanted Chabot, and that she hoped that he would love her because "I am a good child, not at all vain, fond of work, and my brothers, and solitude, and I will love you very much." Chabot, she thought, was "the greatest of Frenchmen after Robespierre." Chabot could only assure her that "your eyes force me to love you," and that everything was settled with the Freys. "Then," said Léopoldine, "everything is settled here."

The date of the wedding was fixed for October 15, the day of the Queen's trial.

9.

THE chronology of Chabot's slide to perdition now becomes somewhat involved, and one is obliged to travel back and forth through the weeks preceding his marriage in order to clarify the fix in which he was to find himself in mid October.

To begin with, there had been trouble all fall at the Jacobins among the brethren. On account of a woman; a certain Madame Violette, the divorced wife of an *émigré,* who from under Fabre's wing had passed into the arms of the Tribunal juror Sambat. Now Sambat was a member of the

Jacobin Committee of Correspondence, along with Taschereau, Moenne, Dubuisson, Pereyra, Desfieux and Dufourny. A part of the Café Corrazza crowd which also included Proly and Gusman. And suddenly they were all embroiled in a personal quarrel over Sambat's wench. Proly had looked at her once too often; Dufourny had taken offense on Sambat's behalf; and before the row had run its course the crowd was split, socially and politically; breaking up into those two factional camps, Dantonist and Hébertist—moderates and extremists—whose furious animosities were beginning to color the public scene with a violence of discord which delighted Jean the more that it distressed and dismayed the long suffering populace.

Dufourny, for all his violence always a Dantonist—a great friend of Fabre, and of Danton whose own moderation was not always so gentle—carried Sambat and Moenne with him; while Proly, and Desfieux, and the others—some of them sincerely, some of them not—remained on the Hébertist side, together with those red bonnet champions the Freys and, for a while, Chabot.

Actually, what Dufourny was up to is not so clear. Whether he was in earnest; or whether he had become terrified of Robespierre who was more and more turning up his nose at the antics of the red bonnet ultra-revolutionaries, which to him meant counter-revolutionaries; or whether Dufourny's conduct was all dust in the eyes to cover up his dealings with Jean's instigators, Proly and Desfieux—that was something which Robespierre himself was unable later to determine. The day would come when Dufourny would be driven from the Jacobins, and shoved into prison; but in August and September of 1793, in September and October, there was no keener muckraker at the Jacobins for the Dantonist group, no louder denunciator of Hébertists like Proly, and Desfieux, and Chabot, than the stentorian Dufourny.

He did so well, blaring about graft, blaring about corrupt deputies and staring straight at Chabot, blaring about rich

foreigners and those who consorted with them—blaring about the necessity of arresting all such persons and keeping them under lock and key—that Chabot discovered that he was a Dantonist, while Proly and Desfieux found themselves in prison. That was on October 12—and a great rush to release them; Collot d'Herbois exerting himself on behalf of Desfieux; Hérault de Séchelles, a very great bigwig, on behalf of Proly. It caused a terrific uproar at the Jacobins, where Proly and Desfieux indignantly upbraided Dufourny who swore up and down that he had had nothing to do with Desfieux's arrest, while Collot gave him the lie and raked up Madame Violette to throw in the faces of Sambat and Moenne, who were shouting against Collot and the two victims of this tempest.

A terrific uproar, during the course of which Desfieux proclaimed that Proly was a patriot, but far be it from Desfieux to set himself up as Proly's apologist; Desfieux only knew him as a fellow lodger, and denied having had any other dealings with him—just as he was to deny having any connection with Aucane's Number Fifty, or any acquaintance with Pons, or any knowledge of the Baron de Batz—a statement which must have made them smile at Charonne. A wonderful uproar, reverberating through the Jacobin Club, and around the Convention lobbies, and out into the nervous streets. Scandal and discord in the midst of the brethren. Jean rubbed his hands.

It was at the height of that furore that the brainless Chabot picked his moment to come to the Jacobins and officially announce his forthcoming marriage to the sister of Junius Frey; with singular unintelligence to impart to them all the dazzling features of the marriage contract; and to invite the whole Club to the wedding. A very early affair, eight o'clock in the morning, and the civic banquet must be over by nine; for Chabot did not wish to absent himself from the Convention, not even on his wedding day, and "my wife to be has informed

me that she will cease to love me if because of her I neglect a single session of the Convention or of the Jacobins."

Poor Chabot. He had expected that to go big, and it did not go at all. The most disagreeable silence. The Club, Dufourny finally decided, could not attend private ceremonies as a body. A deputation might go to the wedding, if it chose. It remained for Hébert to put the finishing touch on Chabot's wedding; just as the Queen, the "Austrian" of the streets' vernacular, was going up for trial. "Chabot's Austrian," Hébert called Léopoldine.

10.

THAT was in the second week of October; and in that same week, presumably on October 12, Fabre had put some finishing touches of his own, very secretly, on Chabot.

Fabre, playing his own deep game, had never forgiven Chabot for his interference, in July, with Fabre's decree against the banks; for his interference again, in September, with the decree confiscating the property of foreigners which Fabre was supporting. At the same time, the rising Hébertist commotion against the Dantonists needed to be stemmed by some rousing denunciation against the Hébertists themselves, with which to drown out the accusations of corruption and royalist intrigue which they were aiming more and more persistently—and with ample justification had their own hands been any cleaner —at Danton and his group.

It was only as recently as October 10, for instance—while Danton took refuge at his country home—that Fabre and some other Dantonist members of the Committee of General Security had found it advisable to decree the arrest of Louis Comte, a spy for the Committee of Public Safety and a very dubious character himself, who had lately brought charges of conspiracy with the royalists against Danton. Fabre and his friends had fixed Louis Comte by producing evidence to the effect that

he had called Robespierre an ambitious hypocrite "pretending to be Danton's friend in order more easily to destroy him." But the Hébertist offensive could not be staved off indefinitely that way. What was wanted was a good bombshell planted behind their backs.

And so, in that second week of October, Fabre asked to be heard on a matter of importance by ten deputies, including Robespierre and Saint-Just, selected by Fabre from the membership of the two Committees of Public Safety and General Security. And what Fabre had to say was tremendous.

In a series of twentyfive questions, which he left to his audience to answer, Fabre laid down a violent indictment of intrigue and financial corruption against Proly, Dubuisson, Pereyra and Desfieux; of false patriotism and connivance with the others against Hérault de Séchelles, Julien and Chabot. All of them, at the time, Hébertists. Proly the foreigner came first on the list, with his three—for this was, fundamentally, the Foreign Conspiracy being played up again. Proly the foreigner, Pereyra the foreigner, Dubuisson "the sly crony" of intrigue, Desfieux "the broker, the messenger of the cabal." Only the literary Fabre called him Mercury. Proly's "inseparable."

How was it, Fabre wanted to know, that it was Proly, Dubuisson and Pereyra who had been sent to Dumouriez by the Girondins? How was it that those three men, "vaunting their gossip about Dumouriez," had "hastened to throw the grappling hook on the Jacobins and had planted their cabal in their midst?" How was it whenever Dubuisson was sent on a mission that trouble invariably followed in his wake? How was it that Proly, "who is nothing, who has no business to be occupied with anything," should be "up to his ears" in every affair? How was it that Proly and Desfieux, such great patriots, were the inseparable companions of the most dangerous foreign bankers? How was it that those four men always knew "all the government's secrets fifteen days ahead of the Convention," always could foretell appointments, and always had

the latest news and secret information about everything? And how was it that Desfieux never missed a chance at the Jacobins "to push all the proposals likely to complicate things," and especially to flatter all the violent newcomers "in order to excite them against the wise, far seeing and excellent patriots of long standing?" Desfieux who "watched over the Jacobin Club as though it were the milk on the stove!"

How was it, indeed! Fabre should have sent his questions to the Baron de Batz. But what Fabre was really gunning for in all this was the hide of Hérault de Séchelles. Concerning Julien, he only wanted to how how it was that Julien procured passports for foreign bankers' wives. But Hérault was the big fish of this aquarium. Hérault the former noble; Hérault the violent, the Hébertist—in so far as he could be said sincerely to belong to any party—the ornament, for he was very handsome, not only of the Mountain, but of its extreme "Crest"; President of the Convention on August 10 of 1793, when it went in procession, for the festival of the new Constitution, to drink the water of "regeneration" spouting from the breasts of a statue of Nature. Hérault the friend of the Sainte-Amaranthe; the friend of Proly, who had employed Proly as secretary and who sometimes sheltered him in his house; who had gone running, "with tears in his eyes," to have Proly released just a few days before. Hérault the member of the Committee of Public Safety to whom Louis Comte had confided some of his first revelations against Danton. Hérault the accuser who, earlier that summer, had already informed the Committee of Public Safety of a conspiracy, hinted to him by Lullier, to have Danton proclaim Louis XVII.

And so, how was it, Fabre wanted to know, that Hérault maintained a private "bureau of eighty spies"? How was it that he knew all these things unless he was himself a leader of the cabal? How was it that Proly and Desfieux attacked the nobles, and sought to drive them out of government employment, unless it was "to put fear in the stomach" of Hérault,

that former noble, and lead him and the Committee of Public Safety by the nose?

And as for Chabot, "that poor Chabot, honeyed" by Proly and Desfieux; how was it that Chabot had campaigned against the September decree for the confiscation of alien property? How was it that Chabot was only a tool in the hands of Proly and Desfieux who "dragged" him around to foreign bankers' houses, and who had cooked up that marriage of Chabot's with Léopoldine Frey? How was it? And where had Chabot's dowry come from—or rather, what had it come for?

Now this was all very fine; and it made a big impression on Fabre's hearers who, while they did nothing openly as yet against the accused, kept Hérault, and Chabot, and the others as marked men in the backs of their minds from then on. But they were not in a position to realize that if Fabre had accused Julien, he had not accused Delaunay; and that if Fabre had listed a great many bankers, he had not mèntioned the speculator Benoist; and that if he knew so much about Proly and Desfieux, he apparently knew nothing about the Baron de Batz. Actually, Fabre's effrontery, on that October day, was equalled only by Chabot's monumental idiocy. Poor Chabot, walking from now on over a terrible quicksand. A twist in the plot which Jean and Benoist had not foreseen.

But as for Fabre and his game, one must see it through what was happening to Chabot.

II.

IT had begun in September—the last act in the ruination of Chabot by Jean and Benoist—soon after the debates over the alien property decree.

Chabot was in trouble. As the terms of membership on the Committee of General Security expired, on September 14, the appointments of Chabot, Julien, Bazire and several others had not been renewed. They were suspected of dealings with

bankers and contractors, with the crook d'Espagnac; seals had been affixed at Julien's domicile; and right away Delaunay and Benoist were telling Chabot to look out; that the new Committee of Public Safety was after him too; that he had better toe the line behind Batz if he wanted to save himself. Chabot destroyed a great many private papers and put one foot very carefully before the other, as indicated. And nothing happened to him, or to Julien.

For what took place then—while Chabot was deploring his poverty to Junius Frey—and for the conversations which occurred, one has Chabot's own subsequent written statements and his own recorded verbal testimony. It seemed that Delaunay was about to attack the Company of the Indies in the Convention, and demand its immediate and total liquidation. The final dissolution of the Company, in other words. Batz was writing the speech—Jean later admitted having done so—and Delaunay was to read it, and present the projected decree. Julien would sign with Delaunay, and they wanted Chabot's name too.

"You see," Delaunay told Chabot, "my proposal will terrify the Company officials. It will send the shares down: as a result of this fall Benoist and Batz will buy them up for a song. Then we will cleverly submit to the Company two drafts of final decrees: one more lenient and the other more drastic, and we will say to the Company: Choose, it will cost you so much for this decree favorable to you. Benoist and Batz will use that money for speculations, and we will reap the profits." Batz was at that moment working on the two drafts.

It did not occur to Delaunay—as for Chabot, nothing ever occurred to him—that it could not possibly be to the personal advantage of Jean, a big Indies shareholder, to have the Company dissolved; and that the terror of the Company officials was not likely to be so terrific over a liquidation of assets which were already considerably exhausted. And while that was Chabot's version of the proposal, events had actually progressed a

little differently. The speech was made by Delaunay on October 8, to accompany a projected decree signed, according to program, by Delaunay, Julien and Chabot. It was a fulminating indictment of speculation in general, of the financial abuses of the royal regime, and of the frauds committed by the Company of the Indies. "I promise you," Jean had written for Delaunay to declaim, "that we will guide the deputies of the Convention through all the turns of this labyrinth in which the monster of speculation is still lurking." One can just see Benoist's eyes twinkling over that one.

But if the proposed decree called for the immediate liquidation of the Company, it was not completely drastic. It already contained provisions calculated to assuage the terror of the Company. For there was nothing positive in the decree as to the method of liquidation, and Article Four was so worded as to leave the conduct of that liquidation in the hands of the Company's officials. This was already quite different from the Delaunay procedure as reported by Chabot; and the whole project was based, as a matter of fact, on much deeper foundations.

For if Fabre was out gunning for the hide of Hérault, Jean and Benoist were out gunning for Fabre's.

12.

THIS was no mere market speculation device in the Convention, no extremist Jacobin proposal for the purpose of spreading dismay or fluctuating shares. This was a definite business proposition; a matter of non partisan financial policy, neither Hébertist nor Dantonist; the windup of a long drawn out and very scandalous affair; something to be closely discussed by Cambon, and the Finance Committee, and the Commission of Five. An old familiar subject, a domestic subject, over which the Convention could relax, and concerning which the deputies could say their say as business men, and not primarily as politicians. And it was not intended by Jean and

Benoist that the decree be passed as proposed, or that Article Four be accepted as written.

It was not intended, and it was not expected. The article was there solely for the purpose of precipitating a discussion and inviting an objection. That the man to offer this objection would be Fabre—that was the hope of Jean and Benoist, and their strong conviction. The Company of the Indies was one of Fabre's favorite topics; he had already made two big speeches in the Convention against it; and the fact that Chabot had on two occasions run counter to proposals and projects of Fabre's was not lost sight of either. The man to offer the objection would very probably be Fabre—whether any steps had been taken to fortify this probability into a certainty is not now ascertainable—and then, the glue pot.

And sure enough, the man who objected was Fabre.

The proposed liquidation was not satisfactory. Let the government seize everything, affix seals upon the files of all the Company officials, and conduct the liquidation rigorously through its own agents. How cleverly the thing had been put forward is shown by the fact that Cambon opposed Fabre and supported the decree as written. Keep the government out of it, Cambon insisted, or it would be held responsible for any deficit. But Fabre was persistent, and Robespierre was certain that those "brigands" must not be allowed to liquidate themselves. Cambon said all right, so long as the government was not required to pay a deficit. And so, with those two amendments—Fabre amending Delaunay, and Cambon amending Fabre—it was passed, on October 10. And for the Commission —there always had to be a Commission—to draw up the final decree, Cambon, Ramel, Fabre, Delaunay, Chabot and Julien. The fact that Chabot and Julien had only recently been under grave suspicion of collusion with bankers did not seem to matter. That was the way the Convention did things; all hot one day, all cold the next. With so much going on, it was

probably difficult to remember what had happened from week to week.

That Cambon and Ramel, already worked to death on the Finance Committee, would have very little to do with it was obvious. As for the others, well, there they were, Jean's three, and Fabre. Fabre who in two days' time was to file his accusation against Chabot and Julien, his collaborators. But not against Delaunay.

13.

JEAN and Benoist pretended to be very much dismayed, very much annoyed. Fabre must have been speculating the other way, they told Delaunay. Something would have to be done about Fabre, so that the Commission might produce a less drastic decree, permitting the Company to liquidate itself, to be sold in advance to the Company.

Once again, the stupidity and the seemingly obvious insincerity of any such scheme did not occur to Delaunay, and naturally not to Chabot. They simply took what Jean and Benoist gave them without question. They never saw, such was their greedy, unintelligent mentality, that the attempt to sell a cooked up decree to the Company was bound to fail, since no such cooked up decree—materially altered from the Convention's prescribed wording—could hope to be enforced for any length of time without coming to the attention of the fiscal supervisors. It would have been suicidal for the Company officials to lend themselves to any such trickery, idiotic of them to pay out good money for its consummation. But Delaunay and his colleagues, convinced that this was a big opportunity for personal enrichment at the Company's expense, did not think that far ahead. They did not think at all when those great financiers, Batz and Benoist, spoke.

The decree as ordered by the Convention was absolutely worthless, Benoist and Delaunay told Chabot, that poor bridegroom. "They tell me," Chabot recorded, "that I must speak

to Fabre; that if Fabre has been speculating the other way it will be made good to him; and the decision is reached to deliver one hundred thousand *livres* in *assignats* to me for him. They give me the task" of presenting a cooked up decree on behalf of the Commission for Fabre's approval. A little later, in instalments, "they bring me the hundred thousand *livres* for Fabre," and Chabot assured them that he had sent the money to Fabre well sealed up, in the care of Fabre's doorkeeper. Aside from that, if he put the thing through with Fabre, Chabot was given to understand that he would receive a country estate from Batz—in fact, there was question of giving him the Hermitage at Charonne—and of course, in hand immediately, his hundred thousand *livres* share from the five hundred thousand *livres* already obtained from the Company.

At the same time, Julien was offering Bazire another hundred thousand, always from the same alleged source, to keep him happy. With Delaunay and Julien each pocketing his hundred thousand, it was—or should have been—difficult to see what was left for Jean and Benoist for their proposed speculative operations, unless the munificence of the bankrupt Company of the Indies knew no bounds!

And now it was up to Chabot. Delaunay could not undertake to approach Fabre directly—that had been Delaunay's method throughout, to keep himself anonymous—in fact, Delaunay was not on very good terms with Fabre. No, Chabot must do it. "You are the one who has the money," Delaunay kept reminding Chabot.

14.

CHABOT tried once and got nowhere. He tackled Fabre in one of the Convention lobbies, and asked him if he would not "come to an agreement with Delaunay" so they could all "get together and draw up the decree." Fabre looked

his man up and down, the man whom he had just recently secretly accused, and said that he was ready any time that Delaunay was. Fabre was not on good terms, he later explained, with Delaunay, and never set foot in the Commission of Five because they were all so hostile to him—meaning Delaunay, Chabot and Julien, so that it was unfortunate that they happened to be his principal collaborators in the matter of the Indies decree. In fact, with the exception of Mallarmé, the two Commissions were identical. Leaving out Cambon and Ramel, those *ipso facto* representatives of the Finance Committee, Fabre had no dealings at all with any of those men. No indeed.

Chabot was perplexed. There was no response from that man Fabre. And all the while Benoist and Delaunay were after Chabot. He was now the husband of Léopoldine, and Delaunay in particular was telling him the most dreadful things—oh, not that he believed them, but that was what people were saying, and he thought that Chabot ought to know. Chabot wrote them all down. That Léopoldine had come out of the "seraglio" of the Emperor of Austria to whom her brothers had sold her as a child. That, far from receiving a guarantee of two hundred thousand *livres* from the Freys, it was Chabot himself who had given that sum to Léopoldine from his speculation profits. That the Freys themselves had no money at all of their own. That Junius Frey, who had promised Chabot never to marry, was actually already married, with a wife and two daughters in Vienna, while his alleged nephew in Paris was really his son. These were only rumors, of course, but if it should happen to be true, "if it turns out that your wife has no dowry"—never mind the seraglio part of it—Chabot had better "think of the future."

And not only that, but the new Committee of General Security was receiving any quantity of accusations against Chabot and his brothers-in-law. Chabot was terrified, although neither he nor his tormentors had any inkling how true it was

in Chabot's case. "We will stand by you," Delaunay assured him. "Batz has a great deal of influence over the Committee of General Security," but Chabot must realize that "it will not do to displease [Batz] at this moment: if his Company of the Indies speculation were to fail, you would lose your most powerful protector." So get along, Chabot, with the Fabre business. "You are the one who has the money."

Poor Chabot.

15.

AND now it gets a little intricate; because, naturally, they all gave differing accounts afterwards, Fabre, Chabot and Delaunay, to say nothing of Bazire. But from what Fabre said in corroboration of Chabot, and from what Chabot wrote—with the unconscious candor, however prudent in some respects, of desperation—and from what official investigation found to be the facts, it is possible to reconstruct the chain of events as they evidently occurred.

Once again, in a Convention lobby, Chabot approached Fabre, and this time he had the proposed text of a decree in his pocket. The decree was signed by Delaunay, Chabot, Julien, Cambon and Ramel. The last two, having been told that the text was Fabre's, had not unnaturally signed in a hurry under press of business; nor, when they signed, did the draft contain some words favorable to the Company of the Indies which were afterwards added to it in a different ink. Delaunay, Chabot explained to Fabre, was afraid to bring the decree himself because Fabre seemed so hostile to him, and would Fabre examine it? Fabre examined it, and immediately discovered, so he afterwards stated, that the decree as drawn up by Delaunay was vaguely worded and did not, in Fabre's opinion, properly observe the requirements of Fabre's amendment.

Fabre was very angry—oh, very angry indeed. He gave Chabot a tremendous dressing down. Chabot shrugged his shoulders. "It is of no interest to me whatever," he assured

Fabre. Go ahead and correct it, rewrite the whole thing, Chabot did not care. Fabre took a pencil—not a pen, a pencil—with which to make the necessary corrections, and scribbled his name. "Take a good look," Chabot kept urging him; make sure there were no other corrections that Fabre might want to make. No, Fabre was satisfied, and Chabot went back to Delaunay.

Now Fabre imagined that he was being very clever. In the presence of the man whom he had already, behind his back, accused of connivance with bankers, Fabre had made a great fuss, gone through the formality of correcting the decree, and put himself on record through the only words and acts which Chabot could truthfully report. Whether or not, at this time, Fabre was in possession of Jean's hundred thousand *livres* remains debatable. Chabot had assured Benoist that the money had been sent to Fabre; but later on Chabot insisted that he had never sent any money to Fabre, and performed some sleight of hand with a package of *assignats* in order to prove it, as will shortly be seen. But whether or not Fabre had the money, what Fabre had done—face to face with the man whom he had prudently betrayed and blackened in advance—was sufficiently despicable. Nothing meaner, perhaps, was done during the entire Revolution.

For Fabre's corrections did not correct. They did not materially alter the sense of Delaunay's text. They did not restore to the decree the full meaning of Fabre's own amendment. On the contrary, they tacitly associated Fabre with the fraud, and made him a party to it along with Delaunay and Chabot. Jean's big fish, no less greedily unintelligent than his colleagues, was hooked. And Fabre thought that he was safe, that he had covered his tracks—publicly in front of Chabot, and privately behind his back—but unfortunately it occurred to Delaunay to preserve this original draft with the pencil corrections among his private papers, and, some time later, to produce it.

16.

IN October, the rest was easy.

For Fabre, to secure his signature, a fair copy of a projected decree, still worded, somewhat, in favor of the Company—but not too much so as yet—was prepared and taken to him, at Fabre's home, by Chabot. Fabre was in bed. "I received [Chabot] with bare legs." Here, Chabot told him, "here is the projected decree word for word as you corrected it. I bring it to you at Delaunay's request. Sign it." According to Fabre, Chabot was even more indifferent than before about the decree. The whole business bored him, and he was getting a little annoyed at having to run Delaunay's errands for him. Fabre took the decree and signed it—without reading it, he afterwards maintained. It was only a projected decree, that was what he understood, and he had not bothered to read it. It was a fair copy, without any corrections or additions whatever, and it was a preliminary draft, and Chabot had said that it was properly worded. And so Fabre had signed it, and gone back to bed.

Chabot went back to his apartment at the Freys', and sat down to lunch with Delaunay, Julien, Benoist and Glandy who, if he had lost Léopoldine, had not given up Chabot. Or perhaps he was there to keep Léopoldine amused. Well, here was the decree, signed by Fabre. They looked it over. They changed a word here, they altered a sentence there; they scratched at this paragraph, and erased in that one. When they had finished, the Company of the Indies was allowed to liquidate itself, and the projected decree contained erasures and additions. Whereupon Delaunay took a pen, added his own signature to Fabre's, and wrote, always in his own hand, "Have also signed"—Cambon, Chabot, Julien, Ramel; as though a duplicate had actually been signed by them. The supposed preliminary draft was become the final decree.

And on October 29, Fabre—who, on his own say so, had

only signed the fair copy of a projected decree that morning in bed, and to whom no final draft had ever been submitted for signature—Fabre solemnly accompanied Delaunay, the two of them side by side at last, to the secretariat of the Convention, to record the decree and have it sent to the printer. The copy transformed at Chabot's luncheon by Delaunay, which Fabre still had not read, and the altered and scratched up condition of which he did not observe.

He thought he was safe, that Delaunay must hold his tongue, and that Chabot was already lost. Now for the millennium. But Jean knew that Fabre was lost. For it was time, now, to upset the apple cart—or the soup tureen, as they would have said.

17.

CHABOT suddenly found himself being bombarded with insinuations and accusations, at the Convention and at the Jacobins. It had happened before, in September; and his marriage, in October, had not evoked any enthusiasm; but now, in November, it was terrific. Chabot was a Dantonist now —Chabot was anything you pleased—but the howler Dufourny was after him more viciously than ever.

On November 10—this was at the Convention, not at the Jacobins—"let the masks fall, let virtue reveal itself entirely naked," a deputy demanded; let all members of the Convention declare the state of their fortunes prior to the Revolution, and if their fortunes had increased since then let them declare by what means; and let those deputies who failed to do so be branded as traitors and brought to trial. Goodness! Bazire was the first to object. Such a measure would not reach the real culprits who hid their profiteering under assumed names. Let the Convention beware of "fish hooks" baited by scoundrels, and dangled before it only for the purpose of sowing discord. Denunciations and calumnies were not being distributed from patriotic motives but with counter-revolutionary intentions.

Bazire knew what it would cost him to speak out like that, but whoever "knows how to speak in such a manner at the rostrum, knows how to die."

Bazire got himself called to order, and Chabot came bursting to the rostrum. Deputies must not be condemned without being heard. Who could work for the Republic under such a system? Chabot was not afraid to die—"if my head is of any use to the welfare of the Republic, let it fall"—but there must not always be only one side to every question. Where were the deputies of the Right? If there was no opposition party any more, Chabot would form one by himself, so that it should no longer be possible to say that "we pass decrees blindly and without discussion." Deputies must be given a hearing before they could be arrested.

How about the Girondins, someone asked Chabot, and it was Bazire who plunged forward again to answer. The Girondins had already been condemned by public opinion; now it was "the true friends of Liberty" who were being attacked. Bazire agreed with Chabot. As for the suggestion made that any deputy who tried to escape arrest should be declared outlaw—that, Julien proclaimed, was not done in the case of a private citizen, and "why should a representative of the people be more severely punished?" The Convention agreed, and upheld Chabot, sending the original proposal back to committee.

But on November 11, at the Jacobins, Dufourny was roaring against Chabot and Bazire for their utterances of the day before—and that was always the trouble with the Convention, its abject subjection to the continuous censure of the Jacobins; and one should have a notion of the characteristic tone of such sessions, in order to appreciate how things were being done in 1793 and what avenues of disruptive intimidation were open to Jean through his own "barkers." Bazire, Dufourny howled, had talked about a "butchery of deputies"; Chabot had complained that there was no longer any opposition in the Convention, and that all the deputies of the Right had been terri-

fied into joining the Mountain. Hébert and others chimed in. "Those gentlemen"—the term was being opprobriously applied to Chabot and Bazire—had grown very sensitive all of a sudden about the immunity of deputies. But the Jacobins would know how to inform the Convention "that it has no right"—there is one of the fundamental controlling circumstances of the Terror—"that it has no right" to obstruct the will of the people as interpreted by the Jacobins. Let the entire Society of the Jacobins present itself at the Convention and demand that it "examine into the conduct of Chabot and Bazire."

And on November 12, they were there, with Dufourny haranguing the Convention, raking it over the coals, forcing it, by a unanimous vote, to reconsider its approval of Chabot's objections on November 10. And Bazire was at the rostrum, apologizing for his remarks of November 10, thanking his Jacobin brethren for their reproof, offering them a Convention vote of confidence. And Chabot was at the rostrum, penitentially abasing himself. "If I should falter," he told the Jacobins, "I will be grateful to [you] for denouncing me again and taking me to the scaffold. If occasionally I fall asleep, such whip lashes arouse me."

The scene is eloquent, in its disgraceful humility, of the level of servitude to which the Convention had sunk. Never mind the personal hypocrisy of such jackanapes as Chabot and Bazire; the point is that these men were elected deputies, speaking from the rostrum of the people's assembly of representatives; but the Convention did not dare to preserve its own dignity if so doing involved offending the Jacobins, a self appointed group of officious meddlers become the dictators of the Revolution. Jean's determination to ridicule the Convention, and his belief in his ability to do so, do not seem so farfetched when one realizes the depths of servility into which the Convention itself had fallen. Of course, it would be interesting to know, too, how many of the contemptible mummeries which the Convention permitted to occur daily within

its hall—Jacobin deputations, patriotic delegations, anti clerical masquerades, republican babies at the rostrum, all the singing, and kissing, and slobbering that went on—were actually conceived and organized by Jean's red bonnet agitators.

18.

BUT the Jacobins were not through yet with Chabot. On November 13, in the course of another furious session, Hébert got so far as to demand the expulsion of Chabot from the Club. On November 16, Chabot was once more at the Jacobin rostrum to explain himself. In the presence of the Frey brothers. In the presence, also, of public galleries crowded with Jacobin women "howling to the guillotine"; for the "sisters" with their knitting were often more violent than the brethren; those "revolutionary women" whose impresario, according to Robespierre—"the invisible sylph who inspires them"—was Proly. "My enemies, whom I defy, to the contrary," Chabot maintained that he had saved the State. The State, he was promptly told, saved itself, and Chabot apologized; he offered to resign from the Convention; he even offered to go to the front; but Dufourny was at him again.

About Léopoldine. "A wife is like a garment," Dufourny proclaimed, and if Chabot needed such a garment he should have remembered that "the nation forbids foreign materials." With bitter, stinging phrases, in a roar of applause and contributory heckling, Dufourny took Chabot to pieces, and Léopoldine, and the Freys. The riot grew so terrific that the session had to be suspended, but when order had been restored the baiting of Chabot began again; all sorts of idiotic rumors about himself, about his brothers-in-law, about the fact that the Freys had been living in penury before the marriage of their sister, that they had had no clothes to wear and that their linen closets had been empty; until finally Chabot was in tears; asking to be arrested; begging any good citizens present to

identify his calumniators, for they were anonymous, so many of them; that was the curious thing—of those whose voices were barking at Chabot, so many were unknowns, bobbing up and disappearing again in the crowd of spectators.

Chabot was called to order for having appealed for help, "when no one is victimizing him." Chabot apologized, while they hooted at him. He had to leave the rostrum; he could hardly make his way out of the hall. He was finished.

19.

CHABOT believed that he knew very well why he was being denounced, and who those anonymous calumniators were. They were agents of Batz, and the whole thing was a terrible conspiracy. Benoist had told Chabot so, on November 9—on the day preceding that fearful Convention session of November 10. That had been the starting point of the Jacobin campaign of attack, which, Chabot was convinced, was simply a part of Batz's conspiracy, a whirlwind stirred up entirely by Batz's howlers.

Chabot had tried to give a hint of it at the Convention, on November 10, when he asked the deputies if they were so sure that counter-revolutionaries were not planning to "send your heads to the scaffold." Someone had been heard to say that "today it is this one's turn, tomorrow Danton's; day after tomorrow Billaud-Varennes's"—one of the bigwigs—and "we will end up with Robespierre." Chabot had said that at the rostrum, but it had gone down the wind in the tumult. At the Jacobin session of November 16, Chabot had understood, from the nature of the uproar against him, that "the projected conspiracy was being put into execution."

Already at the Jacobin session of November 11, up in the public galleries, Chabot's sister had heard talk of conspiracy. "I know your virtue," she had said to Chabot afterwards, "but I think your courage is leading you astray. You seem lost in

thought: are you guilty? Speak, or I stab you to death"—the reported family conversation of patriots must always be in the grand tragic manner, Roman or Spartan. Chabot could go to the scaffold for Liberty's sake, and his sister would not shed a single tear, but he must not go to his death a conspirator. "Leave us at least, by way of inheritance, the memory of a just and virtuous man."

Chabot was in a fearful state; rushing around to his friends; begging the Freys to advise him; wondering what to do with the hundred thousand *livres* which he had received; making up his mind to destroy them; then yielding to Léopoldine's disappointed tears—he had to bring her into it in his later confessions—and deciding to "go to the water closet; I make the package fast with a string; if they come to arrest me, they will surely allow me to go to the closet, and I will let go the string." Chabot was in a blue terror because of this dreadful conspiracy, the details of which Benoist had imparted to him, and the workings of which Chabot began to see all around him—except that it did not dawn on him that this conspiracy was all for his benefit, and that the workings which he detected were all aimed at him, to drive him crazy.

No, this was the Foreign Conspiracy—and Jean's procedure is perhaps never more clearly to be discerned between the lines than just at this point.

20.

AND what Benoist had told Chabot on November 9 was only the amplification of what Benoist and the Freys had already been prognosticating. The Freys, too—and it seems fantastic that Chabot should never have had any inkling of the game that was being put up on him. And what they were prognosticating was that deputy after deputy would be pushed to the scaffold; that the counter-revolution was about

to occur; and that Chabot had better clear out with his fortune and his Léopoldine.

And what Benoist told Chabot on November 9 was that the conspiracy would "devote" to the scaffold all the Girondin deputies; not the original lot of twentyone who had just been executed, but the seventysix others who had protested and been thrown into prison—the idea was artificially to arouse the Convention to the point of performing these murderous acts —then all the "appellant" deputies; then it would be "the turn" of Danton and some of his crowd; then, with various others, Bazire and Chabot—and that was why they were warning him —then a "hecatomb" of Convention Commissioners to the armies, against whom accusations were being prepared in the offices of the War Department; then Billaud-Varennes would be sent on his way, after being enmeshed in some wheat speculations; and then, "if Robespierre's corruption cannot be proved," at least "that of some intimate friend of his will be established."

In this manner the Convention would be "decimated," and "when it is seen in the provinces that all the deputies are being guillotined one after the other, no substitute will consent to leave his province to come and take their place. The Convention will then be reduced to a handful of obscure and disdained men who will be made use of or else dismissed as may be preferred." And it was the Foreign Conspiracy, all right— "Pitt," Benoist assured Chabot, "Pitt has agents in the *Commune,* in the army, in the War Department, everywhere!"

To ruin the Convention; to set it by the ears with murderous discords and fratricidal distrusts until, terrified of itself, it began its own self destruction. The program outlined by Benoist was not so much in advance, as a matter of fact, of Jean's actual desires. The movement against the Convention in June, which he had activated, had already resulted in a rolling of deputies' heads into the guillotine's leather lined baskets—just a few days before, on October 31—and that the

axe should fall, here, there or anywhere, was all in the day's work for Jean. This was a brutal business; brutal methods against a brutal system. It was Jean's intention to do just that —to decimate the Convention in any way that came to hand, with violence or with scandal, and always with the guillotine's choppers at the end of the street for those who got caught; to throw Bazire, Chabot, any one of them who let himself be glued up, to the lions just as often as possible, and with no faintest shudder of compunction.

That was the way Jean was fighting the Revolution; spurring on the Terror with terrorism; goading the killers with kills; until the Terror should collapse of its own terrific impetus; until the killers should go delirious with killing. That in so doing he must first find himself the inspiration of a worse Terror, must obviously first become the instrument of even more frantic killings—that did not deter him. It was a matter for his mind, for his spiritual perception and for his conscience to decide, and in 1793—when the smell of blood and the sight of it were already common, laughable things in the daily life of the streets; when the long tresses of condemned women were sold by the executioner to be made into wigs for the matrons and girls of the town; when the guillotine itself was a plaything for children, the sainted recipient of litanies and the subject of folk songs—in 1793, Jean's mind did not hesitate, his spiritual perception did not revolt, and his conscience did not forbid. The time would come, perhaps, for brooding, and doubt, and dread of his burden of death; but in 1793—face to face with a frenzy of slaughter, an orgy of butchery calling itself the Revolutionary Tribunal—Jean was the cold angel of his own deadly fatality, and among the maniacs he was a fanatic of vengeance.

But still they had dressed it up a little for Chabot; exaggerated the imminence and organized menace of events; thrown in Pitt, who would have been very much astonished by the program, for good measure; and turned loose once

more the great bugbear of a huge alien conspiracy. Because they were counting on Chabot to go crazy with fright and give the show away; to cross his fingers, too, and implicate others; to expose the Indies scandal and drag Fabre into it; to throw the government and the Convention into one magnificent uproar.

And on November 16, after that last frightful Jacobin session, Chabot could not stand it any longer, and went running to Robespierre.

21.

RIGHT straight down the rue Saint-Honoré, Chabot ran; to the house of Duplay, the carpenter, where Robespierre lived surrounded by his personal bodyguard thugs and by admiring nonentities. No, not straight down the rue Saint-Honoré from the Jacobins—for Chabot had stopped on the way at the Freys' to fish his hundred thousand *livres* out of the closet. He had put them with an explanation of their origin in an envelope, addressed to the Committee of General Security, and sealed it; and on the envelope he had written, "I rely sufficiently on my wife's affection to send this package, in the event of my death, promptly to its address, as containing something essential to my honor and to the Republic." When he presented himself before Robespierre—it was late, and they had had to arouse the great man—Chabot had the package in his hand.

"I awaken you by coming here," so Robespierre recorded Chabot's words, "but it is to save the country. I hold the thread of the most dangerous conspiracy which has ever been contrived against Liberty." Robespierre blinked at his man, thinking of Fabre and his twentyfive questions. Here, unquestionably, was Fabre's accusation corroborating itself, and how best to play this poor fool of a Chabot who thought that he was whitewashing himself? If there was a conspiracy, he must re-

veal it, Robespierre told Chabot. Ah, but Chabot wanted guarantees. He must be able to continue to frequent the conspirators, in order to surprise all their secrets. He had been "admitted to their society"; they had made proposals to him; they had tempted him to share in their "brigandage"; they had an appointment to meet, and Chabot was to be there; they imagined that Chabot did not see through their plan, but they were "headed straight for open counter-revolution." Chabot could have them all taken red handed.

That, Robespierre agreed, would certainly be rendering a great service to the country. How about proof of all this? Chabot displayed his package. Here was money which had been given to him with which to bribe a deputy of the Mountain in connection with a financial fraud—for this, as Chabot now had it arranged in his mind, was to be Fabre's hundred thousand which Chabot had never given to him. Chabot insisted that he had only accepted the money in order to keep in with the conspiracy and "reveal its depths." In fact, he was on his way to the Committee of General Security to hand over the money and denounce the traitors. That would be fine, Robespierre assured Chabot. Hurry up and do just that. The Committee would no doubt "eagerly welcome the offer." If ever there were occasions, in the cold recesses of his mind, when Robespierre enjoyed a joke, this must have been one of them.

But Chabot needed a guarantee. He did not want to be taken for a conspirator because he had associated with conspirators. He was ready to die for his country, but not as a traitor. He remembered his virtuous mother, and the patriotic sister who had offered to stab him. He did not want them to die of grief. Robespierre thought that the Committee of General Security would probably take all the necessary steps to uncover the conspiracy. The Committee of Public Safety, too, would "seize every opportunity to save the country." Chabot

might try them as well. His intentions and revelations would be his guarantee. Yes. And now, Hail and Fraternity!

Straight into the lions' den, into the presence of Fabre's selected auditors. They would know what to do with this too clever fool.

22.

CHABOT went to fetch Bazire, and together, in the Freys' hack, they went to the General Security committee room at the Tuileries, where some of the members could always be found working away at any hour of the night.

Bazire, Chabot was to explain, was in on the conspiracy because Chabot had wanted a witness. He had, in fact—and for that reason only—demanded that Bazire be given a share of the bribe money. He had wanted someone there to listen with him while he induced Benoist to "blab"; when they had discussed the partitioning of the spoils, Chabot had insisted that all concerned should be present; but they had objected to that, they wanted—Benoist and Delaunay—to deal separately with Chabot; they had offered him all sorts of rewards which he had, of course, refused, stringing them along; they had offered to give him country estates; to hand him Indies shares made out for any name he might choose; to deposit money to his wife's account, or to a friend's; Batz had even come to interview him secretly at the Freys', to give him documents, so Batz said, showing how the Revolution had been defrauded under the Constituant Assembly, but Chabot had had deputies visiting him at the moment, and Batz had gone down the back stairs again without seeing him. They had offered Chabot all those things—all those shares and all those wonderful documents—because they wanted to get rid of him, because they wanted him to clear out of the country with his pockets full of incriminating gifts. But Chabot had always refused, and that was why he had insisted that Bazire be present at such interviews. That would cover Bazire.

Chabot's own line, of course, was going to be that he had only connived with the conspirators in order to learn about the conspiracy; that he had never accepted anything for himself; and that he had never given any money to Fabre, who was entirely unconscious of any fraud in connection with the Indies decree which was all of Delaunay's and Julien's doing, on behalf of Batz and Benoist. The money in the envelope was to be presented as the money intended for Fabre—whereas it is much more probable that it was Chabot's own hundred thousand which he was thus getting rid of. In this manner Chabot hoped, through Fabre, to rally the Dantonists around him while he fired broadsides at the Hébertists, and in spite of the fact that he was obliged to attack Dufourny.

It should have been the high point of the comedy—that comedy which must always precede tragedy—this shielding of Fabre by the trusting Chabot; but the climax was reserved for Delaunay when he deliberately produced the first draft of the decree containing Fabre's famous corrections.

23.

THE Committee of General Security was all agog. A conspiracy? Chabot knew of a conspiracy. Goodness! Some of them, no doubt, glanced at each other. One of them, certainly, listening for Jean—and he had his hands on more than one member of that Committee—sat back and took careful note.

Chabot told them everything; about the Indies bribery; about the money for Fabre, and here it was; about the counter-revolutionary plot. He told them that Batz was hiring Hébertists to attack the deputies whom Batz was corrupting—which was just about what Jean was doing, except that some of those supposed Hébertists were false red bonnets; he told them that all the extreme Hébertist proposals at the Jacobins and in the Convention were made only for the purpose of turning the

people against the Revolution; he told them that Lullier and Dufourny were agents of Batz, and that Hébert himself probably was; he told them that Batz's speculations were only a side issue, and that what Batz was really after was to destroy the Republic by means of a twofold conspiracy against the Convention—one through the channel of corruption and scandal, of which Benoist, Delaunay and Julien were the instruments; the other through the channel of defamation and ridicule, which was entrusted to the Hébertists.

In fact, Chabot seemed to have Jean's whole plan down pretty pat, for in the backstairs politics of intrigue Chabot was no infant. And anyway, Jean's plan, as it developed and began to achieve results, was no mystery to his contemporaries, to any intelligent witness of his efforts. "As to the existence," Robespierre was soon to write, "of the conspiracy to defame and dissolve the Convention, it cannot possibly be doubted"; and "at the head of this conspiracy was the Baron de Batz." It is only posterity which has refused to credit the possibility of so vast an undertaking; perhaps, for one thing, because any intellect not steeped in the brutality of 1793 instinctively refuses to admit the fact that a human being might so ruthlessly precipitate wholesale destruction, might so coldly sacrifice agents, accomplices or friends to the chance lightning strokes of such a tempest.

What about persons like Proly, some of the members of the Committee asked Chabot. And Desfieux, and Pereyra, and Dubuisson? The significance of the question, inspired by Fabre's revelations, naturally escaped Chabot entirely. He knew nothing about those men—yes, Benoist had tried to sound him out concerning Proly, and the Freys too. Barking up the wrong tree after patriots. The Committee sat back again, very attentive, very much interested. That what Chabot was telling them was simply Chabot's special version of what Fabre had already told them—that, those in the know were convinced of. Chabot was as good as condemned. As for the Indies decree, that

was news to them, as no one had bothered yet to read the thing in print.

Bazire, called upon to corroborate Chabot, stated that Delaunay and Julien were Batz's principal agents of corruption—the cold betrayal of accomplices was not all on Jean's side—that Chabot's account of the Indies transaction was correct; that it was his, Bazire's, impression that Delaunay was counting on Danton's backing—the name went into the pot with a splash—and that he, Bazire, had already taken occasion to warn Hérault de Séchelles, as a member of the Committee of Public Safety, concerning speculative motions in the Convention, and that Hérault had wanted him to confer with Lullier about it, which Bazire had not done. Hérault, Lullier—those in the know pricked up their ears and smiled very pleasantly.

As for a safe conduct for Chabot, so that he might continue to spy on the conspiracy—probably so that he might get himself out of France—no, the Committee could not do that. Well then, Chabot proposed, let them come to his house and arrest him. Chabot would have an engagement the next day—no, today, it was early morning already—at his home with Batz, Benoist, Delaunay and Julien, and of course Bazire would be there. The Committee could send and arrest them all. There would be all the heads of the conspiracy, and the two informer decoys. At eight o'clock in the evening. The Committee thought that that would be perfect. They bowed Chabot and Bazire out. Until eight o'clock in the evening, then.

Whereupon the Committee issued orders of arrest for Batz, if he could be found, and for Benoist, Delaunay, Julien, Chabot and Bazire—effective that day, at eight o'clock in the *morning*. And to assist Amar, of the Committee, to "instruct" the Chabot "affair"—Fabre. And this, after all, is perhaps the very highest point of the comedy.

24.

THEY caught and held Chabot, Bazire and Delaunay. Benoist was peacefully on his way to Switzerland —it seems certain that both Benoist and Jean had been warned by someone within the precincts of the Committee—and Jean could not be found, although the Committee had information that he was in Paris, hiding in a deputy's house this time. As for Julien, they had caught him, but Ozanne, the police officer in charge of him, had let him escape.

They hunted high and low for Julien, which was too far afield since for nineteen days he remained quietly hidden in Paris with the help of one of his Convention colleagues—right in the offices, it has been said, of the Committee of General Security. It was his girl who got him out; the Beaufort wench, who came crying to Jean to save her deputy, so that Jean finally arranged it for him, disguised as a waggoner, through the Service of Public Cartage. That was something to remember in the brooding moments—that in the midst of the brutal business he had saved one of them, because a girl had begged him.

Jean himself slipped away from Paris then for a while; occupying himself with royalist intrigues in the South of France; journeying from hideout to hideout under assumed names; attending to personal affairs, too, through proxies or impersonations of proxies; acquiring a property at Chadieu which a certain Vallier purchased for a certain Nathey—those aliases of Jean's—and for which the real Nathey later brought suit against the alleged Vallier, settling the matter out of court and handing the property to Jean.

So that Jean was not in the city to watch Fabre working with Amar over the Chabot "affair"; to watch the arresting hand of the Committees falling on one after another of Jean's accomplices—one will shortly return to examine those catastrophes—to listen to Chabot and Julien accusing Delaunay; to hear about Chabot's letters from prison to Robespierre in which

he assured the great man that he "adored the hand which punished him"; that he was "no longer Chabot," for "my courage has disappeared since it is no longer possible for me to die for Liberty"; that it was certainly hard luck on his friends, his relatives and himself that after having lived a rowdy life in the company of concubines—at which time he was nevertheless considered a patriot—he should suddenly be considered a traitor just at the moment when he had married a virtuous wife; and that he gave everlasting thanks to Providence "for having always sustained me in the path of virtue."

The extraordinary Chabot; living like a king in his prison on the Freys' money; stuffing himself with expensive food; ordering elegant clothes; babbling away on paper for the benefit of the two Committees about everything and everybody; trying to save himself with a blizzard of accusations.

And Jean was not there to witness Delaunay's unexpected disclosure of the fatal original draft with the pencil corrections, and Chabot's confused wonderment when it was pointed out to him that Fabre's name was signed, first on the list, to the falsified document; to see Fabre, at last, arrested; branded by Amar, as it happened, as the principal author of the fraud; abandoned by Danton, after Billaud-Varennes's stinging remark in the Convention—"misfortune to anyone who is still the dupe of Fabre d'Eglantine"—thrown to the lions with a sarcasm of Robespierre's.

"Let us see how [Fabre] will get out of this one!"

Jean's glue pot.

25.

JEAN'S glue pot.

Spattered around by means of its two brushes, the Indies scandal and the Foreign Conspiracy—and it was the latter, the alleged political, seditious crime rather than the actual financial fraud which the government chose to emphasize—the contents of the pot began to fly around in every direc-

tion until man after man, group after group, was all clogged up in it.

Although some reference, on a future page, must very briefly be made to some of these events in their proper chronology and insofar as they personally affected Jean, this is not the place—nor does the scope of this book permit it—to set forth the very intricate and often very dramatic details of the furious conflict between the "factions" which now began; of the death struggle, barbed and poisoned by Chabot and Fabre, between the Hébertists and the Dantonists which drove them all to their doom under the manipulation of Robespierre; of the terrific "Indulgent" moderates' push for control led by Danton which came within inches of wrecking the Jacobins, the Mountain and the Terror, while all over France civil strife ran riot with violence; of the great trials in the spring of 1794 which sent Hébertists, Dantonists, Fabre, Chabot, Hérault, Hébert, Danton, man after man and batch after batch, to the guillotine, and by virtue of which the Jacobin Mountain maintained itself in power for the final Great Terror only by the process of cutting itself to pieces.

These matters pertain to History, and these pages are not so much concerned with the eventual history of the Revolution at any given moment as with some of the causes which produced those historical consequences, and in particular with those causes which came into being through the agency of Jean's efforts. But a cause must still be seen in juxtaposition with its consequences, an effort must be appraised and understood by its results.

To decimate the Convention, and to defame it.

And with that objective in mind, it pertains to History, too, to remember that the Indies scandal was the spark which started the conflagration which illuminated the twilight of those gods; that the Foreign Conspiracy—or some form of it tied up to charges, none of them entirely imaginary, of connivance with royalist plots—was the fundamental grounds of

accusation against all the condemned in all of the trials; that the question of complicity with Batz was the one which most acutely preoccupied the prosecutors.

And it pertains to History to realize that these Hébertist and Dantonist trials were made primarily the pillory of those who had sought to decimate or to defame—to vilify—the Convention; that the condemned, when not accused of straight royalist intrigue on behalf of Louis XVII, were told that they had "prepared the dispersal of the Convention through its vilification"; or that with Benoist and Batz they had "tightened the knots of the intrigue"; or that they had "evidently been associated with the system of corruption which Pitt had established for the purpose of vilifying and dissolving the Convention," and had served as the "instruments used by Batz and Benoist to put their liberticidal projects into execution." It became a formula. "Convicted of being an accomplice of the conspiracy formed against the Unity and Indivisibility of the Republic, against Liberty, and against the security of the French People."

To decimate the Convention, and to defame it. To ruin it, to set it by the ears with murderous discords and fratricidal distrusts until, terrified of itself, it began its own self destruction; to humiliate it, to drag it through the mire of scandal and treason, to vilify it, until, panic stricken in the presence of an intangible menace, it rushed headlong into the fantastic aberrations of a suicidal hysteria. That was Jean's plan, and in the spring of 1794—while a hurricane of denunciation, hatred and terror passed across France and over the benches of the shuddering Convention—in the spring of 1794 those guillotine tumbrils were its residue.

Hébert, Chaumette, Danton, Desmoulins, Hérault, Fabre, Chabot, Bazire, Delaunay, one does not begin to list them all; and d'Espagnac, Proly, Junius and Emmanuel Frey, Gusman, Pereyra, Desfieux—they were all going.

Jean's glue pot.

Part Five

THE RED SHIRTS

August, 1793–June, 1794

PART FIVE

THE RED SHIRTS

I.

JEAN had not forgotten the Queen; and one must go back, now, to the period when the Indies scandal was just being organized, to August of 1793.

In Paris, the streets were still howling, led by the Maniacs controlled by Proly. France as a whole was in a desperate fix, torn by civil war, threatened with military catastrophes; according to Lord Grenville's spy, the Committee of Public Safety—and more particularly that portion of it which was meeting in secret with members of the *Commune*—was at its wits' end. The Revolution was about to go to wrack; Robespierre and Saint-Just were quarreling; the negotiations for peace with Austria had come to nothing; without the support of the *Commune* and of its rabbles, the Committee faced annihilation. But the *Commune* wanted the Queen. The rabbles wanted her, and Hébert had promised her.

And on August 1—still with Austria in mind as well as Hébert—the order was given. The Queen from the Temple to the Conciergerie prison, the Tribunal's prison, to await trial.

They came to the Tower for her in the middle of the night, at about one o'clock on August 2, to drive her across town in a hack surrounded by mounted constabulary. Four Administrators of the Police named Michel, Froidure, Marino and Michonis—and it is impossible not to come up all standing with wonderment at the presence of those four men, those particular four men, on that errand at the Tower. It must have been coincidence, the accident of routine, which brought them

together—and the name of Soulès or Jobert among them would be more startling than that of Michel whose private connection with the others is by no means as certain—but one's imagination cannot fail to be struck all of a heap by the possibility of forlorn hopes represented in that group of prison Inspectors; at least by the unspeakable irony for Michonis of that long nocturnal drive, in such company assigned to the guardianship of such a passenger. Michonis who was already, as will be seen, conspiring for the escape of his prisoner from the prison to which he was now delivering her.

But nothing happened—on such short notice probably nothing could have been arranged—and they delivered the Queen without any fuss to her new warden. The man Richard who, with his wife, controlled the goings and comings in the Conciergerie. This was the old prison of the Law Courts, of the former Palace of Justice—the Prison of the Palace, so called—situated between the Sainte-Chapelle and the river, a stone's throw from the cathedral of Notre Dame in the heart of Paris. In one of its ancient towers the Public Prosecutor, Fouquier-Tinville, had his residence; in one of the halls above its labyrinths of cells, in what had been the gorgeous Great Chamber in which royal "beds of justice" had been held, the Revolutionary Tribunal sat daily; and the Conciergerie was already identified as the antechamber to judgment and condemnation.

2.

IT was very soon common talk around town that Batz had offered "a million" to anyone who would get into the Conciergerie and arrange an escape for the Queen.

Chabot heard of it; Burlandeux, the police spy, heard of it; Michonis obviously heard of it; the Baults, over at the Force prison, must have heard of it; the man Rougeville—who had protected the Queen at the Tuileries on that afternoon of

June 20 in 1792—cannot, as one will see, have failed to hear of it.

As for Jean himself, he had no intention of venturing personally into the Conciergerie. That would be asking a little too much of the complaisance of officials, of the protection of Providence. Jean had done that at the Temple, but he was not doing it at the Conciergerie—not any more than Fersen. But Jean was offering a million, and his whole organization outside.

It was not as far fetched as it sounds; in fact, at the time, it was rather incredibly simple. Richard, the warden, was a good soul—a simple, plodding creature, easily persuaded—and under an exterior of the most efficient and watchful severity, Madame Richard, very much mistress of her prison, was also amenable and kindly. Like the Baults, like many another prison warden couple, the Richards could be counted on to wink at a great many irregularities, so long as their own security was not thereby endangered. Gifts and supplies were continually being smuggled in to the Conciergerie for the prisoners—the Queen herself was to receive linen and books, goodies and eatables made for her by sympathetic housewives of the quarter, and flowers almost daily—and young Rosalie Lamorlière, the Richards' maid, was allowed to do her good hearted best with special dishes and little attentions.

And it went further than that, for Richard could not resist the appeal of charitably or religiously minded ministrations. With his connivance, for instance, a friend of the Baults, a certain Mademoiselle Fouché—but no relation of the Mountain deputy—was permitted habitually to visit the prisoners out of hours, and the Queen on several occasions; "refractory" priests —ecclesiastics who had refused to subscribe to the civil constitution of the clergy, and who, while under the ban of the law, were consequently always in demand by the devout—were frequently introduced into the prison, and one of them more than once into the Queen's presence; while the Police Admin-

istrators, Marino, Jobert, Michonis—who inspected the Conciergerie almost every day—made no difficulty at all about taking visitors in with them; curiosity seekers, personal friends, anyone who cared to come; as a favor or for a consideration; into any part of the prison, and repeatedly into the Queen's cell.

Of course, to converse with her at any length, to conspire with her, was a little more difficult.

3.

THEY passed the Queen in through the two wickets from the courtyard—the only entrance, supposedly, to the Conciergerie—through Richard's reception room and past the adjoining record office, and into a cell on the ground floor in back of the office, reached by means of a dark passage branching off to the left from the main ground level corridor of the prison; a corridor containing three grilled doors, and which led beyond the Women's Yard on the left and the visiting parlor on the right to "Paris Street" which gave access to the right to the men's court and quarters. The Queen's cell—actually the turnkeys' Council Room—a damp, bare, stone chamber about fourteen feet square, looked out through two low barred windows onto the Women's Yard.

In that chamber furnished with four chairs, a table, a bed, a basin and a stove, the Queen passed her time; dressing behind a screen four feet high in the presence of a pair of constabularies constantly in the room; disturbed every morning by the arrival for the slop jars of the prison stool pigeon Barassin, who seems to have been related to Madame Richard; waited on at meals by Rosalie and Madame Richard; watched continuously by the woman, Marie Harel, whose maiden name was Devaux and who had received the appointment through Jobert and Michonis. A woman whose husband was in the Police; whose public behavior towards the Queen was at all

times severe and unfriendly; and whose role in the events which were to follow has always remained an enigma.

In the daytime the Women's Yard was filled with the chattering of the female prisoners taking their exercise—but the Queen was not permitted to do so—and washing their clothes at the fountain. You wore *négligé* in the mornings and evenings, but in the middle of the day every possible elegance was the rule. The main corridor was also, by day, full of noise and commotion; arrivals, departures, visitors calling, men prisoners talking to the women at the grille to their yard. The record office was always busy; in the afternoon, you could tell from the sounds in Richard's reception room that those leaving for the scaffold were having their hair cut and their clothes arranged; and if by any chance they had to wait overnight they were kept in a little chamber off the corridor, and then that whole region of the prison smelled very badly, worse than usual, since there were no conveniences provided except buckets.

After dark, while the turnkeys tramped around with torches, leading great mastiffs on chains, the whole Conciergerie resounded with the breath taking, heart turning gaiety of singing; the swinging choruses of men and of women singing out their courageous scorn of the morrow.

4.

JEAN needed a man for his "million," and he had him. The man de Rougeville, a Knight of Saint-Louis.

A most extraordinary little baldish man, marked with smallpox, whose real name was Gonsse; who had no right to a landed title and who fabricated his from the name of a family windmill; and who had falsified a birth certificate by some ten years, to say nothing of a number of signatures, enabling him to claim military service in the American War on Washington's staff—appropriated, apparently, from another real

Rougeville—on the strength of which to demand, and in 1791 to receive, the Saint-Louis medal. A glib, boastful and frequently untruthful adventurer who was to spend his life following the intrigues of royalist conspiracies, and end up in front of a firing squad in 1815 for having done so once too often. A person of no morals and no character, but courageous, who shared with Proly the fundamentally genuine impulses of an intense devotion to the Queen.

At the Tuileries, Rougeville had been a fixture in the Queen's antechamber, always in her train, noticed by herself and by Fersen. One of those "Knights of the Dagger," as the Jacobins called them; those tempestuous, mostly self appointed and not always too reputable royalist defenders of the palace; crazy fools, some of them, truculent and indiscreet, loaded with hidden weapons, who did more harm than good—and among them Rougeville, who admitted having tried to concoct a scheme to blow up the National Assembly. But on June 20 of 1792 he had been there, and he had helped; he had pulled out the table as a protection for the Queen, and he had stood guard over her in the presence of the mob; and on August 10, again, he had not failed to show up. After August 10, he had disappeared—supposedly killed in the general massacre which followed.

Or so his woman, Louise, believed.

The widow Lacouture, with whom Rougeville had been living since 1790. He disappeared, and she thought that he was dead. But Rougeville was not dead; he had been in hiding for a while; and in January of 1793 he was living with another woman, the widow Dutilleul—the young and blond Sophie —who possessed a suburban residence at Vaugirard, and who was still on the friendliest terms with a recent "protector," the wood merchant Fontaine. She was also a great friend of the Baults. And a cherished memory Rougeville might have remained for Louise—a cherished memory and a bad debt—if chance had not brought her face to face one day with her lover

and his new wench. The two women had it out, feet and finger nails, hair and eyes—that was in May—and Rougeville and Sophie took refuge at Vaugirard. But Louise had not lost the trail; she turned in a denunciation of royalism against Rougeville—it was the fury of a woman scorned, because she really adored her Alexandre Dominique Joseph de Gonsse de Rougeville—and on June 3 he was arrested and imprisoned.

But Sophie knew the Baults; the Baults knew Michonis and Dangé, who knew Soulès and Froidure; and Jean knew them all—it is no stretch of the imagination to surmise that Rougeville had been a member of Jean's conspiracy to save the King—and on June 10, just in time for the Michonis affair at the Temple, Rougeville was released. "Miraculously," he recorded—although later on, when talking to Metternich, it seemed more brilliant to allege that he had himself bought off the prison Inspectors, all but Michonis who did not need to be bought.

And so, for the Conciergerie, Rougeville was the man. Someone, for one thing, whom the Queen would be pretty sure to recognize.

5.

AND now as one approaches the famous "affair of the carnations" at the Conciergerie—the conspiracy organized by Jean with Rougeville and, once again, Michonis for the escape of the Queen—it will be the better part of wisdom to proclaim the fact at once that, to this day, very little is known about it, and that what little is known is contradictory and confusing. Of those who knew, some of them, like the Queen, Michonis, Madame Richard, Marie Harel, lied their heads off later, deliberately and furiously, to save themselves or to protect others; some of them, like Rougeville and the guard Gilbert, said too much that was conflicting and artificial, without saying enough; some of them, like Jean and the Baults, said entirely too little.

That something extraordinary happened at the Conciergerie, transcending the mere exchange of illicit correspondence with the Queen, is incontestable, and that Jean was the moving spirit of the enterprise is certain. His attempt to bring about the Queen's escape from the Conciergerie, as well as from the Temple, was to be one of the counts "so perfectly proved" against him in the archives of the Committee of Public Safety. As for the Committee of General Security, its understanding of the affair was that the Queen's guards had been bought, that she failed to recognize the right one who was to guide her out of the prison—and that was to be Madame Royale's second hand version—and that Burlandeux was waiting for her to take her to Batz. Fersen had it from Rougeville that the wardens had been bought, that Rougeville and Michonis were to have taken the Queen out on a false order of reincarceration in the Temple, and that it had been intended to conceal her at first at Livry—which is interesting because it was at Livry that Madame de Jarjayes resided. Elsewhere, Rougeville reported that the Queen had already reached the outer door of the Conciergerie when the alarm was given and she was forced to turn back.

It is evident, too, that Jean, Rougeville, Sophie and her friend Fontaine, Michonis and perhaps Dangé, Madame Michonis, the Baults, the Richards, Marie Harel, Burlandeux and some guards—notably Gilbert—were involved, and possibly the under turnkey Larivière whose sister was to marry Gilbert, and whose parents were former royal employees. Whether Madame de Janson, the lady who was used to help snare Chabot, had anything to do with it cannot be ascertained. She was hand in glove with Jean—she was hiding her aristocratic identity under a bourgeois name and impersonation—and she was devoted to the Queen whom she greatly resembled; and there had been some question of trying to substitute her for the Queen, except that it was only too certain that the Queen would refuse such an offer.

That countless other individuals were involved—either in Jean's or some further conspiracy—was the opinion of the Police which, on the strength of some very vague street rumors which it gave to Froidure to investigate, unearthed what it chose to consider evidence of a plot affecting several hundred persons intending to seize military barracks, rescue the Queen, overthrow the Convention and proclaim Louis XVII. Of these alleged hundreds, twentynine were arrested and tried; the sorriest assemblage of little neighborhood nobodies; transformed, it may be, into public scapegoats for the other affair; four of whom were condemned to death—a man Lemille and his wife, the nineteen year old wig maker Basset, the woman Fournier—a fifth, the fourteen year old Fournier boy, being sent to prison for twenty years.

What the Police would have done better to investigate, and a point which today one does well to contemplate with a degree of attention apparently seldom vouchsafed to it—for it affects the whole question of the Queen's projected escape and its itinerary inside the prison—is the fact that, while there was supposed to be only one way of exit from the Conciergerie, the regular way through Richard's reception room and the wickets, there was actually a second way, a back way giving out on the Sainte-Chapelle, which was perfectly well known to some of the prisoners and to the turnkeys, or at least to Larivière. The "obscure passageway of the [prison] chapel, which falls into the little spiral staircase and comes out at the outer courtyard of the Sainte-Chapelle"—far removed from the busy front of the prison, from the wickets, and from the main guard room. An impossible route, according to Larivière, because "the enormous bolts of all those ancient doors were chained up," and the noise made while removing the chains would arouse the sentry standing outside the last door—"unless you cut his throat."

But even the impossible can be attempted once, a sentry's throat can be cut, and the circumstance that one was thought

necessary would seem to indicate that the route was not entirely impracticable. Far less so for an escape, one would imagine, assuming a little connivance, than that leading through the front entrance. Rougeville's yarn to Fersen about the false order of transfer was very ingenious, and that device would certainly have cleared the way at the main exit, but, if put into practice, it would also have done away with the necessity of bribing any guards—and that guards were bribed is very definitely established; so that the device, if considered, must have been abandoned; as too greatly incriminating, for one thing, for Richard. Still—the whole affair is so mysterious—it may have been used as the ostensible excuse for the otherwise mercenary collusion of the watchers *in the Queen's cell.* But, once out of her cell, if it is true that on the night of September 2 Burlandeux, "for once faithful to Batz," was waiting for the Queen, it is precisely in that distant courtyard, possibly in the shoes of a murdered sentry, that one would expect to find him.

6.

OUTSIDE, in the city, in order to distract attention from the Conciergerie, the usual technique of instigated riots and spurious political movements, of prevailing disturbances exaggerated and made use of for a different end, was adopted. This had been done in March, at the time of the Toulan attempt at the Temple; the method was one of the principal elements of almost every current conspiracy—that of General Dillon which had just been nipped in the bud, those of which Hébert and Danton were to be accused—and in this critical August of 1793 riot was again the order of the day. Riot of which the Fournier affair was perhaps a genuine echo; of which the continuing Maniac ructions were a more positive manifestation.

For they were at it again. On the plea of investigating the dealings of the *Commune* with contractors—and in a state of

fury carefully aggravated by royalist red bonnets cooperating with Girondin sympathizers—the Section assemblies had been meeting again at the Bishopric since July 31; throughout the month of August, in the face of military disasters and a terrible shortage of food—the days which saw the publication of the counter-revolutionary "English Letter" and resounded with the terrifying threats of the Foreign Conspiracy—the whirlwind of insurrection against the Convention was stirring; in September, it broke in a big movement which swept into the Tuileries with violent demands; in October, after the permanence of the Section meetings had been suppressed, it was still continuing through the agency of independent Section "clubs" founded and federated by Proly and Desfieux—a leaf out of the Jacobin book—and answering to the instructions of a powerful Central Committee which Robespierre did his best to denounce as intended to "upset everything and destroy the Jacobins." While Saint-Just gave his fearful summary of the pitiful state of the country, and thundered against the "monarchical minority," against "not only traitors but the lukewarm" and "passive," against those who refused to be governed with justice and must, consequently, be "governed with iron."

The whirlwind broke in September; but it was on the night of September 2 that a desperate venture was tried at the Conciergerie, and it was not until September 5 that the streets finally got going. That was always the trouble when you were dealing with fundamentally uncontrollable forces; you could not schedule such irruptions down to the minute. In March, too much had been done ahead of time; in September, the outburst was delayed. In this case, with the Queen at Livry, the escape might have favored the movement; with the great hostage gone, the *Commune* might have irresistibly risen to crush the Convention and the Committees, with a resulting proclamation of Louis XVII coming out of the panic as the only solution.

But with such men as Proly, Desfieux and Pereyra always

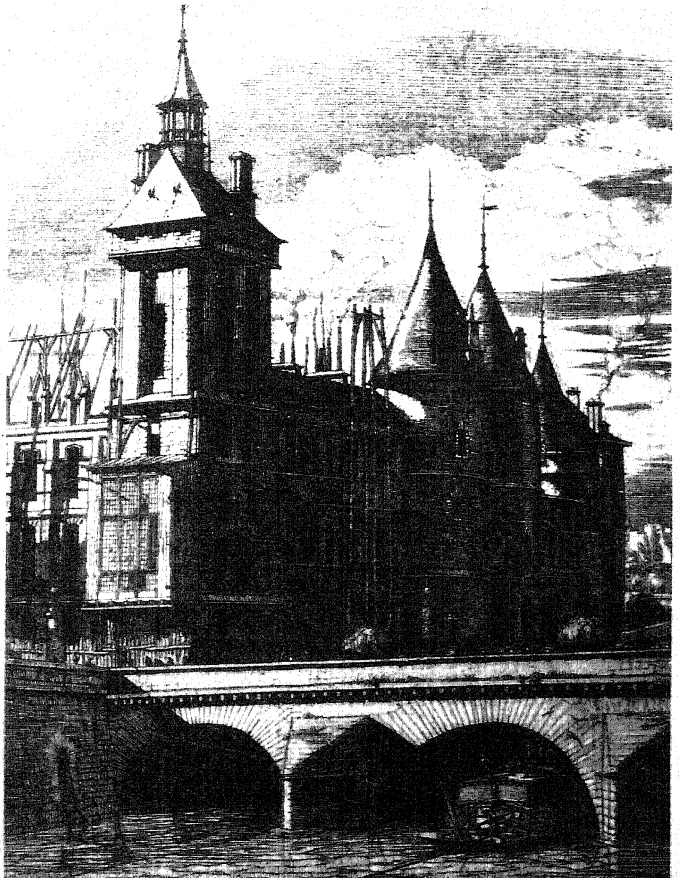
in the van of the "trouble," one may, and one should, clearly discern Jean's invisible hand constantly at work. Invisible only to present day pundits, because his contemporaries were not so blind.

7.

IT seems as if Jean was a little chary of appealing directly to Michonis this time—or else it was Michonis who insisted on the subterfuge of an apparently purely social introduction to Rougeville—because it was Rougeville's girl, Sophie, who came to the Baults, as being intimate with Michonis, and asked them to arrange an interview with the Inspector for the purpose of interesting him in an enterprise to save the Queen.

That Michonis entered into the affair rather reluctantly appears probable. He had kept out of trouble so far over the Temple business in June, and he was perhaps not over anxious to involve himself again at the Conciergerie. For while Madame Bault was to report that Michonis, "filled with honor and zeal, greeted the proposal with favor," Madame Michonis on her side was to tell Hyde de Neuville that Michonis had "compromised" himself at another's "instigation," and "without any possible hope of success"; but that he had found himself "incapable of denying himself to what was put up to him as a great service to be rendered to the Queen," and had, therefore, "consented to assist the rash enterprise of a man who was more adventurous with his devotion than capable with his zeal."

It was long afterwards that Madame Michonis made those statements, and in retrospect the lack of any "possible hope of success" was easy to see; it was easy, too, for Neuville, for Rosalie Lamorlière and for others, to look back and decide—since there is nothing more dismal than the failure of failure—that the affair was "imprudent," that it was not based on any "well conceived" plan, that it was less likely to succeed than



THE TOWERS OF THE CONCIERGERIE PRISON

the Temple enterprise, and that its sole result was disaster for the Queen and her friends.

But at the time, it cannot have seemed as hopeless as all that. Getting into the Conciergerie was nothing in the company of an official like Michonis; the device of the false order —if that was what they did—was cleverly imagined for the purpose of covering Marie Harel and the cell guards; the use of the rear door, with the connivance of Richard—and that was where all the after the fact clairvoyant critics probably slipped up, with their minds naturally on the risk of the front wickets—the use of the rear door, and one believes that they did use it, was a good stroke, designed to bring the Queen out into an unfrequented courtyard, and to relieve Richard of any collusion at the official exit.

When the escape was discovered, those on duty in the cell could say that they had merely permitted the execution of an order of transfer produced by Michonis; Richard could say that he knew nothing, since no such order had been presented to him and no such transfer had occurred through the record office. Michonis would not need to say anything, since he would be at Livry. If anything, the plan was better conceived than the one for the Temple, more likely to succeed with only one prisoner, the details of its machinery entrusted to fewer persons on the spot. Risk—yes. Risk of surprise, and risk of betrayal by those whom circumstances forced you to bribe. The Queen had to be gotten out of her cell; an adventure of that nature could not be arranged for without risk; and very likely the penalty of failure would be disaster.

It was for the Queen to take the chance, or not, as she chose. If she wanted to come, those men were ready; at the Conciergerie, and at Livry, and on the road to the frontier afterwards. Rougeville, Michonis and Jean.

In any event, Michonis consented. He went with the Baults to Vaugirard, to meet Rougeville and Sophie, on July 26—and that is most interesting, revealing the fact that the removal of

the Queen to the Conciergerie was already anticipated and already the subject of conspiracy; a circumstance which brings the imagination even more sharply to contemplate the midnight ride of Michel, Marino, Froidure and Michonis across town with the Queen. It was a curious interview at Vaugirard, a scene in a play for the Baults' benefit, if, as may well be the case, Michonis had already met Rougeville in June. And on August 1, and again on August 15, Michonis went with his new friends, Rougeville and Sophie, to the house of their friend Fontaine. A mixed crowd of guests, especially on the second occasion—a deputy, various acquaintances of Fontaine's, some rowdy girls. They talked about the Queen, of course, whom Michonis saw almost every day. Rougeville was mildly interested. Could one get in to see her? Oh, yes, very easily. Rougeville was very casual about it, and it was Michonis who pressed the matter. Did Rougeville want to go in and see the Queen? Well, yes, if Michonis insisted. It must be a curious spectacle, at that!

The engagement was made for Wednesday, August 28.

8.

AND from what they afterwards pretended that they had done, or insisted that they had done, or denied that they had done—reading between the lines of prudent testimony by the light of exaggerated report—one is able, after all, pretty well to reconstruct what they did do.

The Queen was seated at the table, facing Marie Harel who had the stove and the door behind her. The two guards, Gilbert and Dufresne, were in the corner. Of the four constantly on duty with the Queen, this was the pair who were supposed to be well disposed, the "good" guards, and who would have to be bought, along with Marie Harel—unless she was already to be trusted. There were flowers in the room; those flowers for which the Queen had "a passion," and which

were brought to her every day, by Rosalie and by the guards, and "for the last few days principally carnations."

In his pocket Rougeville, too, had a carnation, perhaps two. He was fingering the carnation, while Michonis conversed with the Queen about her children at the Temple, and with Marie Harel about matters of routine. In the carnation was a note.

There were to be several versions of this note which no second person except the Queen was ever to see, for she tore it up into little bits which she presumably swallowed. The Police thought that it said, "Rest assured, I have money and men ready." Hyde de Neuville was told that it read "You have every hope, your friends have not abandoned you, they have men and money." The guard Dufresne, alleging that the Queen had told him, was finally to report the contents as "What are you doing here? We have man power and money at your service." The guard Gilbert, also alleging that the Queen had told him, produced the only obviously fantastic version, which the inquest however chose to accept. "My protectress," Gilbert's invention wastefully ran, "I will never forget you, I will always seek the means of proving my zeal to you; if you need three hundred [gold] *louis* for those around you I will bring them next Friday."

The Queen herself, when questioned, could not remember. She denied any reference to "my protectress." The note, she told the inquest, contained an offer of money—all the versions were agreed on that—and some "vague" phrases, "what are you planning to do, what do you expect to do, I have been in prison, I got out of it by a miracle, I will come Friday." And there, at least, is a sentence which sounds genuine—that remark about the miracle, for Rougeville had been in prison and considered his release miraculous. It is noteworthy, too, that both the Queen and Gilbert let slip that mention of a proposed Friday visit.

Rougeville fingered the carnation, and watched his chance,

and dropped the flower on the floor, near the stove apparently. The Queen had not paid any attention to Rougeville—she very much disliked having strangers come and stare at her as they so frequently did—and she did not notice the flower. Neither did Marie Harel, nor the guards who thought afterwards that the stranger might be Michonis's son. Michonis had to go on with his inspection around the prison; he went out with Rougeville; and nothing had happened. The Queen had not seen the carnation. They must have discussed it together, Rougeville and Michonis, for fifteen minutes later they were back in the Queen's cell. Except for the Queen's own admission of it, the fact would not have been known because none of the others said a word about this second visit on August 28.

And this time the Queen recognized Rougeville, the man of the Tuileries, the man of June 20. She admitted that, too, at the inquest, but could not be persuaded to remember his name.

It startled her, and she blushed, and the guard Gilbert noticed that. Rougeville pointed to the carnation on the floor, but still the Queen did not seem to understand. Then, finally—and the guard Gilbert saw her stoop—she picked it up and found the note. Michonis went out again with Rougeville, and that was all.

9.

IT was then, according to Gilbert's subsequent testimony, that the Queen did an utterly foolish thing.

Now Gilbert may have been a "good" guard, but he was a thoroughly bad citizen. He married Julie Larivière later on; to the great disgust of her brother who long afterwards let it be known that Gilbert was "the most corrupt constabulary who ever existed," that he had made his wife "the most unhappy woman in the world," and that he had "gambled away all the company funds one day, and blown out his brains." That his testimony, including his version of the note, was

almost entirely fabricated in order to save his own skin—none of the others daring to contradict any essential part of his story—is beyond any doubt, but it is necessary to know what he said, and persuaded Dufresne to corroborate.

And this is what he said. He declared that after the stranger had gone—and while Marie Harel was out of the room fetching some drinking water—the Queen approached him and told him about the carnation and the note, repeating the contents to him. He declared that she quoted to him some of the conversation which she had had with the stranger—Marie Harel testified that there was no conversation, and Gilbert himself had just stated that he had personally noticed no exchange of any sort between the stranger and the Queen—and then, Gilbert maintained, the Queen showed him a note which she herself had prepared for the stranger; a note pricked with a pin which she had contrived while Gilbert and Marie Harel were playing cards—a game the occurrence of which Marie Harel denied.

Just at that moment Marie Harel came in with the water, and Gilbert—so he insisted—grabbed the note from the Queen and put it in his pocket. When the Queen asked for it afterwards, Gilbert told her that Madame Richard had been going through his pockets for fun and had taken all his papers. But this was only a yarn to keep the Queen quiet because, as Gilbert was careful to tell the inquest, he had actually voluntarily handed over the note to Madame Richard at the first opportunity.

And that was true. There was a note—the Queen admitted having pricked it with a pin; a message to the visitor not to come back, so she said—and Gilbert had given it to Madame Richard, who stated that she had given it to Michonis, who produced it at the inquest for them all dutifully to identify. But while Gilbert said that he had handed it over right away, on August 28, Madame Richard stated that she had given it to Michonis on the occasion of his next visit to the

Conciergerie—which seems to have occurred on August 30—and that the note had been placed in her hands by Gilbert just a few moments before. And the failure of the inquest to take any particular notice of such discrepancies was one of the interesting features of its hearings. The note, when produced, was completely illegible; it still exists, and is still more illegible, after many inspections and repinnings to its *dossier;* and it is a question whether it was ever legible, because it was probably never the original note.

For the guard Gilbert was lying—since they could none of them contradict him except in details without giving themselves away—and what they were all concealing was the fact that Rougeville had come again to the prison, on Friday, August 30.

10.

IN his carnation note Rougeville had promised to come on Friday; and on Friday, according to his own say so, he came, "with new precautions and in another costume"; and on Friday he must have come—for the Queen, while dating them in her careful testimony as of August 28, was eventually to admit the elements of a long conversation with Rougeville which could not possibly have taken place on the Wednesday when it was all that they could do to get her to pick up the note, and when the guards, to say nothing of Marie Harel, had not yet been approached.

It was then, on Friday one feels certain, in the presence of watchers whom the Queen had already sounded out with promises of money—and there is the real foundation of Gilbert's story—that Rougeville told her that "I have money, men, Police Administrators, in short the means to get you out of this fatal habitation"; it was then that he made his arrangements with her, and with the others, for the night of September 2; it was then that he produced the money for the accomplices the receipt of which the Queen made such a point after-

wards of denying; it was then that he asked the Queen—and the words were quoted by herself—"whether her heart would fail her," and that she replied that "it will never fail me, but it is profoundly afflicted."

And it was then, one suspects—after Rougeville had gone on August 30, not on August 28—that the Queen pricked the note, either for Michonis or Rougeville, and gave it to her accomplice Gilbert, who gave it to his accomplice Madame Richard, who gave it to her accomplice Michonis, who either destroyed it or gave it to Rougeville whom he admittedly saw at Fontaine's on September 1.

II.

WHAT happened on the night of September 2? When Rougeville and Michonis came for the Queen? When Jean waited for Burlandeux? When the Queen made a mistake, or a guard lost his nerve?

Nobody knows, and nobody ever will know.

12.

BUT something happened that night. The prison was full of it afterwards. Some treachery; and on September 9, at the Jacobins, Gilbert seemed to be boasting of it. But it is interesting to note that in the prison it was Marie Harel whom they blamed. Marie Harel who, after giving her testimony as to August 28, was never seen again at the Conciergerie. Rosalie, Larivière—they all blamed Marie Harel, and never a word about Gilbert or any other guard. It was Marie Harel who had given the thing away to Fouquier-Tinville, the Prosecutor—so they believed—on "that same night"; on "that very night"; on "the night of the affair"; on the night the succeeding day of which, September 3, saw the prison all turned upside down, all leaves for turnkeys can-

celled, all wicket keepers and employees "consigned to quarters until further orders."

On the night the succeeding day of which, September 3, saw Rougeville making a bundle of two shirts and some stockings, and leaving Vaugirard in the morning with Sophie to go to lunch at Fontaine's where he conferred with Michonis, and afterwards totally vanished.

And it was on September 3, *six days* after the alleged occurrence of the events which he was now prudently hastening to expose, that Gilbert wrote to his commanding officer to report irregularities in the Queen's cell on August 28—that was the date they were all officially to cling to, betrayers and betrayed—irregularities which he did not wish to conceal because he did not wish "to compromise myself, or my comrade, or the entire constabulary corps." It earned him a promotion and one for the corroborating Dufresne. The communication was forwarded at once to the Committee of General Security which ordered an immediate investigation on the spot; and at four o'clock in the afternoon Amar and two other members were at the Conciergerie for the inquest. But Rougeville had disappeared at noon; he had made up his little bundle of shirts and stockings that morning; for fear not of what Gilbert was doing, which Rougeville was not even aware of, but obviously because of what someone else had already done, or because of something which had already happened, between September 1 and September 3.

They had them all in, the Queen, Madame Richard, Gilbert, Michonis, some of them twice; and as Michonis told his story they sent out for Fontaine, who admitted the meetings at his house, even the one that noon, but who denied knowledge of any conspiracy with Rougeville whom he finally named—for Michonis had stood there rather magnificently denying that he had ever heard the name of this acquaintance whom he had seen on several occasions and eventually introduced into the prison.

And the Committee of General Security would have very much liked to catch Rougeville; they put one of the best men in the Police on his trail, with full powers and unlimited funds; they surrounded the house at Vaugirard; they placed spies at the Fontaine and Michonis residences; they arrested Fontaine and Sophie—they also, in October, arrested Lepitre, Jobert, Dangé, Moelle, Vincent and two other Municipals, an echo of the two affairs at the Temple and of Madame Tison's denunciation; they ordered the arrest, likewise, of Toulan, but he got away from them to Bordeaux—but not a trace could they find of Rougeville whom Jean had hidden in the quarries near Charonne until such time as he could smuggle him out.

Another one saved.

13.

OF all those testifying at the inquest, it was inevitably Michonis who had the hardest time of it. It was difficult to maintain, in the face of admitted association with the man, that he had never heard Rougeville's name; it was very difficult to insist, as Michonis did, that he had scolded the man for causing trouble at the Conciergerie but still did not know that the pin prick note was intended for him—how could Michonis have known that, since he had not given the note to the man, and here it was? Did Gilbert identify it? Certainly. Did the Queen identify it? Certainly. And as for the note, Michonis had told Madame Richard to pay no attention to it—but he would not bring in any more visitors—and Michonis, even though he had scolded the man, had not had him arrested because he considered the note unimportant, no matter whom it was intended for, and the affair itself closed. It was the technique, calm, bored, indifferent, which Michonis had used against Simon in June at the Temple, but this time he was on very thin ice. And of all the lies uttered that day, there was perhaps none more superb than Michonis's when he asserted

that he had never seen the Queen until the morning of her transfer to the Conciergerie.

They held him.

They held Michonis, and included him for trial, in November, with Fontaine, Sophie, Lepitre and the others; and when they were all acquitted, Michonis was held again. They took the Queen, on September 11, and put her in a different cell, deeper into the prison—but nearer the passageway to the back exit! On that same day they put the Richards in prison, and Dangé and Mademoiselle Fouché both went running to the Baults. They must apply immediately for the vacancy at the Conciergerie for which the Committee was considering the dreadful Simon of the Temple. The Baults had been terrified for themselves, wondering what Michonis might reveal; but "his loyalty and discretion never wavered," and now the Baults, backed by Dangé, were ready.

They obtained the post that very day; "such a rapid and secret negotiation," Madame Bault called it afterwards; and yet the Queen had been advised, and greeted Bault by name when he presented himself to her for the first time. And one can only contemplate with amazement the spectacle of Committees of revolutionary Security and Safety replacing the Richards in the Queen's prison with a pair of intimate friends of Michonis's, on the recommendation of an Inspector who had already been denounced by Madame Tison for his behavior at the Temple, and whom they were shortly to arrest and try for his life. The Revolution was too full of such paradoxes—or were they, also, treacheries?

But nothing came of it. It was not in the Queen's destiny to be saved; her trial was ordered, perhaps accelerated by these September events—that was the price of failure—and on October 16 she perished; rather gratefully at the end, for she was very very weary. "Alas," Madame Bault wrote, "we were not able to preserve her days."

14.

THERE remained the misbegotten Burlandeux.

Dealing with such an individual, always on the lookout for an opportunity to blackmail Jean whom he had promised himself—and boasted of it to the stool pigeon Armand—to milk for a hundred thousand *écus* as the price of his head, a showdown must eventually occur; and the "affair of the carnation" gave Burlandeux his chance.

There had been no mention of Jean, officially, in connection with the Conciergerie, but behind the scenes they all knew very well in what direction to look for the real instigator of that enterprise; if they had not chosen to give it any publicity, they knew that something had happened on September 2; and now, Jean was told—sooner or later he was always told everything—now Burlandeux was getting ready to swear out a warrant of arrest accusing him of the conspiracy; a warrant by means of which Burlandeux was proposing to obtain his hundred thousand *écus,* for such an accusation was not one to have going the rounds of the Committee of General Security just at this time.

Jean was very much annoyed. He was very busy with the Indies intrigue and the gluing up of Chabot; he had Rougeville on his hands, and in his soul the disappointment of the failure at the Conciergerie which he must have known, now, to be final; and the town was already getting a little too hot for him; the post roads, even, growing a little too insecure with the Committee of Public Safety talking of opening all the mail in and out of Paris, all the mail trunks in all the coaches on all the highways.

Two could play at Burlandeux's game, and before very long an accusation was on file against Burlandeux, charging him with collusion and extortion in his contacts with prisoners. But nothing happened; Burlandeux was still loose, and Jean still in danger; and this time Jean sent his friend, Madame de

Janson, to interview her friend Alquier, of the Committee of General Security. Alquier was a former royal magistrate and member of the Constituant Assembly, and a person who knew his way around in the Revolution. He was then serving his turn as chairman of the Committee, and he must do something about Burlandeux, Madame de Janson insisted. Batz was entirely innocent, and Burlandeux as guilty as possible. In fact, Burlandeux was himself involved in the Conciergerie affair. Alquier said nothing.

And then Jean lost his temper. Either he would fix Burlandeux, or Burlandeux would fix him. "The only choice left to me," Jean afterwards wrote, "was to disappear or to get to the Committee of General Security first." He had walked in to Lullier's office once, chin in the air, with an order of arrest out against him, and now he walked in to Alquier's private office at the Tuileries! And on September 14, Burlandeux was arrested. He appeared before Froidure—which was bad luck for him—and after listening for a while to Burlandeux's perfectly genuine revelations concerning Jean, Froidure held Burlandeux for prison.

That terrible Batz, who seemed to have even the Committee of General Security in his pocket. Chabot, later on, could not understand how it was that Batz always managed to have his denunciators arrested and loaded with the guilt which should have been his. There was Burlandeux, and here—in the spring of 1794—was Chabot. However, Chabot sorrowfully recorded, "I might have expected such a reversal of the principles of justice when I denounced the Baron de Batz."

But it was reserved for the Committee of General Security itself to be the most grievously annoyed of all—this was later in the spring of 1794—when three Police Commissioners presented themselves one day at the Freys', broke the seals on Chabot's apartment and walked off with his papers. The neighborhood thought nothing of it at the time—some routine police activity—but afterwards there was a terrible uproar,

because the third Commissioner had gone away with the papers; he had simply walked in to the police station originally, and summoned two officials to assist him in due course of normal procedure; and, come to find out, he was not a Commissioner at all, and his order of removal was spurious. The terrible Batz.

Blarneying, Gascon Jean.

15.

AND one may well wonder how Jean could dare to do such things; but actually the complicated surveillance system was more to blame, perhaps, than anything else. Provided you were not betrayed by a Burlandeux, or some other accomplice, or some stray accuser, you were safe as regards the rank and file of Section and municipality officialdom—those persons with whom you came in daily contact, and from whom any action against you must find its way up through the channels of procedure—so long as you possessed the necessary civic and identification papers all in order.

And Jean had his pockets full of such papers. He had them from Boulogne, and he had them from Paris; he had them signed by Clavière, and he had them signed by Lullier; he had them for Muller, and he had them for Vallier, and he had them for Nathey; but, principally, he had them for Citizen Jean Batz, merchant. His latest passport, received on August 28 through the good offices of Lullier—as the result of certifications complaisantly furnished in April by Clavière—was for Jean Batz. Not for Jean, former Baron de Batz. That was the point, and the subterfuge was sufficient in the presence of a literal bureaucracy overwhelmed by its own machinery, and satisfied with the documentary evidence of a correct observance of formalities.

It was the Baron de Batz whom everyone was looking for; the Baron de Batz who was behind the Foreign Conspiracy,

and the Temple and Conciergerie affairs; the Baron de Batz whose rue Ménars apartment had been sequestered in March—only Jean had flimflammed the authorities into believing that that was a mistake, because it really belonged to Citizen Batz—and the Baron de Batz was nowhere to be found; he was a fugitive, practically an outlaw, a shadow by day and a ghost in the night. The man who walked the streets, who passed through this city barrier and then that one, who slept here and there—for it was not prudent just the same to stay too long in any one place—the man who went to Lullier's office, who walked in to Alquier's; that man, for purposes of the record at least, was Citizen Batz, merchant. When he was not Muller, or Vallier, or Nathey. And there was nothing against Citizen Batz, merchant. The whole trick was not to be identified as Jean, Baron de Batz. Yes, the names were similar, and what of it? Jean was a very common name, and there had been plenty of Batzes in France.

As for the Police, one knows of Jean's reliance on such men as Soulès, Froidure, Dangé and Marino; his hold on Lullier; his mercenary use of creatures like Burlandeux, Poupart and Armand; and his influence on the Committee of General Security itself—through Sénar, a secretary, and some of its members—was no mere boast of Benoist's, no mere obsession of Chabot's. There were times, indeed—in November, for instance, after Chabot's collapse—when they seemed deliberately to shut their eyes to Jean's whereabouts. The whereabouts, that is, of Jean, Baron de Batz.

And the situation was infinitely confused, moreover, for the authorities—for the abstract execution of genuine police prevention—by the increasing hostility for each other of the two great governing Committees; by the jealousy between administrations which set municipal and federal police at loggerheads; by the mutual obstruction of individual police cliques spying and ferreting against one another on behalf of General Security, of Public Safety, of the Convention, of the

Commune, of the Department of Justice, of the Jacobins, of this or that individual even; almost all of them sold and consequently purchasable, unreliable from day to day, serving two and even three masters at once as likely as not.

Of course, there was always Robespierre.

16.

IT was Robespierre's crew that Jean had to fear; more and more desperately from now on, because Robespierre could not be bought off, and because it was Robespierre who was more and more clearly beginning to apprehend the quality and menace of the continuous conspiracy against the Revolution, and to discern the features of its real leader.

One cannot here take space—perhaps unfortunately, for the picture is worth contemplating in detail—to describe the extraordinary assemblage of rascally nobodies, of log rolling relatives and cronies, of little petty crooks and grafters, of out and out thugs and bludgeon swingers with whom the Incorruptible had surrounded himself, and from whose ranks he was a little later to pack the jury and bench of the Revolutionary Tribunal.

One should see some of Robespierre's "Patriots with Talents," for so he listed them; one should see Fauvety, and "Sempronius Gracchus" Vilate, and the fearful brute Trinchard; one should see Gravier and Nicolas, Villers, Deschamps and Taschereau; one should see Pigeot the hair dresser, and Didiée the locksmith, and Lohier the grocer, and Calandini the cobbler; one should see the former Comtesse de Chalabre keeping watch over the idol in the Duplay courtyard—a half cracked eccentric, Robespierre's "Cerberus," a "female who resembled a harpy"; one should see the bodyguard swinging down the street around the blue coat, around the little man with the funny eyes and the moist, bubbling lips—a dozen thugs at a time, often, led by Duplay, "who never lost sight

of Robespierre, either at the Convention, or at the Jacobins, or in the streets, all ready to fall with their bludgeons on the first passerby who might look at him sideways."

But some of Robespierre's special police one must see, for they were the men whom Jean had at his heels.

There was Sénar, but after October Sénar was completely in Jean's hand. There was Lafosse, a Chief Inspector who may also have had an arrangement with Jean. There was Dulac, and there was Dumonceau the unfrocked monk, whose particular task for Robespierre was to watch the proceedings of the Revolutionary Tribunal and report on the behavior of judges and jurors—two very measly creatures who were to desert Robespierre in July of 1794, just before his downfall. There was Maillard, "Big Punch" Maillard of the September prison massacres.

Maillard was a bruiser, the boss of the massacring gang. He had worked for Orléans in 1789, for the *Commune* in 1792; he had assembled around him, in 1793, a contingent of some sixty unpleasant characters, massacrers and ruffians, whom he employed in the violent work of police rough and tumble; and in September, after the cooking of Burlandeux's goose, he would have liked to rent them out in Jean's pay. For any purpose, riot, slaughter, murder—Robespierre, anyone you pleased—Maillard was not finicky. He put it up to Jean to buy the services of his gang "or be captured with your own people," and then "to save yourselves later it would cost more." Jean, who was not finicky either, sardonically considered the notion for a moment. To get rid of Robespierre, a battle royal between Maillard's thugs and the Incorruptible's bodyguard, that would be killing a number of very sad birds with one bludgeon, so to speak. Then he sent Maillard packing, and before the month was out the contingent was working for Robespierre.

And there was Dossonville.

Now Dossonville was quite a person. A sort of *Figaro* of

the Police, adventurous, gay and attractive, even if he did have to deal with specimens like Armand and Dumonceau, and whose most remarkably picaresque career was to carry him far beyond the borders of this book. A servant early in life, then a *café* proprietor, 1790 had seen him a Lieutenant in Lafayette's National Guard, 1791 a minor messenger of royal intrigue, 1792 defending the Tuileries on August 10. A mistake which sent him to the Abbeye prison from which he extricated himself only just in time to avoid Maillard and his massacrers. Dossonville did not repeat the mistake. In 1793, he was one of the most trusted agents of the Committee of General Security, with a commission which gave him *carte blanche* and forbad his arrest on any pretext without prior reference to the Committee. He knew everybody; he frequented Aucane's Number Fifty; he went everywhere armed only with his little stick; he served Robespierre faithfully. He was Dossonville.

He also saved a great many lives, "as many as possible," by mislaying papers and delaying reports. For the fun of it, because most of those beholden to him never knew it. And in that respect, too, he was Dossonville.

And then there was Héron.

17.

HERON was quite a person, also, but of a different sort.

Héron was a crazy man. He had been in the Navy and he was married; shortly before the Revolution, he had been sent to Havana by a firm of bankers to collect a large sum of money, but he had returned without it; and ever since then he had been the victim of a persecution mania. He saw spies all around him; he was sure that his wife was unfaithful; he had fearful rows with all and sundry; and it was all a conspiracy to prove him insane. The last straw was when his wife's lover, so Héron maintained, robbed him of eight hundred thousand

francs' worth of securities, the presence of which in Héron's strong box was itself the subject of considerable public marvel.

Héron was a maniac after that, quarreling, fighting, vociferating. When it came, he plunged furiously into the Revolution; he sheltered Marat; he was a friend of Fouquier-Tinville; he attacked the Tuileries on August 10; and in September, after the Paris prison massacres, he helped to slaughter the political prisoners at Versailles. All because among them there was a personal enemy of his. From then on Héron was the great denouncer. He denounced his landlord, he denounced a woman who annoyed him by looking at him, he denounced his wife—and asked Sénar to slip her into a guillotine batch—he denounced the bankers who had sent him to Havana, he denounced all his "persecutors," he denounced every rich person he could think of.

Suspects were now his mania, and with a gang of ruffians of his own recruiting he entered the service of the Committee of General Security where, although they feared him, they considered him "indispensable as leader of his gang, for big strokes of violence and for lively expeditions." He "carried terror," he was an adept at ferreting, and "the frightful system of devastation and cruelty caused him to be kept on." He controlled Maillard, "the brigand generalissimo"—so Sénar reported—and later inherited Maillard's own gang which he distributed in every quarter of Paris; and while General Security thought that it was employing him to spy on Public Safety, it was actually Robespierre who was employing him to spy on his employers.

He was Robespierre's "bulldog," his "Cerberus," his "Argus" and a "veritable ogre," and also "his most crooked and perfidious agent, dominating, influencing everywhere." Between Robespierre and Héron everything was mysterious and concealed; they never conferred openly; and Héron's sealed reports to Robespierre were handed to him secretly by men posted in the corridor leading to the Committee of Public

Safety, or were brought by girls to the "infamous Chalabre woman." But there was nothing secret or concealed about Héron himself. He never moved without two men armed to the teeth to escort him; his home was an arsenal of weapons; and when he came swinging down the street he carried with him a hunting knife, two daggers, some pistols and a pair of blunderbusses under his cloak.

A crazy man—but Robespierre swore by him. If the Convention, he proclaimed on one occasion, "wished to earn the palm of glory" and overthrow the factions "with a vigorous arm," then men like Héron were "indispensable." But then, in his way, Robespierre, too, was crazy.

Those were the men—Dossonville, Maillard, Héron—whom Jean had sniffing after him now.

18.

IT was then that Jean disappeared.

Not even Jean Batz, merchant, was safe now, with Burlandeux coming on top of the Conciergerie affair, and Maillard on top of Burlandeux, and the man Zingrelet on top of Maillard. Jean had spent the evening of September 8 at Saint-Mauris's and de la Guiche's, and they had talked rather freely about the counter-revolution; and the man Zingrelet, sitting in the pantry where he was visiting de la Guiche's valet, had overheard some of the conversation. On September 9, he turned in an accusation to the Committee of General Security against the Baron de Batz—one of those stray accusations you could not guard against—and on that same day Jean slipped out of Paris.

Jean Batz, merchant, ostensibly on his way to the South of France with Lullier's passport; but he went no further than Compiègne, and for the next ninety days and nights—until the final breakdown of Chabot and the rescue of Julien—Jean ran the suburbs under a variety of disguises; passing in and

out of Paris to hide at Roussel's, at Cortey's—Desfieux's was not safe any more—at Lullier's, at Desherbier's, at Michelle Thilorier's, at Charonne. But not for long at Charonne, because they nearly had him at Charonne on the night of September 30.

It was Maillard, acting under Robespierre's orders, through the intermediary of Robespierre's Section agent Vergne and Maillard's own henchman Lafosse. They took two other police officials with them, and thirty men and an officer from the National Guard; they were to bring in Batz and his accomplices; and they had had an anonymous tip which sent them straight to Cortey's, ransacking the place from cellar to attic. But they found nothing there; they did not learn that Cortey had just come home from supper at Charonne; they had nothing on which to hold Cortey even—no question, of course, of bringing up the Temple affair in June—and pretty soon they went tramping out all the way to Charonne. It was three o'clock on the morning of October 1 when they routed out the Mayor of Charonne, and, with a military escort now increased to some two hundred men, went on to the Hermitage which they completely surrounded.

Inside, everybody was asleep. In the main house, Marie Grandmaison, the maid Marguerite and the housekeeper; the cook and the gardener; Marignan the actor, one of the de Lézardière brothers and Jean. In the pavillon, de la Guiche and a man called Sartiges. At supper time, Roussel and Cortey had been there with the little Cortey girl, and perhaps others. And one could not ask for more striking evidence of the secret relations constantly in force between Jean and his band, of the continuous conferences occurring in that mysterious Hermitage, than this assemblage picked at random of persons gathered there at supper that day, all but three of them surprised there spending the night.

But when Vergne began to pound on the big front door, and he pounded for twelve minutes before the cook opened up,

there had been ten persons at least on the premises—it comes out quite clearly between the lines of the testimony—and when the raid came stamping in, there were only eight persons to be found. Eight persons, and ten recently occupied beds. During that twelve minutes, Jean and de Lézardière had gotten out of the house—they practically admitted that "Desardy," who was Lézardière, had been there—and Sartiges had made an unsuccessful try from the pavillon by way of the privy. And anyway, there was no use arguing, Mademoiselle Grandmaison! One of the missing persons had been seen. Out in the garden, climbing the wall and disappearing into the forest. A man in a white coat. But no one would admit that it was Jean, legging it to a hideout at Poissy, leaving Charonne probably for the last time. In fact, it is a question whether he ever saw Marie Grandmaison again. Except once, when he would have given his soul, and perhaps his conspiracy, not to have seen her.

No, not his conspiracy, not his terrible cause. Jean was not made that way.

Actually, brought in one by one to testify before Vergne, Lafosse and the military officers—and without any opportunity to concert themselves—they all made the most confused and contradictory statements in which any lesser stupidity than that of Vergne and Lafosse would have immediately detected the truth. But their minds were all set on Batz, and concerning Batz the whole of the Hermitage was an absolute blank. Oh, yes, Batz had been at Charonne—but no one seemed to remember what for, or just when, or how lately. Very poor memories at the Hermitage; they could hardly remember who had been there for supper, or who had slept in which bed. People moved around so, and came, and went.

That being the case, Vergne and Lafosse decided, all eight of the witnesses had better come into Paris, to the Section. They put Lafosse in with Marie, and all the way into town he tried to get her to tell on Jean, offering her her liberty if she would, but Marie refused to listen.

19.

IT was a good haul, but the big fish was missing, and Maillard was furious. And when you boiled it down, there was nothing on which to hold any of them.

Still, Maillard held de la Guiche, and sent him to the Force prison. But it was astonishing how things happened to persons connected with the terrible Batz; for a week later de la Guiche was out on recognizance, by order of the Committee of General Security, in the charge of two Inspectors who promptly disappeared with him for three months. In the same way, on October 1, Maillard had Roussel arrested; but Roussel knew nothing of any importance—yes, Batz had stayed with him at various times, and he had been to Charonne—and Roussel was in much too poor health to remain in prison; he must have air and exercise; and when they assigned two constabularies to watch him, Roussel soon had them under his wing, accompanying him to the country, and sharing his munificence at Aucane's Number Fifty where Roussel took a lot of his exercise.

That was the trouble with that system; the constabularies assigned to a free prisoner were paid and fed by the prisoner, a circumstance which, if the prisoner had any money, gave him every opportunity to come to an arrangement with his guardians. But it was impossible to keep everybody in prison. Goodness, all over France, there were already probably some three hundred thousand suspects jammed into the prisons; and in Paris, places like the Force, and Sainte-Pélagie, and the Abbeye, and the Bourbe, and the Carmes, and the Anglaises, and the Madelonettes, and the Luxembourg, and the Plessis, and Saint-Bernard, and Saint-Firmin, and the Châtelet, and Bicêtre, and the Salpêtrière, and the Conciergerie were simply choking with people. For instance, at the Conciergerie, fifty-four women in one room, taking their turns to lie down in the filthy, rotting straw; eightyfive men sleeping on top of

each other in another ward, with nineteen verminous mattresses between them. Eightyfive men and hundreds of rats from the sewers.

Fouquier-Tinville's "warehouse."

20.

AS for Marie Grandmaison, Maillard did his best with cajolery to worm something out of her, and then suddenly he ordered her to hand over the rue Ménars keys, since she was the alleged tenant. Marie refused. They could search the rue Ménars apartment in her presence, but not without her. "I do not wish anyone to be able to find in my home something which is not there"—Marie threw the insinuation at Maillard and stood very calm under the uproar of abuse which he threw back at her. After that they could search, which they did, and find nothing, but Marie was held, locked up in Sainte-Pélagie.

And it did her no good that Maillard himself was in prison; arrested on October 11, at the time of Dufourny's drive against Proly and Desfieux; released in November; arrested again in December, but he was too sick then to be moved; for Maillard was dying of consumption, and in April "Big Punch" was gone. But Marie was always at Sainte-Pélagie, in solitary confinement, and for no assigned reason. Some Inspectors found her there in the middle of November—perhaps some Inspectors of Jean's; but not Dangé or Jobert, for they were themselves in prison at the time; and Jean himself was in the midst of the Chabot explosion—but no one knew why the prisoner was at Sainte-Pélagie except that Maillard had put her there. The Inspectors got her out of solitary, but that was all they could do, and it was not until January 3 that Marie was released. Jean was out of Paris then, and it is not possible any more to detect any action of his—nor did he lay claim to any in those prudent writings which alone have survived, for

his diary was destroyed—but there is perhaps a curious concordance to be made with the prison movements of Maillard and Marie.

But again it did Marie no good to be free, back in the rue Ménars apartment, for in a short while they came for her once more. She had seen Batz lately? No. Then she knew where he was? No. They threatened her with prison and death. Jean was told about it afterwards, by the landlady Grivois, and recorded it. Marie replied that "Since it is my blood that you want, here you are four of you facing me, open my four veins, it will take less time; but until I die I will repeat what is the whole truth, that since coming out of prison I have neither seen nor received in my home the one you refer to." They told her not to be a fool; come on and give Batz away; and for a moment it was Marie Grandmaison of the Italian Comedy who stood again before them. "What, Citizens!" she exclaimed. "You are seeking that man to put him to death, and you demand that his friends should deliver him to you? What infamy! I do not know his hiding place, I tell you, and if I did I would not reveal it to you."

They took her back to prison.

21.

POOR Marie.

It was true. She did not know Jean's hiding place, she had not seen him, and she had not received him in her home. For a long time already, even though he still came to Charonne, she had not really seen him; she had been writing to Roussel wondering if she had not better break with Jean entirely; and she understood that he was gone from her. To another hiding place which she knew of only too well, and to the devotion of another adoring heart.

To Michelle Thilorier.

Marie had probably understood it long before Jean, who

liked Michelle although he loved Marie, and who was never to forget Marie—who was to make a little pen and ink sketch of her and keep it all his life, pasted in the cover of one of his books where it still remains—although in the end he loved Michelle more. Michelle who had "risked her life on a hundred occasions, in those difficult and stormy times of the Revolution, to snatch me from the horrors of death."

Those were his gifts, the expression of his stern tenderness, for those two very fine women who cherished him; that picture in the book—his own history of France—which he kept by his side, for lovely, faithful Marie; those words in his will, at the very end of his life, for the other courageous, sweet girl who had long since been his wife.

22.

ACTUALLY, if they had only known it, they had had Jean on October 16, on the day of the Queen's execution—had him under arrest and in jail in the suburb of Saint-Germain.

But all the suburban police saw before them was a drunk talking to a man in the street. They had been watching this man, who seemed to be loitering, and when the drunk came along and stopped to speak to him, they picked them both up. The man was peddling jewelry, so he said—and his pockets were full of rings and gimcracks to sell—and his name was Biret. He had been waiting for the other fellow to do some business with him, and here the fool was drunk. Aside from that, Biret was rather vague; somewhat of a moron, apparently; his identity card was not properly signed; he could not remember where he lived in Paris; and he was not sure whether a name which came to his mind was the name of his street or the name of his landlord. The drunk, in the meantime, was muttering that his name was Bachelier, and that he sold stockings.

It was a close squeak for Jean; sitting there in a police station pretending to be intoxicated; thinking of the tragic thing which had happened in Paris that day, and which he had tried so hard to prevent; and still unable to keep from laughing inwardly at the comedy being staged by his valet, Biret-Tissot, who was anything but a moron. The *Figaro* of Jean's crowd, just as Dossonville was that of the Police.

But the Saint-Germain police were not particularly interested in the drunk. They put him in the station lockup for the night, and were not unduly disturbed to find in the morning that he had gotten himself out. But the man Biret was suspicious, and they sent a constabulary into Paris with him in a hack to check up on his domicile. It was a chore for the constabulary; and it would take a long time at the Section while Biret sent around for persons to vouch for him; and why not stop first at the house of Biret's brother—not so much of a detour—and take him along? The constabulary was willing, and Biret hopped out of the hack at the indicated address, and in at the door of the ground floor grog shop, and out at the further door into another street. Leaving the Saint-Germain constabulary staring at an empty room with two exits.

And on November 15, his Section Committee was in a fair way to have Jean again; through an anonymous denunciation turned in by the same person who had given the tip on September 30. A person who seemed to know Cortey, and one cannot help wondering whether the anonymous letter at the Temple in June had not come from the same source. This time the tip was that Jean was hidden in Paris at a deputy's; and that if they wanted Biret-Tissot, he could be taken late at night in the rooms of the mounted constabulary Constand, where he was living. The Section moved, and at six o'clock on the morning of November 17 Biret-Tissot was taken. He admitted having served for five years as the Baron de Batz's valet, but if he knew Charonne it was because the Baron had left Paris eighteen months before—that would have been in May of

1792—and ever since then Biret had been in Mademoisell Grandmaison's service; now he was out of work, since she wa in prison, and he was living around with acquaintances.

That was at six o'clock on the morning of November 17 Now at eight o'clock on that same morning, Chabot was being arrested, and later on Julien, Delaunay and Bazire; the big accusation against Jean and Benoist was on file with the Com mittee of General Security which had ordered their arrests a well; there was more reason than ever to get hold of the ter rible Batz; and if nothing had been accomplished at Charonne or with Marie Grandmaison, here was the valet, Biret-Tissot in the net. The anonymous informer knew what he was talk ing about; in his letter, he had promised to give more informa tion as soon as Biret-Tissot was taken; he was evidently on th trail of Batz's hiding place. The net was tightening.

But not at all. Constand was not disturbed; Biret-Tisso was turned loose; no effort was made by the committee o General Security to find Jean. It was fantastic how the string all got tangled whenever there was question in that Committe of the terrible Batz. It must have cost Jean a great deal o money. It was ridiculous, for instance, how Amar delayed with his report on the Chabot "affair"; and how, when he finally brought it in to the Convention, he had done his best to slid over those parts relating to Batz and Benoist, so that or Robespierre's demand it had to be rewritten; and how, wher it was printed, it was so full of typographical errors that a name like Batz became Beauce.

No wonder the crazy man who was going around Paris denouncing the Foreign Conspiracy thought that the name of its leader was "Baron Bac." Jean saw him one day, haranguing a street crowd, and listened to him for a while.

23.

STILL, the net was tightening on all sides, actually; as a result, partly, of Fabre's and Chabot's revelations, partly, of Robespierre's clearer and clearer perception of what was going on behind the scenes.

For on November 23, the Freys were arrested—and Chabot was thanking Providence, since they were either "pure as the sunshine" or the "greatest hypocrites in the universe"—the Frey brothers, and Léopoldine and young Joseph as well; and one by one more of them were being arrested, Dubuisson, Desfieux—whose one refrain was that "I know nobody"—Gusman, Pereyra. They were after Proly, too, but they could not find him.

And a few days later, they had their hands on the twenty-four year old Prince de Rohan-Rochefort, rearrested on the day after his escape from a patrol which had stopped him near Charonne—so that he must be one of the band, they reasoned, and in any case he knew Proly—and that sent them out to Charonne again, for another search. They took Marie Grandmaison with them, to the rue Ménars and to the Hermitage; and she kept insisting that they raise floors here, and punch through walls there, looking for hiding places in the most unlikely and unsanitary spots, and without the slightest result. And on December 2, they had another tip, and now it was at Romainville that both Batz and Benoist were to be found—and so they went running out to Romainville. And on December 7, they took Biret-Tissot after all, and locked him up for good this time.

But Benoist was not at Romainville, and neither was Batz. Benoist was out of France; de la Guiche had disappeared; Toulan had vanished; Rougeville was gone; Julien was about ready to make his escape from Paris; Jean would soon be on his way to the South of France for a while. The more tightly the net was drawn, the bigger the mesh seemed to get for the big fish.

24.

PROLY was at Sucy; hidden away by Aucane and Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe.

And Emilie's opera singer, Elleviou, was repeatedly at Sucy, playing *Philippe* to his *Georgette* while husband Sartines played backgammon with Aucane. Elleviou went out there at night, disguised as a countryman, and slipped in to the house as soon as the candle in Emilie's window gave him his signal. Naturally, it was not long before the neighborhood became aware of these clandestine lights, of a mysterious stranger who came and went in secret. At the same time, the Committee of General Security was being bombarded with anonymous accusations against Aucane, and Emilie and her mother—and Number Fifty and Sucy as royalist hangouts—accusations which were emanating from Elleviou's official mistress, the jealous dancer Clotilde who had found some of Emilie's notes to the singer. Royalist hangouts, nocturnal signals, a mysterious stranger—it could only be the terrible Batz.

And so, when the police arrived at Sucy early on the morning of January 8 of 1794—for the Committee was not always completely impotent—it was in the expectation of finding Batz that they searched the house; it was Elleviou whom they almost surprised in Emilie's dressing room—only she kept them out of it with patriotic speeches and gifts of tricolor ribbons, while they gazed upon her slightly clad loveliness; and it was Proly who made good his escape.

But not for long. It was not safe to return to Sucy; in Paris, his accomplices were in prison; and Proly could only stray from one chance shelter to another until, on February 19, at an inn in a hamlet near Gonesse, he was captured. He took the line that it was all on account of Madame Violette and the Jacobin feud that he was being molested; and an appeal, among others, to his friend Hérault de Séchelles did not help him, even though their accuser Fabre was now himself imprisoned.

Desfieux, Gusman, Pereyra, the Freys, Proly—those men

whose red bonnets, in Robespierre's opinion, were too closely related to the aristocratic red heels of royalist elegance—it was the end for Jean's Maniacs.

25.

IT was the crazy Héron who observed that "When you slip the name of someone into a big affair, things go automatically: you get that person guillotined. The roll is called, the heads fall, and *pouf pouf,* it works!" They called it the alloy system in the Committee of Public Safety. The *amalgame.* One or two big names with which to dress up a trial and bewilder the public, and then slip in as many others as you pleased; they were practically certain, in the big shuffle, to get condemned.

And in March of 1794, Hébert and some others of note were the alloy for Desfieux, Pereyra and Proly; in April, the alloy was Danton, Desmoulins, Fabre, Hérault, Chabot—persons like that—for Delaunay, Bazire, d'Espagnac, Gusman and the Frey brothers. And Lullier was included, but he was not convicted; and so they held him; and one day, in his cell, he stabbed himself to death.

In March, those who had sought to divide, to decimate the Convention; the Hébertists, the Maniacs, the false red bonnets —one of them, Proly, remembered at the end that he had always been an Austrian nobleman, and died very finely—and Hérault and Gusman should have gone with that lot, but it was better irony to send Fabre and Hérault to the scaffold side by side in the same cart. And in April, those who had sought to corrupt, to vilify the Convention; the Dantonists, the speculators, the crooked deputies. And in both lots a good sprinkling of foreigners. For in both trials, while specific charges of royalist conspiracy on behalf of Louis XVII were not lacking, it was the Foreign Conspiracy against the Convention which resounded through the courtroom; it was Batz's

agents who were the most rigorously questioned; and Saint-Just's great speech in the Convention against the accused might well serve as the prospectus of Jean's whole campaign.

Indeed, in both trials, all of the accused were only the alloy for the Baron de Batz; the victims of both guillotine batches were fundamentally only his proxies. But the ultimate victim was the demented, dismembered, degraded Convention, and therein lay an ultimate victory.

26.

POOR Chabot.

Sitting there in prison with his endless letters, and confessions, and accusations. When Fabre was arrested, Chabot turned against him and proclaimed how Fabre had "pretended a hypocritical rigidity" against the Company of the Indies, and how Fabre had been "in agreement with Delaunay whom [Fabre] had made believe to combat in order to share in the fruits of corruption." And on March 17, after Amar's report had been made, Chabot tried to commit suicide, drinking some medicine for external use. He was desperately ill, at death's door for several days; and on March 22 he had to be removed to a hospital; but they saved him for the chopper.

In January, however, Chabot had done a very interesting thing. He was in the same prison with Delaunay, and it occurred to Chabot one day to fake a letter for Delaunay, alleged to have been delivered to Chabot by mistake. A letter which Chabot pretended to have thought was a bill, so that he started to throw it in the fire—when, lo and behold, there in invisible ink was an interlinear message. Chabot, so he said, had sent the letter on to Delaunay, but he had carefully remembered the contents which he forwarded to the Committee of General Security. Now this was all very clumsy and silly. What is most interesting, though, is what Chabot put into the message; since it represents what Chabot considered a plau-

sible interpretation of what Jean had done, and was doing, to him, and furnishes a very first hand testimonial to the actuality in contemporary minds of the Batz intrigue.

And this is what Chabot wrote, and the key to the code was not difficult to guess. "Rest assured," the writer was supposed to be telling Delaunay. "The A . . . [*les amis,* the friends, Benoist and Julien] have gone or are hidden. Hé . . . [Hébert] stands firm and will defend you. Go easy on B . . . [Batz]. Accuse the A . . . and especially C . . . [Chabot]. Dufo . . . [Dufourny] is always his [Chabot's] sworn enemy. He [Chabot] will stand us in good stead. His marriage irritates the fr . . . [*les frères,* the Jacobin brethren]. His brothers and his family will be arrested. Things are going well. Courage and good cheer. The Rap . . . [*le rapporteur,* the Reporter for the "affair," Amar] is his [Chabot's] sworn enemy. The scoundrel [Chabot] deceived us, but he will rue it. The A . . . will accuse him and the p . . . [*le peuple,* the people] are against him. No one mentions you. I told you right along not to trust the C . . . [the Capucin, Chabot]. The f . . . [*le frocard,* the monk's robe man, Chabot] will nevertheless be the dupe of it all."

And that, certainly, was terribly true. He went to his death all ashamed, hiding his head.

27.

THE net was tightening all the time.

The glued up deputies and the poor Maniacs were gone—in late March and very early April—and Jean was watching, from suburb to suburb in the vicinity of Paris. Ever since March. "Presentiments saddened me," he writes, and "I wandered in the midst of anxieties." For the net was being drawn all the while more closely around Jean's own personal friends.

Roussel had been taken again; his home which he had so

often shared with Jean had been ransacked by Héron; and on March 15, as a result of statements made by Roussel concerning papers found at his domicile—for Roussel lost his head a little, blabbing about false *assignats* at Charonne—Madame Grivois of the rue Ménars had been arrested, and Marie's little servant girl, Nicolle Bouchard, had been arrested, and Saint-Mauris had been arrested. Saint-Mauris of Queen's Dragoons days. And they had de la Guiche, too, caught again after his long concealment. Roussel, Saint-Mauris and de la Guiche. And Madame d'Epréménil. Her husband had been accused of royalist conspiracy in Normandy—he was to go to the scaffold on April 21—and Madame d'Epréménil had come at once to Paris to help him, and they had caught her; kept her waiting for thirteen hours in a freezing corridor filled with quarantined prostitutes, and then shut her up at the Anglaises. Who could say whether the next patrol would not stop at Michelle Thilorier's door, since she was related to Madame d'Epréménil.

And everybody at Sucy had been arrested, on April 1; always because of Clotilde's continued denunciations. Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe, Emilie, Sartines, and young "Lili," Louis de Saint-Amarand. They had had to leave Aucane behind, because he was ill; but he was not forgotten, and on July 27—in the Great Terror's last guillotine batch, the batch which was almost rescued—he was dragged to the scaffold. The others were all at Sainte-Pélagie, and later at the Anglaises; and there Elleviou insisted that it was better to leave them, instead of making any fuss, in the hope that they might be forgotten; just as Thérésia Cabarrus, Tallien's wench from Bordeaux, and Joséphine Rose de Beauharnais were to be forgotten. It was also more convenient for Elleviou, who was not anxious to reveal the fact that it was he, and not Batz, who had been frequenting Sucy.

And of course Marie Grandmaison was in prison again, also at the Anglaises where she devoted herself to Madame d'Epréménil. The police had wanted Marie to tell them some-

thing about Madame d'Epréménil, to admit that she knew her —and it does seem as though they were nosing very close to Michelle Thilorier; and that they were very shrewdly informed, through the correspondence seized at Roussel's, of the breach between Marie and Jean which they were hoping to capitalize. Armand, the stool pigeon, was after her all the time; offering to transmit letters to Batz, if Marie would tell him the address. And Marie pretended to be willing; she was so anxious to get out of prison; Batz was at Havre, yes, under the name of Robert, and Marie would give Armand a letter for him—on the day that Armand brought her a letter from Batz. Just one little letter. Brave Marie, making an ass's head for the stool pigeon out of her broken heart. As for Madame d'Epréménil, at least, so the police kept urging Marie, "give us a good denunciation against her and you will be saved." But Marie Grandmaison simply had no ears for such infamies.

For Jean there was hardly any place left to turn to—only Desherbier's and Michelle's, and never did either of them fail him—and of the associates and friends of years, who was left? Marsan, Pons, Cortey, Devaux. Madame de Janson. Here and there a man like Pottier, the printer; Jauge, the broker; Paindavoine, Pons's porter. The others were all in the net. And they were casting it faster and faster, always more accurately as one discovery led to another, or recalled earlier suspicions. Soon they had Pons and Marsan; they had Marino, Dangé, Froidure and Soulès to put with Michonis; they even had Robespierre's Lafosse for double dealing. They had Toulan, too, the Queen's "Faithful" Toulan—caught in Bordeaux—and his turn at the scaffold would come because of a gold box and a hat found at the Temple.

Now there was only Devaux and Cortey, Jauge, Paindavoine and Pottier, Madame de Janson, Desherbiers and Michelle. But by May 2 they had Devaux and Cortey, Jauge and Pottier.

Now there was only Madame de Janson, Paindavoine, Desherbiers and Michelle. And Jean himself.

28.

IT was Robespierre.

The little man was out to get this conspiracy, to get everyone connected with it, above all to get the Baron de Batz. Robespierre must, in those days, have breathed Foreign Conspiracy, smelled it and eaten it, and dreamed it at night. He talked about it continually, and he went home and wrote about it. The Foreign Conspiracy of the Baron de Batz.

Characteristically, for his mind could go swiftly from one extreme of paradox to the other, it enraged Jean. The Foreign Conspiracy—the great bugbear of Pitt and his minions which so terrified the government—had been an excellent weapon, a skeleton to rattle in the Revolution's closet; but when Robespierre and the rest began to take it seriously, to fasten a foreign inspiration on Jean as the motive force of his efforts, it enraged him. With the terrible fury of a pride upheld and justified by fearful responsibilities, it outraged him. What he had done he had done by himself, with willing accomplices not one of whom, except a few of the Maniacs, was an alien; and those very Maniacs had not gone to the scaffold, his best friends were not in prison—Saint-Mauris, de la Guiche, Roussel, Devaux, Marie Grandmaison—he himself was not a hunted fugitive now for any Pitt, or for any Brunswick or Coburg, or for any fool *émigré* Prince. They had worked for the monarchy, they had worked for what they considered the salvation of France, they had worked for the Queen. French men and women of all classes, nobles and commoners, with their eyes open and their lives in their hands; of their own free will, most of them, casting in their lot with Jean Pierre de Batz, bred from the old soil of France for six hundred years—the soil of Henri of Navarre and of d'Artagnan.

"I affirm," Jean wrote—and caused it to be published in the early summer; in a pamphlet prudently denying a great many things, among which denials, however, this one came straight from his soul—"I affirm that in France I have had no

sort of correspondence, no relations whatever, direct or indirect, with the Kings, Princes, Generals and Ministers the principal agent of whom it has pleased the two Committees to constitute me."

But Robespierre had his mind all made up. One "must be blind" not to perceive the conspiracy against the Republic—and that was true enough—and "at the head of the criminal faction which believes that the moment is at hand to bathe in the blood of the faithful representatives of the people is the Baron de Batz." And that, rinsed of some of its gore, was also true. But Robespierre did not stop there. Because men like Proly, and Pereyra, and Gusman had been aliens—because, as was certainly the case, Pitt was pouring gold into France on behalf of all manner of seditious enterprises—Batz's conspiracy must have a foreign origin, and it was "foreigners," that is to say outlanders and the governments of enemy countries, who were behind it. It was always the *Conspiration de l'Etranger* in the singular, which signifies not individual foreigners but any region beyond the borders of France. It was not merely the foreigners' conspiracy, but always the more international Foreign Conspiracy, alleged product of the Foreign Offices of England, and Prussia, and Austria.

On the very night of the execution of the Dantonists, on April 5 at the Jacobins, Robespierre had begun to talk about the conspiracy again; placing it "on the day's docket"; calling on any good citizen who could "elaborate the frightful circumstances which derive from the principle of this conspiracy" to come up to the rostrum. In the meantime, Robespierre was looking for any good citizen in the prisons who might be able, or willing, to elaborate further frightful circumstances with which to embellish the Foreign Conspiracy of the Baron de Batz. Circumstances presumably wormed out of prisoners by stool pigeons.

For—just as the condemnation of Hérault had been achieved, in part, by means of a document deliberately doc-

tored up in the Committee of Public Safety—so to the Foreigi Conspiracy it was desired to add the panic striking features o an alleged conspiracy in the prisons. Robespierre's little con tribution to the brutal business.

29.

IT was on April 22 that the Committee of Genera Security was ordered to forward to the Public Prosecu tor, Fouquier-Tinville, that document concerning Batz, ex tracts from which have already been quoted in the opening section of Part One of this book. A document which recapitu lated all his misdeeds, his attempt to save the Queen at th Temple—of which the Committee was evidently perfectly wel aware—his conspiracy to destroy the Convention; a documen which declared him outlaw, subject to condemnation conse quently without trial upon mere identification, and with a price on his head, for the Committees were now offering gooc money for him; a document, also, which contained a terribl paragraph.

"In your interrogations," Fouquier was instructed, "neg lect no clue, spare no pecuniary or other inducement, ask us fo the freedom of any prisoner who will promise to discove [Batz] or to produce him alive or dead; [ask us for the free dom] as well of all those through whom one might reacl [Batz] by following them without their knowing it." Aside from that, "redouble your efforts to discover the infamous Batz" because "we want this scoundrel at any price."

Dulac and Dumonceau were put to work, and in the prisor of Bicêtre they found the stool pigeon Armand. They also founc Burlandeux, but what he had to say—much of it probably per fectly true—was considered so fantastic that they shoved hin aside. But Armand had been talking to prisoners, oh, yes, in deed—that was his job, listening to what he could overhear provoking confidences, concocting denunciations from what he

had really been told or from what he was able to fabricate out of it—and Armand was the man Robespierre was looking for.

Armand went to the Force, where Michonis, Ozanne—the police officer who had let Julien escape—and Danton's accuser Comte were imprisoned, and there Armand passed himself off to Comte as a fellow prisoner; telling him that he had important things to reveal if only he, Armand, could thereby secure his liberty. Comte, who was looking for his, immediately told Ozanne, who forthwith considered it his duty to notify Fouquier-Tinville. Comte was assigned to receive Armand's declaration, and since a second witness was necessary Michonis was also included in the little prison dinner which was arranged for Armand. The last of the ironies which Michonis was to be called upon to endure.

Armand's denunciation—all correct with its comedy of witnesses and voluntary revelations emanating from the prisons, but with no reference to Dulac or Dumonceau—was forwarded to the Committee of General Security on April 29. And Armand knew everything, as indeed, to a considerable extent—inventing the rest—he did. What was really pernicious about the transaction was the use to which it was put to create the impression of a knowledge of a conspiracy, and the expectation of its success, permeating the prisons. That was subjecting every prisoner to the peril of any stool pigeon's imagination; that was playing deliberately with the fire of another prison massacre.

As for Armand, he naturally knew all about Pitt and Coburg, since this was always the Foreign Conspiracy. Among other choice bits, he knew that Lullier, Marino, Froidure, Dangé, Soulès, Lafosse, Chabot, Bazire and Danton, no less, had been bought by Batz with English gold. He knew that various men whom he named, counterfeiters of *assignats,* were mixed up with Batz. He knew that Biret-Tissot's constabulary Constand was one of those who hid Batz. He knew that Batz's devoted friends were Saint-Mauris, Roussel, Pottier, Madame

d'Epréménil, Jardin, the new Director of Public Cartage, Rohan-Rochefort who had been arrested in November, and the Duc de Laval-Montmorency. And he knew of all sorts of counter-revolutionary plans which had been discussed in the presence of Burlandeux, of all the Charonne intimates, and of Marie Grandmaison.

On the whole, it was a very nice denunciation, involving quite a lot of people, some of whom had not been heard of before.

30.

IT was Fouquier-Tinville and the Committee of Public Safety who had the idea, on May 2, of bringing as many of Batz's people as possible together in the same prison. Let them run into each others' arms and talk, while the stool pigeons listened.

Fouquier already had Roussel, Saint-Mauris, Madame Grivois and little Nicolle Bouchard at Sainte-Pélagie; he picked up Constand, Pottier, Jardin, Jauge and Devaux; Cortey, whose connection with the Temple affair in June, as well as Michonis's, had been mentioned in the Committee of General Security's letter; and then Fouquier sent around for some more. Madame d'Epréménil; Rohan-Rochefort and three other nobles, de Baussancourt and the old de Sombreuil and his son, for good measure; Biret-Tissot and Marie Grandmaison. Seventeen persons assembled at Sainte-Pélagie; some of whom, certainly, had never laid eyes on each other before—little Nicolle Bouchard and the old Marquis de Sombreuil, for instance—some of whom, on the other hand, took quick tally of one another and noted the fact that Batz, thank fortune, was not there, and that de la Guiche was not there. Fouquier had left de la Guiche at the Carmes, but at Sainte-Pélagie they thought that he was no longer being held, and were glad.

Of course, the man they wanted at Sainte-Pélagie was a certain d'Alençon, a priest. The police had had a tip about this

d'Alençon, who lived in the rue Helvetius right near Roussel, and who was known to a Madame Lamartinière. When she was questioned, later, it was evident that she had had rather close relations with d'Alençon. She had obtained for him a permit from the Committee of Public Safety to sojourn in Paris; she had also solicited for him, always with herself as sponsor, an extension of the permit. But from a letter of hers to d'Alençon, undelivered and found at her domicile, it was also evident that their relations had been strained. She was jealous of him, and he treated her badly; he hid things from her, he failed to keep appointments with her, he owed her six hundred francs, and all that she had ever had from him was "barbarity, ingratitude and inhumanity." The Supreme Being, she had warned him, would "destroy" him.

The police were sure that d'Alençon was Batz; but when they went to his place, on May 5, d'Alençon had vanished, which was why Madame Lamartinière's letter had not been delivered. And Jean likewise had vanished away from Paris. On May 2, apparently; soon after Armand's denunciation—for Sénar, of course, was keeping him advised of everything. And the question arises, and very importantly, was Jean the mysterious d'Alençon?

Because on May 23 some very remarkable events took place in Paris; ushered in by a period of commotion in the streets where handbills urging and foretelling the assassination of Collot d'Herbois and Robespierre were being distributed. Both of the announced victims being members of the Committee of Public Safety. And in the foreground of these events was a man called Admiral, who was found to have known Paindavoine the porter and to have been very thick with Roussel, and who was also very much mixed up with Madame Lamartinière.

For very early on the morning of May 23, this Admiral, lying in wait on the stairs of the house in which he and Collot both lived, emptied his pistol point blank at the Mountain big-

wig. And on the evening of the same day, the news was spreading all over Paris that Robespierre had just been assassinated.

31.

THE Admiral affair was very queer.

Collot was not dead, he was not even wounded—he was receiving ovations at the Convention and at the Jacobins—but it was no fault of Admiral's, except that his first shot had missed fire and Collot had ducked the second. Admiral shot another man with a second pistol before he could be subdued, and he complained bitterly of his failure to kill Collot and also Robespierre. The evening before he had been seen nosing around Robespierre's courtyard, and at the entrance to the Convention; he had eaten an expensive meal at a restaurant, where he drank a great deal and talked very wildly; he was being deceived, he said, by his mistress—a married woman who was a Baroness and very rich, and who was also the mistress of a Convention deputy—and he was taking sedatives because he had not slept for fifteen nights.

Now this Admiral seemed to be a bit cracked; he talked furiously and his whole manner was demented; and he had behaved that way with his mistress. He had brought her his furniture to sell to her some time before—all but a few articles which he wished to keep "until May 23"—and on that occasion he had offered to shoot her, threatening her with a pistol. But what interested the police even more was the question of where Admiral got his money. The man had been a servant, and a Lottery employee, two not very lucrative occupations; but for the last two months or so—from the time when he had first taken up with his supposedly rich mistress—Admiral had been spending quite a lot of money, blowing himself to costly meals, gambling at the Palais Royal; and before that he had been frequently seen in fancy "joints" with Roussel. As for his mistress, whom he supposed to be so rich and so well born,

he was obviously under the impression that she was deceiving him with a deputy, and that the deputy in question was Collot. The crime, as far as Collot was concerned, could pass as the usual jealous affair of passion.

But who had told Admiral all that, and worked him up to his pitch of fury? Because his mistress was not Collot's mistress. And where did Admiral's money come from? Because his mistress was not a Baroness, and she was not so very rich. His mistress was the woman Lamartinière, who was so angrily dunning d'Alençon for her six hundred francs. There was never any answer to these riddles; but Admiral, Paindavoine, Roussel, Madame Lamartinière, d'Alençon—the police saw Batz in the affair immediately; and Admiral was to confess that he knew d'Alençon and had told him of his determination to murder a deputy.

They clapped Admiral and the woman into the Conciergerie; they grabbed Paindavoine and put him in as well; and because the woman had mentioned a priest, Briel, who lived at Auteuil, as a friend of d'Alençon's, they clapped him in too.

32.

AND the question remains.

Were d'Alençon and Batz the same person?

Had Roussel, and "d'Alençon," and the Lamartinière woman—a new name in Jean's band—been working on the excitable Admiral? Did Jean and Paindavoine—who was seen talking to Admiral on the day before the crime—turn the jealous lover loose to assassinate Collot, one of the big men of the Committee of Public Safety, and Robespierre *too*? Were those handbills crying their deaths a manifestation of an attempt by Jean to stir up the populace against the Terror?

In a frantic, reckless attempt to save all those poor souls at Sainte-Pélagie?

The question must remain unanswered. In the minds of

Jean's contemporaries, there was no doubt that d'Alençon and Batz were synonymous, and the Committees were to spend the next twentyfour days turning Paris and its suburbs upside down looking for this d'Alençon. And this, at least, is certain, that the man who had not hesitated to throw into the balance the lives of all his friends—but who, while they were still safe, had sent Maillard packing with his murderous proposals—that that man would not for a second have refrained from assassination if, by such means—and with himself available to take advantage of an ensuing popular panic—it had seemed to him, at his wits' end with desperation, possible to save all those lives which were now in such critical jeopardy.

Collot, Robespierre—the murderer's stigma for himself—what were they to Jean in the presence of Marie, of Saint-Mauris, of de la Guiche, of Roussel, of Devaux, of Madame d'Epréménil?

33.

THE assassination of Robespierre, on the evening of May 23, was even more remarkable, since Robespierre was not present when the assassination occurred.

It was a little girl of the people, twenty years old, who assassinated him. Her name was Cécile Renault, and she lived near the Conciergerie with a brother, and her father who was a shopkeeper. There was also an old aunt in Paris who was a sister of charity, and two other brothers were with the armies. Cécile's mother, and a sister, had died long since. Cécile was a quiet, neat, well behaved girl, fond of little feminine fripperies; utterly gracious and simple; she was very religious, and they found emblems in her room; and the whole family was secretly royalist, for they had kept pictures of the King and the Queen.

And on the evening of May 23, Cécile packed up a little bundle of clothes, and took with her two little penknives—gifts, one of them from her brother, the other from the sister

who had died. She slipped out of the house at six o'clock, and no one knows what she did for the next three hours. Roamed around the streets, probably, with her nose in the air, for she had never gone anywhere alone before. One does know, however, that she left her little bundle at a restaurant not far from the Tuileries, to be called for.

At nine o'clock, she came into the Duplay courtyard and asked for Robespierre, and was very much put out to find that he was not at home. As a public official, she complained, he should have been accessible to "all those who present themselves." The remark displeased two of Robespierre's henchmen who started to push her out into the street, and Cécile told them that in the old days, "when you presented yourself at the King's, you went in right away." They asked her if she regretted the King then, and she replied that she would "give all my life's blood for one," and "you people are only tyrants, that is my opinion."

They took her immediately to the Committee of General Security, stopping on the way to pick up the little bundle. And why the bundle, she was asked. Because she would need a change of clothes where she was going. And where was that? Why, she exclaimed, "to prison, naturally, and from there to the guillotine." As for Robespierre, she had simply wanted to see how he struck her, and "what a tyrant looks like." They found the two penknives on her, and it was obvious—she had tried to assassinate Robespierre. They ran her at once to the Conciergerie; later that evening Héron sent her father and brother to join her; in a day or so they gathered in the old aunt; and whereas Fouquier-Tinville had wanted to go ahead immediately with the Admiral affair they held it up, and postponed Cécile's, because they must both be made a part of the Batz conspiracy.

Why, they argued, it was as plain as day. Batz knew Roussel; Roussel knew Admiral; Admiral knew d'Alençon who was Batz; and Cécile had seen a man called Admiral when he

had come on one or two occasions to a neighbor's grocery shop. It turned out to be another man of the same name, not Collot's Admiral at all, but no matter. Admiral had tried to murder Collot; and Cécile had tried to murder Robespierre; and it was all the Foreign Conspiracy of the Baron de Batz.

34.

FOR a while that evening in the city they believed it. Someone had murdered Robespierre.

And to many it was too good to be true; and to some it was too true to be discreet about; and in a few days the Conciergerie received Madame Lemoine-Crécy, and her valet Porteboeuf, who had expressed their joy at the event; and a man called Cardinal, and another called Saintenac, who had made disparaging remarks about Robespierre. They, too, must be members of the Foreign Conspiracy of the Baron de Batz.

As for Cécile, there does not seem to have been the slightest connection between her and Admiral, between her and any d'Alençon. There is nothing to show that she had any intention of molesting Robespierre. Still, she had packed that little bundle of clothes, so as to have a change in prison. Perhaps she was going to give the "tyrant" a piece of her mind. There were many women, and girls, who went out of their heads that way during the Revolution, and deliberately threw themselves to the chopper. Perhaps she was really crazy. She said unexpected things, and her eyes had a wild look.

Perhaps that was it. A poor little demented Charlotte Corday, with penknives.

35.

MAY became June, in lovely *Prairial* of 1794.

They were looking, looking everywhere, for d'Alençon who must be Batz; while Lacoste, of the Committee of General Security, worked over his report on the Foreign

Conspiracy; while Robespierre pored over lists in the Police Bureau of the Committee of Public Safety.

In the meantime, there was the Festival of the Supreme Being, on June 8. Robespierre's festival, his apotheosis—only, for a while after May 23, Robespierre had to talk very fast in order to prevent the actor Collot from stealing the show with his genuinely attempted murder, and getting himself elected to the next presidency of the Convention which carried with it the chairmanship of the festival. And there were those who whispered that Robespierre's henchmen had purposely very greatly exaggerated the incidents in the Duplay courtyard on that famous evening, in order to provide the little man with a foil for Collot.

But then people said such extraordinary things. There were people who said that Saint-Just and Robespierre had both made unsuccessful advances to the beautiful Emilie, and that *that* was why she was in prison. And there were other people who said that Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe had been Robespierre's mistress; that he had drunk too much one night at Number Fifty and had let slip some names of people whom he was proposing to put to death; and that *that* was why *she* was in prison. And there were still other people who said that the Sainte-Amaranthe ladies had been mixed up with the old Théot woman whose place had just been raided, and who was the high priestess of some sort of cult which seemed to have Robespierre as its object—a ridiculous performance which greatly annoyed him—and that *that* was why they were all in prison.

As for the Supreme Being business, Paris had seldom before seen anything like that. Processions, and floats, and effigies, and choruses, and costumes by David; the Convention all in feathers and cloaks; a statue of Atheism made to burn up when Robespierre touched it off, and reveal a statue of Virtue—only Virtue got a little bit charred in the process; and a lot of rituals and rigmaroles which made some of the deputies laugh. It was

all on account of Robespierre's new deity, to take God's place —for Hébert had been wrong, there was a God—and it was an elegant holiday. No executions during the festival, and the guillotine in the Tuileries gardens was covered with draperies, blue velvet with bouquets of roses.

But just the same, it was time to do something about that guillotine; the ground around it was now so saturated with blood that people walking over it left bloody footprints for blocks; and sure enough, on June 13 it was ordered removed to a new emplacement; to the old "Throne" Place city barrier near Vincennes, now the barrier of the "Throne Overturned"; and there it was not so messy because they were able to dig a big drainage pool under it.

And on June 10, before a bewildered Convention, there was Robespierre's new Law of *Prairial*. "All delay," it proclaimed, "is a crime, all formality a public danger: the only delay in punishing the enemies of the country should be the time necessary to identify them." The denunciation of suspects to be obligatory for all citizens; the Public Prosecutor to be empowered to summon anyone before the Tribunal on his own authority; the Tribunal to be doubled in size—and Robespierre's henchmen all appointed to the reconstructed jury; all verdicts rendered to be applicable to the whole group of accused and no longer restricted to each individual in turn; all rights of defence by the accused to be abolished; and death to be the only penalty. And to be classified as suspects—those who in any way attacked the "liberty, unity or safety of the Republic"; those who spread false news, interfered with public instruction, promoted famine, "perverted morals or corrupted the public conscience"; those who abused the principles of the Revolution; those who attempted to dissolve or discredit the Convention.

They passed it, under the lash of Robespierre's acid persistence, retracting the clause which they had tried to slip in safeguarding deputies from the quicksand of this unlimited

terrorism. Why, if you sneezed during a speech of this maniac Robespierre you might be interfering with "public instruction." But the Convention passed it. That Robespierre had certain deputies in mind was no secret—men like Tallien, Barras, Fouché; grafters, profiteers, men who had not practised their terrorism "virtuously"; but that the terrible law was aimed fundamentally at Batz's Foreign Conspiracy—sprung from it and fashioned especially for it—was self evident.

Jean made no bones about it in his own mind, and shouldered the burden of this further responsibility too. This law or that, for nothing could save those poor souls at Sainte-Pélagie. Let Robespierre go ahead with his insanities; just let him go ahead; the further the better now. What Proly, and Desfieux, and Dufourny had done deliberately at the Jacobins to make the Revolution revolting, Robespierre was now doing himself in the name of his execrable Virtue. Just a little more of this, and perhaps the sacrifice of those lives at Sainte-Pélagie would not be in vain. For behind Robespierre's back men were working, working all the time now to destroy him.

To terrify the Convention, until it rushed headlong into the fantastic aberrations of a suicidal hysteria—that was Jean's plan, and now Robespierre in his folly was himself become its principal agent. Out of the night of disaster at Sainte-Pélagie the crimson day of a fearful triumph was slowly dawning.

36.

AND now it was the Great Terror.

Thirty and forty heads at a time, falling "like tiles" from the guillotine; some fourteen hundred victims in six weeks. The Tribunal working like a factory; Fouquier-Tinville's clerks swamped, scribbling for dear life, listing fathers for their sons, or sons for their fathers, or one man for another because the last names were the same—and closing their eyes to it; the jurors no longer listening, drawing funny

pictures on their papers of notes, condemning persons whose trial had not even been ordered but who had been brought up from the cells by mistake, on charges the nature of which they did not understand—and boasting of it; the judges sitting in their black cloaks and black plumed hats under the painted poster of the Rights of Man in what was now the "Hall of Liberty," no longer troubling to identify the accused crammed into the tiers of benches slapped together on the west wall all the way up to the cornice, disposing of cases at the rate of one every thirty seconds—and proud of it. Robespierre's jurors and judges.

Out in the city, no one dared breathe; the streets deserted at night—after a feverish crowding of show places—the Palais Royal empty, people whispering behind drawn shutters, "in a low voice, the doors carefully closed," listening for the tramp of patrols. One "foresaw vaguely that this quiet of death could not last; one was expecting, without knowing why, some great event which would change the face of things . . . one was not very certain what one thought; but everywhere one said It cannot go on. And yet it went on." And on every tongue, but silently, furtively, there was only one name—Robespierre's; in every heart the desperate hope of deliverance through the destruction of a single man only—Robespierre.

At the Convention—but the Convention was empty. A bare hundred or so voting out of a possible seven hundred odd deputies. The rest of them tucked away in committee rooms, dodging out of the hall whenever they could, many of them no longer sleeping at home; those who remained continually changing their seats, terrified if they caught Robespierre's eye; all of them trying to "display a sort of joy" if Robespierre was around, "very much as in the days of Nero."

To ruin the Convention, to humiliate it, to terrify it . . .

"Each one," Jean wrote at the end of that six weeks, "each one found himself obliged to render an account of his whole

life, as at the Last Judgment. And since the mere moral certitude or suspicion were declared sufficient proof [of guilt] by the law, since tale bearing was called virtue and denouncers were recompensed and even bought, men could no longer come into each others' presence without shuddering; each one, so to speak, had a power of life and death over the other; and since the tyrants possessed it over everyone, suspicion and death were on every doorstep, and blood flowed without cease." And yet it was only "a very small circle of lunatics" which "dominated and pronounced the supreme oracles of the Terror"; for their strength they depended entirely upon its "ferocity"; and "the whole country was expiring under the scourge of a few handfuls of terrorists." Such was "the regime of the Terror—a government which existed really only on tears and on blood."

Robespierre's Terror.

But that, too, was Jean's handiwork, since without the conspiracy of the Baron de Batz it would probably not have occurred, since it would have lacked the necessary emergency. Jean had driven Robespierre to it. Jean could refrain from admitting it, even to himself; Jean could marvel that brutality could beget such a greater brutality—"innocent blood," he was himself to cry out, "the blood of women, of children, of old men! Frenchmen! You spilled the blood of women"—but in his deepest conscience Jean knew that he could not step aside from that responsibility either. Well, so be it. Whatever happened, it was not as terrible as what had already happened, at Versailles, at the Tuileries, at the Temple, at the Conciergerie.

Let that score be wiped out, and let the Revolution be obliterated—that was his cause—and let the Terror bury its terrors.

37.

ROBESPIERRE should have had more sense. The Committees were making too much fuss over Cécile Renault, too much fuss over his "assassination." He should have been

warned—except that he was so busy making so much of the fuss himself.

He was to fall on July 27—dragged to the scaffold on July 28, before a jubilating city—and not for a moment does one propose even to recapitulate in these pages the celebrated events of *Thermidor*. The conspiracy of the Committees, of the Convention, of all the deputies who feared for their necks—call it the conspiracy of Fouché to save Fouché—against Robespierre, the killer. It smashed him, it smashed Saint-Just, it smashed the Terror; with its aftermaths it smashed Fouquier-Tinville, it smashed the Tribunal jurors and judges, it smashed the Jacobins, it smashed the Mountain, it smashed the whole Revolution, leaving the man Bonaparte to pick up the pieces. Until, in 1815, he dropped them again, and Louis XVIII, he who had been Provence, came to town bringing with him Artois and Madame Royale—poor lonely child of the Temple, sole known survivor of her imprisoned family—who was then Artois's daughter-in-law as well as his niece.

So, at long last, and little by little, Jean had his victory.

It was made possible by *Thermidor;* and if Robespierre's Terror could not have occurred without Jean's conspiracy, so in like manner Robespierre's downfall could not without it have been encompassed. The last terrible laugh was Jean's, the final fearful triumph, while Dulac—all sold out with Dumonceau to Batz—went through the streets crying Outlaw in Robespierre's ears. For it was the Foreign Conspiracy which the Committees used to ensnare Robespierre; by adding to it the affair of Cécile Renault; by turning it around to become a holocaust of Robespierre's murderers—for Collot did not count any more—by dressing it up with the trappings of parricidal disgrace; by finally spattering Robespierre, and he fell for it, with the blood of too many people. For it was in the pool of blood left behind by Cécile Renault and her fiftyfour accomplices of the Foreign Conspiracy—so the Committees contrived

it with Robespierre's insane acquiescence—that Robespierre's foot slipped.

That is the fact to remember about *Thermidor.*

38.

JEAN saw it coming, and knew that it was preparing. Those poor souls at Sainte-Pélagie, pray God, were *not* going to die in vain. Sénar was keeping Jean informed of everything, and it was "with Sénar's letter in my hand" that Jean wrote some of it down afterwards.

And while Lacoste was preparing his "Report made on behalf of the combined Committees of Public Safety and General Security concerning the Batz, or Foreign, Conspiracy," consulting with colleagues several of whom he knew perfectly well to be in Batz's pay—with the "Expediters" and the "C[illegible] Men," as the cliques in the Committee were called, carefully egging on Robespierre's "Listeners"—the Committee of General Security started the ball rolling by deciding on the following points, as transcribed by Sénar and copied by Jean.

"First, that it was necessary, at any price, to convince the public of the existence of the Foreign Conspiracy. Second, that it was necessary, by every means, to give the two Committees importance, and cause them to be feared and respected"—that was a slap at the dictatorship within the Committee of Public Safety of Robespierre, Saint-Just and Couthon—"and that consequently one must maintain that Pitt, the Kings and the *émigrés* had premeditated and ordered the assassination of Collot by Admiral and of Robespierre by Cécile Renault. Third, that it was necessary to find a great many accomplices of every sort for Cécile Renault and Admiral, and to put a great number of them to death at the same time, in order to produce a very great effect by means of a very remarkable execution."

The essential elements of the snare being spread for Robespierre were right there in that third point. Aside from that, the Committee felt that "a great deal of pomp is necessary: pomp creates illusion, and by means of illusion you lead the people." Put the accused in the red robes reserved for parricides, because "that would tend to give the murders even more actuality"—and one of them, certainly, needed every grain of actuality that it could borrow, since it had never occurred! But illusion and pomp were not sufficient, one of the "Expediters" thought—old Vadier, who was then so eagerly pursuing Robespierre through the ridiculous Théot affair; "blood, blood," he insisted, "there is the essential thing," and "let us go and watch the red mass being celebrated on the high altar of the fatherland." As a contrast, no doubt, to the Festival of the Supreme Being—and the "Listeners" should have been warned, and Robespierre should have had more sense.

But the Committee of Public Safety did instruct Fouquier to pay no attention to that part of General Security's memorandum which recorded the remark, reported by Sénar to Jean, to the effect that "we will only be safe by putting a wall of heads between the people and ourselves." A very cryptic remark.

So, fiendishly, Lacoste's report was prepared.

39.

THE Committee of Public Safety, on its side, was not being idle—its own cliques of "Investigators" and "Revolutionary Men" carefully egging on the "High Handed Men" who were Robespierre, Saint-Just and Couthon. The "Triumvirate." For on the night of June 13—that was the day of the Lacoste report in the Convention—Public Safety was listening, and so was Lord Grenville's spy who reported it, to a memorandum in which it was suggested that the revamped Tribunal, Robespierre's Tribunal, could be used for the pur-

pose of destroying anything that remained in France of the nobility, of the clergy, and of the magistracy, by means of the "pretext" of two "conspiracies," the Théot woman's, a report on which was made on June 15, and Batz's.

This led to a discussion of Batz, "who has been made the pretext of a great conspiracy," from which the spy gathered that Batz was "a scoundrel of the vilest sort." This spy's reports have been carefully preserved among Lord Grenville's papers; the accuracy of some of his statements, apparently fantastic, has, with the accumulation of research, been amply proved—the Committee of Public Safety itself, in one instance, furnished the corroboration—and his existence is no longer scouted in well informed circles; except those, possibly, in which any departure from the orthodox version of the Revolution must, of necessity, be an invention, since otherwise it constitutes an unpleasant disturbing of intellectual somnolence.

And Carnot, on that night of June 13, knew all about Batz; how he had remained in Paris as the Baron de Breteuil's agent; how the "multiplicity of his intrigues had beyond a doubt hastened the death of the King"; how, in the Constituant Assembly, he had bribed his way to the presidency of the Committee of Liquidation; and how he had blackmailed claimants to such an extent that he had been "driven from the Committee under the accusation of having stolen a million." And all that, the spy recorded, was "the scaffolding upon which Robespierre [and others] absolutely insisted on setting up a conspiracy which might involve all those whose death was desired."

So, with the passage of time, do events become transmogrified; and Jean had come a long way in popular rumor from that notation of the King's, in 1792. "Return and perfect behavior of Mr. de Batz, to whom I owe five hundred and twelve thousand *livres*."

40.

LACOSTE brought his report into the Convention on June 13, and the document really deserves, did space permit, to be read in full.

For it was a very remarkable document; compounded, in part, of every piece of stool pigeon's gossip which the Committees had been able to gather; in part, of such deliberate hypocrisies as the Committees had decided on in advance; in part, of a very accurate recapitulation of all of Jean's genuine activities, based, ostensibly, on Armand's denunciation—so that what the Committees really believed and knew to be true is inextricably mixed up with what they pretended to believe and knew to be false.

At all events, the report purported to penetrate "the dark labyrinth of conspiracies, in the midst of the blades and poisons of assassins"; and to reveal "the intrigues formed against Liberty," in order to "excite confusion and disorder," to "wear out the patience of patriots" by means of starvation and corruption, to "vilify the National Representatives." A "vast" plan, the "principal objects" of which were "the rescue of the [Queen], the dissolution of the National Convention, and finally the counter-revolution."

And the Committees knew that the Hermitage at Charonne was the "den" in which the conspirators held their "dark councils" and "meditated at their ease on their black enterprises"; that it was from the Hermitage that instructions to distant agents were issued in invisible ink, inscribed between the lines of newspapers which became "the thermometer of the conspiracy, of its advances or delays"; that the accomplices controlled "twenty millions," to say nothing of "a great many guineas accumulated by Pitt," and a great many false *assignats;* and that it was their practise to purchase gold at very high prices in order to remove it from circulation, either by sending it abroad or concealing it. As for the famous *assignats,*

which Roussel had talked about, it is worth noting that they were not counterfeit at that, but only spurious, since on close inspection they showed the head of Louis XVII.

And the Committees knew that "Batz, with one hand filled with English guineas and the other holding the electric thread which galvanized the Vendée and [the provinces], was the one who directed the plan of the conspiracy which had been drawn up by the foreigners and by the *émigrés*"; that Batz was "the atrocious brigand who was to conduct the blackest schemes of the Kings against humanity"; and that "all the levers designed to overthrow the Republic were manipulated by [that] one man, acting on behalf of all the associated tyrants."

For "that intriguing and audacious man had intermediary agents in the Paris Sections, in the Department, in the Municipality, in the administrations, even in the prisons, and finally in the sea ports and in the fortified frontier towns." The Maniacs, Lullier, Michonis and the prison Inspectors, Public Cartage, posting masters, Boulogne—the Committees seemed to know everything. And with their eyes on the "English Letter," which was brought up, they were sure that "possessing the confidence of the [King's] brothers and of the foreign tyrants, this mercenary conspirator disposed of immense sums of money with which he bribed accomplices and bought assassinations, poison, incendiarism and famine."

And now it was too bad that Batz, "the foremost agent of the tyrants' conspiracy," had so far escaped pursuit; but "let his accomplices suffer the penalty which they have merited as soon as possible." Lacoste listed them, and the Convention ordered them forthwith to trial. Fiftyfive of them. Admiral, and his woman, and Briel, and Paindavoine; Cécile Renault and her family; those persons who had talked against Robespierre; Michonis, his "friend" Comte—because they had dined together at the Force—and the prison Inspectors; all of Jean's people at Sainte-Pélagie; a group of seven men involved as

counterfeiters, some of whom had been mentioned by Armand; Burlandeux, Ozanne and Lafosse; Pons, and Marsan, and de la Guiche; the Duc de Laval-Montmorency, the Comte du Hardaz and the Comte d'Hauteville to add to the Comte de Baussancourt, to the Marquis de Sombreuil and his son, to the Prince de Saint-Mauris, to the Prince de Rohan-Rochefort and to Madame d'Epréménil—for so many nonentities and lesser nobles needed a generous alloy of great names—and Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe, Emilie, Sartines and young "Lili."

They began to gather them in from the outlying prisons, and crammed them all into the Conciergerie. Fortyfour men, ten women and a sixteen year old boy. All of them as accomplices of Admiral and Cécile Renault who did not know each other, and whom some fortyfive of the others had never seen before. The Marquis de Sombreuil was in his seventies, a survivor of the September massacres; Rohan-Rochefort was twentyfour, Roussel twentysix, Devaux twentynine. Marie Grandmaison was twentyseven; Cécile was twenty; Emilie, radiant Emilie, was nineteen; and little Nicolle was eighteen.

The "Red Shirts."

41.

LET the "thermometer of the conspiracy" pass, but all that nonsense about electric threads, and Pitt's guineas, and the foreign tyrants infuriated Jean. For he was there, in the Convention hall, listening.

"I had the temerity to show myself," Jean wrote afterwards of those days, "because it seemed important to me to see, and to give examples of audacity," and so "I dared to penetrate into the deputies' lair." And it was very great temerity, during that June of 1794, when "the principal desire was the hope of catching me and depriving me of every refuge"; but "the more importance they attached to me, the more rash I became in my assurance." But on the day that they arrested a man by mis-

take for him right alongside of him, right in the street in which he was hiding, almost at the door of the house—Michelle's or Desherbiers's, Jean does not say—it gave Jean a turn. After that, "I could no longer conceal from myself the perils which surrounded me, and, anxious, I watched myself carefully."

But he had to hear the much heralded Lacoste report, to learn at once who was involved and how the Committees had fixed it—to thumb his nose too, terrible Gascon that he was, at a Convention crammed, this time, to listen to his own indictment—and he went in; through the crowded lobbies, past the bookstalls, and tobacco counters, and lemonade stands; into that adapted "plaster, cloth, paper and paint" hall, so flimsily splendid above the steep pit of its tiers of green seats, with its red and green draperies beneath the painted figures of classical sages on the yellow walls, its maple and mahogany rostrum with the black fringed purple chairs; up the wooden stairs into the blue benched public galleries; and into a box, one of the journalists' boxes. He was "surrounded by a group in the midst of which I was easily hidden," and it is no great assumption to surmise that his journalist friend, Richer de Sérizy, was with him. A temerity on his part too, though, for Richer had been mentioned in Armand's denunciation. And so there was Jean, listening with all his ears.

And Robespierre spotted him. "Our eyes met, and his warned me that he was astonished, but that he was not deceived." He had recognized Jean.

Robespierre was startled; he blinked; and in that second Jean slid under the seat. When Robespierre looked again to make sure, Jean was gone, crawling under the benches, out of the box, and down the stairs. "My retreat," he chose to claim in one place, "was prompt but dignified"—but from what he said elsewhere it is clear that at the first opportunity Jean ran like hell.

But it was not in Robespierre's horoscope that he should

catch Jean de Batz. He had his Foreign Conspiracy and his fiftyfive murderers—and the police were watching Madame de Janson and the gardener at the Hermitage—but Robespierre was not to have Jean, or Desherbiers, or Michelle.

42.

AND on that same day, June 13, the Committee of Public Safety communicated with Fouquier-Tinville.

This time it was Devaux. A man, a Tribunal juror, had just reported the fact that he recognized Devaux for one of the four men who had rushed out into the Boulevard on the morning of the King's execution. Would Fouquier kindly question Devaux on this matter, and "you are authorized to offer Devaux a pardon if he will tell where Batz is." But Devaux would tell nothing. He gave noncommittal answers concerning the events on January 21 of 1793, and, supposing him to be in safety, he admitted that de la Guiche as well as Batz had been with him on that day; but as for Batz—"I am innocent and I do not know where Batz is." Devaux was married; he was the only support, besides, of his father; they offered him his life—and he could have told them many things—but "I do not know where Batz is." The answer unquestionably saved both Desherbiers and Michelle.

But then not one of them would consent to betray anything.

On June 15, Public Safety sent Fouquier his final instructions. They were in Héron's handwriting, and presumably dictated by Robespierre. Fouquier was to "insist strongly on the objective which inspired so many meetings held by the former Baron de Batz, namely the escape of the Capet family from the Temple and of Antoinette from the Conciergerie, facts so perfectly proved"—but suppress all details of the "great project" which Simon had spoiled at the Temple in June; the project organized by Cortey with "Batz and his accomplices"; simply

"give the gist without the details." Fouquier was to be sure and include Marino, Froidure and Soulès, "who, with Michonis, were selling the Temple to Batz's and the Prince of Wales's gold and to Pitt's pennies." And Fouquier was to say nothing about Madame de Janson, but he was to "look for traces of her in all the examinations," and "by following her it may be possible to discover Batz." For the same reason, say nothing about the gardener at Charonne "in whom Batz puts his trust."

As for de la Guiche, Fouquier was to keep him out of the trial although listed in the decree of June 13. They were hoping, evidently, that de la Guiche would talk; but de la Guiche did not talk, and ten days later they sent him to the scaffold; so that the only upshot for him was that he was deprived of the privilege of dying with his friends. They, on the other hand, had the satisfaction until the end of believing that he had escaped. But Fouquier was to call up Rohan-Rochefort, Saint-Mauris, Laval-Montmorency, Sombreuil and his son, and Pons—"to be condemned tomorrow."

To be *condemned* tomorrow. The whole story of Robespierre's Tribunal, of its Prosecutor, of its jurors and its judges, lies in that sentence. And one thing more for Fouquier. "Above all put them in red smocks as assassins of representatives of the people."

Not a word about Admiral—but Fouquier questioned him violently on June 16—not a word about Cécile Renault. These were merely the alloy for Batz's people. Only, as it turned out, they were all of them merely the alloy for Robespierre himself.

43.

TO be condemned tomorrow, on June 16; but on June 16 they were still feverishly busy; questioning Admiral; searching the town and beating the suburbs for "d'Alençon." All day long and throughout the night Héron's and Dosson-

ville's men were ferreting through the streets, ransacking the outskirts of Paris, watching every known locality where he might be concealed, hunting high and low for the missing man. They were sure that Batz was somewhere nearby, since he had been seen in the Convention. It was the most perilous twentyfour hours in Jean's whole life, and in the lives of those who hid him "in those difficult and stormy times of the Revolution." Michelle, and Desherbiers who told his de Musset grandsons afterwards that he had seen Jean almost daily during those years.

And on June 16, Fouquier-Tinville himself was in a terrible jam, so that the trial did not occur until June 17. Fiftyfive accused—fiftyfour now, without de la Guiche—and he was having trouble finding them all. There were so many prisons in Paris, and all of them so crowded, that unless you knew exactly where to put your hand on a prisoner it took hours to locate him. At the very last moment, on June 16, Fouquier discovered that he was still shy four persons at the Conciergerie—Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe, Emilie, Sartines and "Lili." It was only by chance that a Tribunal usher looked in at the Anglaises—a makeshift prison in a convent—and finally found these murderers of Robespierre who had not even been examined.

But there they were at last; fiftyfour of them; since Emilie refused to declare herself with child, as Fouquier is alleged to have suggested to her. It would have postponed her appearance before the Tribunal, and might have resulted in her being forgotten again, should Fouquier find reason to be so minded. Fiftyfour of them, then. But before the night was over there were fiftyfive of them again. A prisoner at the Luxembourg had volunteered; he asked to be sent to the scaffold; he desired "the privilege of being guillotined along with all those good people." It was the Comte de Rossay-Fleury.

All right, Fouquier snickered. If the gentleman was "in

such a hurry," put him on the list. One of those petrified clerks —all of them past caring what they did any longer—scribbled the name down.

44.

THEY had not been long enough in the singing Conciergerie, any of them, to have made any particular friends; or to be given any farewell parties by their room companions at which to compose "guillotine songs," as was the custom with old timers who never failed to make a flaunting, jesting, death baiting celebration of their last night in the prison prior to a Tribunal summons.

Those who could afford it, those who had *pistoles* to spend for luxuries—the "Pistole Crowd"—had individual cells of their own, or at least some degree of privacy and decency found for them in that labyrinth of superimposed partitioned cubicles which turned the old stone vaults of the Conciergerie into a human hive. Those who had no money, the "Straw Gang," went into that filthy, verminous straw—they called it that, but it was more like manure—which gave them their nickname; to sleep, if they could, all piled up on top of each other in the stench and the itching; in those fearful rat infested glory holes of the lower prison; the "Rat Trap," the "Morgue," "Belair," "Paradise," the "Flycatchers'"—the police spies'—"Chamber," and "Great Caesar" and Bonbec under the Caesar and Bonbec towers. Bonbec with its walls covered with terrible pictures done in filth with the finger, one of them done in blood from the September massacre and so captioned.

But it was summer time, and they did not have to go in until eight o'clock in the evening; and it was in their long, deep, narrow courtyard that the men heard their names called for the next day's Tribunal, when the ushers stuck their heads out of the window of the Prisoners' Corridor on the Tribunal floor and announced their daily pleasantry of "the evening paper, the evening paper." The indictments were handed out

through the grille at the foot of the Bonbec Tower, in the corner; and they learned then, all of them except Admiral who knew his own guilt, that they had connived at the assassination of Collot and Robespierre.

Goodness! If they only had, and if only it had succeeded! Some of them shrugged their shoulders; some of them took it seriously; Michonis, for one, settled down to prepare a defence; Saint-Mauris was going around chattering about how he had been arrested as an *émigré,* but here were certificates which proved that he had not emigrated—and yet he had, for a few weeks in 1792, with Jean. It must all have seemed very stupid to the old Marquis de Sombreuil, to Madame d'Epréménil; utterly bewildering to Sister of Charity Renault, to little Nicolle Bouchard, to young "Lili." All of them, of course, thought that what they were going up to the next day was a trial, if only a Tribunal trial, for they had not heard of the Law of *Prairial* in the prisons.

So the night, the short June night, passed for the fiftyfive. No, the fifty; for Rossay-Fleury was still at the Luxembourg; and for some reason Marino, Froidure, Soulès and Dangé had not been notified of any indictment. They thought that they were there simply as witnesses. And among Jean's own people there can only have been one thought, silent on their lips but a consolation and a victory in their eyes. Jean was not there, and de la Guiche was not there. Perhaps of them all only Marie Grandmaison and Devaux knew who else was not there.

45.

IN the morning, on June 17, "Charlot" was around to see Fouquier-Tinville about the day's crop for the "National Razor." How many people today to look through the "little window"?

That was the popular name for the guillotine because the two halves of the wooden neck piece, when they came together,

left a round opening. The blade fell through a slot in the upper half. It was a simple trick, this machine. You were dead before you knew it. One executioner took you by one arm, a second by the other, and a third by the legs, and in a jiffy they had you strapped face down on the seesaw plank. And then thump, the plank tipped forward, releasing the machinery; and thump, down came the upper neck piece; and thump, down came the chopper. Three thumps and you were gone. It was rather fascinating to watch.

"Charlot" came every morning to consult the Prosecutor so as to make his arrangements for the afternoon. So many accused usually meant so many condemned, it almost never failed, and you could be guided accordingly. "Charlot" was a methodical man, very neat, very well dressed always in a dark coat and a high English hat, very gentle really. His name was Charles Sanson—and the last name as pronounced in French meant "no bran," although he used quantities of it in his business, and so they also called him "No Flour"—and since June 13 he was the "Executer" for Paris, Versailles, Tours and Reims. A new title, for prior to June 13 he had been the "Master of the High Tasks," and so had his fathers before him all the way back to 1688. They took themselves very seriously, the Masters, passing the office down from father to son, while their families intermarried all over France. But the Sansons of Paris—"Charlot," and his big, strapping son Henri who was already doing most of the heavy work with the machine—the Sansons of Paris were in a class by themselves now; so deft, so quick; and it was something to have decapitated a King and a Queen.

But the job was no bed of roses these days. Executions every afternoon, whole batches of people at a time, until the "Executer" was going bankrupt. You had to hire your own carts, if more than two, and your own helpers, or "valets," beyond the regular four. "Charlot" had good "valets," Le

Vasseur, the two Demorets brothers, and "Big" François, but even with Henri to help with the chopper it was hardly sufficient. And the money you had to pay out to the supers—tremendous tips every time, or else they failed to show up the next day; and now they were all complaining about how the blood ruined their clothes, so that they had to have crimson smocks to wear during the business. The blood did pretty well drench everything. It got in your hair, and soaked through your shoes.

The Master paid for all that out of his own pocket; and for the horses, the ropes, the straps, the baskets, the bran, the repairs; and you no longer got the victims' clothes as a perquisite; the "valets" got the women's hair which had to be cut off in advance, and sold it for wigs, but the clothes all had to go to the hospitals now. Well, it had been a chore cleaning them too, after the mess in the cemetery tumbril. You were responsible for that, also; carting the heads and corpses away, and undressing them at the trench side. No, the job was pretty strenuous and unremunerative, and "Charlot" had about done with it. Henri could have it.

And June 17 was going to be another unprofitable day. Fiftyfive condemned, Fouquier had said. It would take forever in the warden's room cutting their hair, and tying their hands, and trimming their garments clear of the neck. Some of them always fidgeted so, and thought of last requests, and had to sit on the bucket. Fiftyfive condemned. Goodness! That meant eight carts, six over the allowance, and extra helpers, and more tumbrils, and the Supreme Being only knew how much bran. It would be terribly slippery on the platform; and you had to try and keep things fairly decent for the last victims. They were there to be put to death, not to be horrified, and the machine itself was very swift and clean. Of course the blade dripped all the time, that could not be helped.

Fiftyfive condemned. Murderers of Robespierre, so they

said. That was certainly a great many murderers for a man who was quite hale and hearty. There would probably be a big crowd to see the show.

46.

THERE was an enormous crowd.

In the partitioned public section which filled almost the whole south half of the Tribunal Chamber; clattering across the fine old black and white marble floor; scrambling into the front benches where you got the best view of the Prosecutor standing in front of the jurors' table and chairs under the tall, narrow windows on the east side; of the prisoners' grand stand on the west side; and of the black plumed judges seated against the north wall, across the open space where the witnesses came to testify. In the past, there had been seats and tables for the defence lawyers in front of the prisoners' benches, but those were gone now. No more formality, Robespierre had said, so it must be all right. Up there on the wall above the judges, along with the Rights of Man, and the Constitution, and the bust of Brutus, were the busts of murdered Lepelletier and murdered Marat—and that was very appropriate today, when all those murderers were to be condemned.

Still, fiftyfive murderers. That was a great many murderers. Only one man had fired at Collot; and that little Cécile had not lifted a finger. But the Committee of Public Safety must know what it was doing. Charlotte Corday had walked in to Marat's house that way and assassinated him. So bring on the fiftyfive. Tribunal audiences were not finicky; some of the spectators were paid to come and howl; and there was always a street rabble to give its approval to any horror.

And there was an enormous crowd in the prison passageways; around the entrance from Bonbec, and in the Tribunal lobbies, and in the long Prisoners' Corridor; to see the accused

go by and hoot at them. This baiting of the prisoners was a daily sport, but it would be a long time before a batch like this went by again. Oh, yes—very haughty, Citizen Sombreuil; very scornful, Madame d'Eprémenil; very proud and dignified, Citizen Devaux—silly fool, might have had a pardon; all in a state, Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe; very cool and collected, Marie Grandmaison; very demure and innocent, Cécile Renault; very sweet and lovely, Emilie de Sartines—sacred heart of Marat, the wench *was* beautiful! But just wait until you got inside. Too bad Fouquier would not be there, he had a way with prisoners to shrivel them up; but he knew some of these prisoners personally, and a substitute was prosecuting.

They brought them up from the prison; the men up the Bonbec Tower staircase; the women up the steep Chapel stairs —the Queen's stairs—across the Prisoners' Gallery and down the long Corridor; and piled them into their seats facing the leering, snickering, drink soaked jurors. At the very last moment Marino, Froidure, Soulès and Dangé were told to get in with the accused. And that fellow who had tried to be funny, Rossay-Fleury. The Prosecutor's substitute rattled through the indictment—goodness, what a string of charges—and Dumas, presiding judge, arose.

The prisoners settled back for the trial to begin. It was odd, though, that no one had been assigned to defend them.

47.

DUMAS asked one question fiftysix times. Had the accused connived at—in Admiral's and Cécile's cases, attempted—the assassination of Collot and Robespierre? Dumas had to ask the question twice of Saint-Mauris, because he interrupted with some chatter about certificates. Michonis, too, seemed to have an idea that he could make a speech. Michonis had a paper in his hand which he had been nervously creasing between his fingers, and during the questioning he had thought

of some things to add in pencil. For one thing, Michonis was prepared to state that he had never known Batz. But Dumas was not interested in the paper. Admiral said Yes, and "I have only one regret, and that is that I missed that scoundrel Collot." Cécile Renault replied that "I never intended to kill Robespierre; I simply considered him one of my country's principal tyrants." All the others said No.

"There are no witnesses for the prosecution," Dumas announced, and sat down.

The Prosecutor's substitute stood up. Why, the man was summing up already!

"Citizen jurors," he addressed them, "you have just heard the replies of the accused, it is for you to give them such consideration as may be reasonable. I merely invite you to bear in mind that we are here concerned with the most important case which has yet been submitted to the Tribunal's justice. I rely consequently on your patriotism and your customary sagacity."

Dumas arose again. But—but—it was the charge! The accused sat dumbfounded.

"Citizen jurors," Dumas proclaimed, "the accused before you are the agents of foreign powers. The National Convention has sent them before the Tribunal so that you might pronounce upon their fate. Their denials will not deceive you; I think it unnecessary to remind you that the people demand vengeance on the monsters who sought to deprive it of two of its cherished representatives. You will fulfill its expectation by pronouncing on the questions submitted to you."

A charge—good heavens, it was a verdict! And that was all.

"Remove the accused."

That was all. They had hardly been in the chamber forty-five minutes. They had not said a word in their own behalf. They were herded out, struggling, protesting, cursing, roaring at Dumas.

The jury took half an hour for a good stretch and a round of drinks. Sacred heart of Marat, that Emilie was something, hey? When they came back the verdict of guilt was unanimous.

"On all the questions, for all the accused," from Admiral to Rossay-Fleury.

The penalty to be announced to the prisoners—big batches were not brought back into the chamber any more, in order to avoid a commotion in the court room—the penalty was death.

"Tribunal adjourned."

It was a *Prairial* trial.

48.

THERE was a great rush immediately to see the condemned taken out. The jurors had their own canteen windows on the Tribunal floor from which to jeer at their victims, but others had to scramble for the windows in the Prisoners' Corridor. Some preferred to go outside the prison, and secure vantage points on the big Palace stairway so that they might watch "Charlot" assembling his carts at the grille of the little courtyard through which the fiftyfive would come out. It was noontime, and it would take quite a while to get them ready in the warden's room. The mob of screaming women who were paid to make a hullabaloo at the exit every afternoon could go home first to their dinners.

The condemned were all taken down Bonbec, and through the Men's Courtyard back into the prison to the main entrance office. Still furious, most of them, blazing, spluttering, incredulous; or else resigned already, heads up and lips tight; or just as they had been all the while, bewildered and uncomprehending. Only Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe had collapsed. The constabularies hurried them along; down the friendly, sympathizing lane—handshakes and brave smiles—

with which the seething Courtyard always honored a final departure.

In the warden's room, it is said that Emilie cut off her own hair, and, as a special favor, requested permission to entrust it to the warden; for a friend who might come for it. And later Elleviou is supposed to have come. Even without it, Emilie was still amazingly beautiful, slim and boyish. They were quieter now—all but Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe—their leave taken of life; not themselves any longer, but pale, disfigured puppets stacked up on the benches, waiting for "Charlot's" inspection. He came, very kind, very gentle, to look at them all when the "valets" had finished with them. It was time to start. The "valets" were helping them up, and the crowd was screeching outside—when suddenly, stop, close the door.

For a second they must have hoped. A reprieve? A miracle? Or was Jean caught? But it was only Fouquier. He had completely forgotten the red smocks.

The ushers had to go out and scour the shops, taking anything they could find, red, purple, magenta, and hastily cut the material for fiftyfive shapeless sort of night shirts to slip over the head. It took another whole hour. And now they did look exactly like puppets. But Emilie had a simile for it. "Look, Mother," she is supposed to have exclaimed, "we look just like cardinals!" And it would have made Emilie smile to know that in a few days all the fashionable women in Paris would be wearing crimson scarfs, "Sainte-Amaranthe style."

But it was not to make Robespierre smile.

49.

AND now at last they were ready. One by one they came out and across the courtyard, and up the stone steps and through the grille, and into the carts. This was "Charlot's" special care, and he helped each one, always very kind,

very gentle. It was difficult with Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe, who kept fainting all the time. They put Cécile Renault and Marie Grandmaison in the first cart with three other women; Emilie and her mother—and as a favor "Lili"—in the second cart with the rest. The third cart was for the older men like Sombreuil, Briel, Cécile's father, Michonis; the young fellows like Devaux and Roussel had theirs; the others were distributed, six or seven to a cart. When "Charlot" was satisfied, the "valets" climbed aboard, the squadron of mounted constabulary swung into line, and they were off, at four o'clock in the afternoon, for the long, long ride to the Vincennes barrier. The way to Charonne.

Cécile was perfectly placid, Marie perfectly calm, Emilie magnificent and smiling. In the third cart they conversed, quietly and with elegance; some of the younger ones managed to joke and laugh. At the barrier they all got out and were lined up with their backs to the scaffold. They were not gagged, and they could talk, and bid each other good-bye. It was almost seven o'clock.

The "valets" got into their crimson smocks; they were up on the platform; one facing east, one facing west; the others moved about, quickly and considerately, doing what was necessary; disposing the prisoners in order. Cécile was to go first, Admiral last. Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe wanted to go before her children, but it was not arranged that way. She was probably already dead when they carried her up. When Emilie appeared, radiant and always smiling, her shoulders bare—they took the "red shirts" off on the platform—the paid applauders forgot to clap, they were so enthralled looking at her. At the very last moment Sartines thought of a suitable couplet from an opera, and died happy.

"Even death is a boon," he smiled at Emilie, "since we unite in the tomb."

Thump, thump, thump. Thump, thump, thump. Thump,

thump, thump. Fiftyfive times, thump, thump, thump. It was over very quickly. Twentyeight minutes, or one approximately every thirty seconds.

50.

AND when the crowd actually saw them, the "Red Shirts" clattering by to their last ordeal—the real crowd; not the paid screamers scattered along the route, or the ones hired to sing and shout around the scaffold, but good folks of the town who had come out to see what these murderers looked like—"the crowd seemed terrified as at the aspect of a great crime which must draw down upon the earth the bolts and vengeances of Heaven." Under those "infamous" assassin's "winding sheets," surrounded "by the brilliance and the serenity of innocence," the unfortunate victims "won all hearts." Already at the grille of the Conciergerie a man had burst into tears, and Fouquier had had him arrested.

So it seemed to Jean—and those are his own words—as he watched them come out, and followed them through the streets, lost himself in that crowd.

It is said that Elleviou was there, and that Emilie saw him. It is said, also, that Clotilde came to sneer. It is said that Fouquier and Amar missed their suppers to watch the "red mass." In front of Cécile's house, the whole quarter was assembled, silent and horrified, to see the Renaults go by.

And Jean was there; to see Marie; to see Saint-Mauris, and Marsan, and Pons; to see Devaux and Roussel; to see Biret-Tissot and Madame Grivois; to see Pottier and Jauge; to see Marino, Froidure, Soulès and Dangé; to see Michonis and Cortey; to see Madame d'Epréménil. To see them all, poor, faithful, devoted souls, for the last time. There was nothing to do; he was not going to be able to save de la Guiche even; they had taken their lives in their hands, freely and willingly all these months; and they would have been the last to expect

any false heroism, any mistaken self sacrifice from their friend and their leader. But he could see them go by, he could watch with them until the end. At least he could do that.

He came back to his hiding place that evening, and wrote it all down. The first rush of that manuscript which he was to publish in pamphlet, much erased and rewritten, soon after *Thermidor*. Wrote it all down on little sheets of bistre colored paper which still exist, with a pen tearing with rage, heavy with grief. It was not so much that they had died, as the ignominy of their false condemnation. After what they had really done, to go through the streets as assassins. But wait; just wait; Robespierre would not so soon hear the end of it. Their last sacrifice, their final ignominy, would perhaps prove to be their greatest achievement, their shrewdest blow for the cause, their ultimate splendid victory. The Sixty, he kept calling them, "while my soul is torn in the midst of them."

"The axe is raised"—one had better read some of his raging, boiling, half finished sentences—"Sensitive beings too weak to endure such terrible pictures turn your gaze aside—do not experience with me those fearful ordeals—only you, you hear me and will follow me, you for whom grief has its religion and its cult and cherishes the details which nourish it—

"Why can those unfortunates not all go up on the platform at the same time and perish together? They have to wait, they have to go up and fall one by one. They wait—they can no longer make any move without in spite of themselves catching sight of a victim in the executioners' hands— That is being there oneself—and in the fearful silence of the people at the sight of death, the fatal thump is heard— Already another victim has gone up and is made fast— Silence returns, death is about to appear again—blood has spouted from the victim upon those who are waiting—and upon those nearest the scaffold. There is blood all over the scaffold, it runs from it under their feet—spreading far. Each victim goes up and

provides the fearful spectacle which he has already endured—The execution, they say, is rapid for each—but when there are sixty victims—the first one alone has only died once, the last one has died sixty times— And those baskets piled up and filled with bodies—that impious contact of ages and sexes—of guilt and innocence? That sacrilegious mixture of impure blood and—

"But I have said everything, my task is finished—"

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

I.

JEAN went out of Paris for a while in June; he returned in mid July in time for *Thermidor,* but he remained very much behind the scenes—Robespierre's downfall took care of itself, the "Red Shirts" had seen to that—and in August Jean went away again, for nearly a year.

In Paris—crazy, gadding, dancing Paris—the "Thermidorian Reaction" was surging through the streets; to send Fouquier-Tinville and the Tribunal judges and jurors to judgment—and what a farewell *they* received from the roaring, singing Conciergerie as they passed through the Courtyard; to send the "Gilded Youth," the new, middle class "Muscadines," stamping in and out of theatres, swinging their bludgeons all around the Palais Royal after *sans-culottes,* dragging Marat's remains from the Panthéon and throwing them down the sewer; to send a group of deputies escorting Thérésia Tallien—who for some reason now was "Our Lady of *Thermidor*"—to fetch the keys of the Jacobin Club which they had closed; to send one Mountain terrorist after another to the scaffold as his fellows scrambled frantically for the whitewash.

Jean let them kill each other off—the miserable Convention, led by those miserable Thermidorian comedians, Barras, Tallien and their crew—while the starving "Empty Bellies" of the populace twice came crashing into the Convention hall in insurrection against the profiteering, carousing "Rotten Bellies"; while a madness of profligacy, and gorging, and speculation, and half naked women covered with diamonds took hold of the town. Jean was in the East; he was in the South;

he was Muller stirring up every sort of reprisal; he was who knows how far immersed—and who shall cast the first stone—in the terrible "White Terror" of royalist vengeance which for a while in France bade fair to rival the "Red."

"People of France, people of brothers,
Can you, without trembling and horror,
Behold crime raising the banners
Of slaughter and terror?
You suffer an atrocious horde
Of assassins and brigands
To soil with their atrocious breath
The land of the living . . ."

They were singing it all over France, royalists and "Gilded Youth"; *The People's Awakening against the Terrorists*—the new *Marseillaise.*

2.

LOULLIER was gone; Sénar was in prison—Dossonville, too, and Héron, as servants of Robespierre—but Jean was still in very close touch with Paris affairs. Desherbiers was always there, and new agents took the place of the old. Dulac was now employed by the Committee of General Security; the Committee's secretary in chief, Houdayer—a member of the Administrative Commission of the *Commune* Police in August of 1795—was in Jean's pay; royalist Redon and his wife were already old friends; the Vice President of Jean's Section, young Charles de Lallot, was a born and bred monarchist.

And in the summer of 1795 it was clear that the moment was at hand for what should really be, this time, a final clearing out of the decaying Convention. The movement would come, as usual, by way of the streets; the middle classes, now, in insurrection against the despicable government; it would, it was evident, originate in de Lallot's always very royalist

Section; and its outcome would inevitably be the restoration of Louis XVIII, since little Louis XVII at the Temple was alleged to have died in June. At all events, a child had died in the Tower, and had been buried as the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Hardly anyone believed that it was the real boy; and no one knew what had become of the real one; but, politically, Louis XVII was dead.

The royalist cause, on the other hand—as a domestic solution to the prevailing chaos—had never been more alive. It walked the streets of Paris, flaunted and menacing, in the persons of hundreds of young men wearing black collars to their coats, a white seam to their hats, triangular buttons resembling the royal *fleur-de-lys,* enormous green cravats, and their hair done in *cadenettes*—the "Black Collars," the "Loveables," the "Incredibles," the members of the "Royal Cravat Regiment" who infested the "Café of the Incurables," the Régence and the Chartres, drank milk punches at the Rigny, and ate ices at Garchy's. It sat out under the trees on the Boulevard des Italiens, impudent and mocking, in the persons of hundreds of young women wearing shawls embroidered with portraits of the royal family, displaying stockings sprinkled with silver *fleur-de-lys,* gently "waving the Republic aside" with fans concealing profiles of the King and the Queen—the "Wonderfuls," the members of the "Club of Decent People" who came to air their frivolous and most insidious indolence on the benches of "Little Coblenz."

The moment was at hand, and Jean returned to Paris to organize the royalist movement behind de Lallot's insurrection, to prepare the proclamations and coordinate effort. Desherbiers and Houdayer had had him erased from the list of outlawed *émigrés;* he was living openly near Michelle who had never stirred from Paris; and the probabilities are that they had already consummated that union which was not to be regularized by means of a civil ceremony until May 3 of 1808.

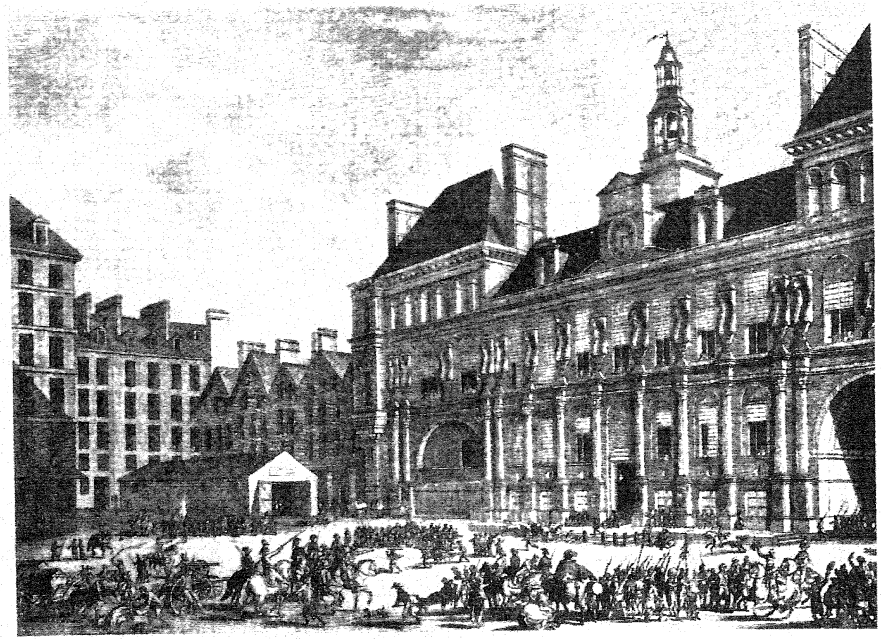
She was to survive him by thirtythree years; see the Bourbons restored and driven out again; see Dumouriez's staff officer, Chartres—Orléans's son—come to the throne and in turn depart; and die in the midst of the Victorian splendors of the Second Empire.

3.

IN 1795, the day came, on October 4—the great insurrection of *Vendémiaire,* in anticipation of which a certain young Bonaparte offered his services to the Convention—and it had been badly mismanaged. Again Jean had been obliged to take what he found; to keep the Baron de Batz very carefully in the background, in order not to reveal the real nature of de Lallot's activities; and for commander of the armed Section columns the choice fell on a stupid, dilatory leader whose strategy turned out to be wasteful, if not actually treacherous. Still, there was no reason for failure; and Jean marched, sword in hand, at the head of the column which was to force one of the Seine bridges. They came to the Convention's cannons guarding the approach—and a moment later Jean was practically alone, his sword knocked out of his hand, a piece of cannister through his sleeve. The cannons had been fired—none too accurately, aimed deliberately low by their half hearted gunners—and instead of rushing the guns the Section soldiers had fled.

So, Jean wrote, "a little smoke and noise caused the greatest and assuredly the most justified expectations to evaporate, at the very moment when it was miraculous that they should not have been realized!" And so the Convention was after all to run its course—dissolved on October 26, and replaced by a new Assembly—without ever being quite completely destroyed.

Well, so be it. From the days of the Gironde until *Thermidor,* enough had been done. Let the Convention take its corpse into oblivion.



THE CITY HALL

4.

THREE days later Jean was in prison.

He was walking down the street—and he had on him some very incriminating royalist documents connected with the insurrection—when he stopped to speak to an acquaintance; a man named Klotz who, in the past, had frequently sheltered refugees. This time the man called to some police "red collars" who were passing—"arrest this man, he is the Baron de Batz."

Jean was so angry that he beat up the man first, leaving him sprawling in the gutter, before taking to his legs down the street; and at an intersection a squadron of dragoons happened to cut him off. They took him to the Committee of Police, and while Jean was waiting in the antechamber he managed to stuff his documents under the seat of his chair. When they searched him, he had nothing on him; but the charges, curiously enough, were all the old ones of 1794, and nothing to do with *Vendémiaire,* and he was held.

And so there was Jean in prison, the terrible Baron de Batz, with his documents in a chair of the Committee's front room. But the man who had walked in to Lullier's, and then in to Alquier's, was not yet at a loss. He got word to his friends, several of whom forthwith had business which kept them sitting in the antechamber of the Committee of Police, trying first one chair and then another, until the documents were safely pocketed; and then Jean demanded a trial. He very loudly demanded a trial; he sent process servers to summon the authorities to show cause why he should not have an immediate trial; and he promised to tell everything that he knew about the Revolution. Everything.

He was released on November 4, in the charge of a constabulary who was instructed to lose sight of him just as fast as possible. Goodness—the Revolution! Why bring that up? The Revolution was over.

"Just and wise legislators,
You who cement liberty
Upon the rights of humanity,
Your names will live throughout the ages!
We take the oath to perish
Rather than allow reestablished
The reign of the maneaters."

5.

1796 and 1797; and more upheavals; and Jean was still a thorn in the government's side. The new government which called itself the Directoire, a group of five Thermidorians headed by the unspeakable Barras; the "Five Sires," the "King in Five Volumes," very much dressed up in satin and lace costumes, in short velvet cloaks and red plumed hats, in sashes and daggers. And along with them, to add to the masquerade —to take the place of the old Convention—a Council of the Ancients very much dressed up too, and a Council of the Five Hundred whose privilege it was to wear beautiful red Roman togas; the "two Chambers without dining room" of the starving populace's scorn. A desperate travesty of government, come out of the Convention's version of a Constitution, in the practise of which the Revolution—if you still wanted to call it that—touched its all time low of contemptible buffoonery, its climax of ridicule and vilification.

While Jean looked on, grim, and sardonic, and always hostile.

So that in 1796, after the quite menacing Baboeuf "anarchist" conspiracy, Tallien could complain that "the most insulting system of spying [on deputies] is in force"; and "how could the National Representatives help having such an outrage committed against them; how could patriots and republicans help being the victims of police persecution; when it is a certain Baron de Batz who is at the head of the Paris Police;

Batz, sworn enemy of everything that was ever patriotic; Batz, compromised in every affair [involving] counter-revolutionaries; Batz, who corresponds with the *émigrés* and with foreign governments; Batz, wanted for excellent reasons, escaped by miracle, and agent of the Princes."

There was no miracle about it, except the miracle of their unending terror of the terrible Batz; it was a little late in the day to go dragging out Robespierre's Foreign Conspiracy; and aside from that, Tallien's accusation was entirely imaginary. Jean was not employed by the Paris Police—hardly—and his public denial in Richer de Sérizy's newspaper was not more indignant or immediate than that of the Minister of Police.

But in 1797, in *Fructidor*—after the *coup* of September 4—it was the devil take the hindmost again for people like Jean. Faced with still another big royalist movement—a spontaneous one resulting from the new elections to the Councils—the Directoire called in its soldiery; smashed into the Chambers announcing that the Sword was the Law; arrested both Presidents and two Directors; ordered fiftythree other deputies and a number of newspaper editors, including Richer de Sérizy, deported; suspended thirtyone Paris journals; proscribed fifteen hundred priests; and made a beginning with five hundred persons to the firing squads. Paradoxically—for complicated personal and political reasons which it is not necessary here to set forth—the pendulum was swinging towards a return to terrorism which culminated, in 1799, in a renewed demand for the guillotine, in a revival of the Jacobin Revolution, in the Military Conscription Law, in the punitive Forced Loan Law, in the terrible Hostage Law which made the relatives of any emigrated or proscribed person liable to arrest and deportation—but which finally also culminated in a quick, violent reaction which wiped the Jacobins out once and for all, erased all their edicts, and opened the way for the coming of Bonaparte.

It was a very difficult period for Jean. For many months

he wandered abroad and in France under many disguises and names; he was on the *émigré* list again, and proscribed; and in 1799 they had him at Clermont. Arrested, identified, and held to appear before the Military Commission at Lyon. It was certain death, this time, before a firing squad. Jean sent a desperate appeal to Paris; to the Ministry of Justice; to its Director of Criminal Affairs—Desherbiers! But before the messenger could return to Clermont—and he had an order to suspend sentence from Desherbiers—the escort had already started with Jean for Lyon. The messenger pushed on, frantically, but he was not destined to catch up with Jean.

But neither was the escort, which was hunting, also very frantically, all over the countryside for its prisoner who had escaped during the halt at Tarare. He vanished, and they never knew how and they never knew where.

It was not until the last day of the year 1801, after many vicissitudes, that Jean was finally definitely removed from the *émigré* list. Farewell to Jean Batz, merchant; farewell to Muller, and Vallier, and Nathey; farewell to a hundred disguises and changing identities. From now on he was to be himself again, Jean Pierre, Baron de Batz. "How impatient I am," he had written to Madame Thilorier; "how impatient I am after all this time to be myself, and not to have to exist by proxy."

It had been nearly ten years; he was almost fortyeight; and he was tired.

6.

JEAN was tired; and he was not in very good health; and he was suddenly very disagreeable, very sour, very difficult to get on with, very acrimonious.

He was also, probably, excessively bored. He was living with Michelle at Chadieu, at the country place which had been bought through the Vallier and Nathey proxies, and there was nothing to do. Jean had finished with politics, and there was

nothing intelligent to be organized on behalf of the royalist cause as long as Bonaparte went on winning victories all over Europe. Jean turned to his writing again, and buried himself in tremendous treatises on genealogy, on history, on finance; he was full of notions; and he was becoming a pest to the government with his perpetual projects for financial reform. Times had changed, and the squire of Chadieu did not seem to realize that he was no longer the expert of the Constituant Assembly, no longer the colleague of Clavière, no longer the interlocutor of his King; he did not seem able, either, to let go, to be content with what he had done in his day, to allow the present to forget the past.

Perhaps that was impossible when his hand could all the time stray to a volume in which was pasted the little pen and ink sketch of a face which could not be forgotten. Marie Grandmaison. Saint-Mauris and de la Guiche; Marsan and Pons; Devaux and Roussel; Biret-Tissot and Madame Grivois; Pottier and Jauge; Marino, Froidure, Soulès and Dangé; Michonis and Cortey; and Madame d'Epréménil. And Proly, and Desfieux, and Gusman, and Pereyra; Lullier and Clavière—they must all many times have been with him in the long watches; and a sound in his ears. Thump, thump, thump. Thump, thump, thump. Thump, thump, thump.

And he got mean. He quarreled, and bickered, and went to court. He sued the government over technicalities, and the thing dragged on, very costly, to a hollow victory for himself. He sued the community over boundary and riparian rights, and he was perfectly justified—but it was against neighborhood sentiment, and people were killed in the riots which the case produced. He was continuously tangled up in stupid, obstinate lawsuits; all his money was going into vindictive litigations; and in the countryside they detested him. They called him a brutal adventurer; they said that he was unscrupulous and pressed for money; they said that he was hard on his tenants; they called him "The Robber."

Some thirteen years passed very unpleasantly. From the past came distorted stories and echoes of rumors. This Baron de Batz was a foreign murderer. He had committed terrible crimes. He had sent hundreds of people to the scaffold. He had stolen thousands of francs from the old Committee of Liquidation. He was a monster, cruel and sinister; he would take all your money; he bore a charmed life; he could change himself into other persons; he probably ate little children. He was the Devil.

It was hard for Michelle; not even officially married to him for the first eight years—and of course that, too, was known—facing the loneliness of a grim hostility; watching all the evil in Jean coming to the surface, all the good in him spoiling and turning to waste; knowing very well that the other girl's face would never fade from his mind.

7.

AND then it was 1814; Napoleon was out and Louis XVIII was in; and Jean went to Paris. The monarchy was restored, and he was, after all, the Baron de Batz. He had had, at one time, something to do with the affairs of this King, and of his brothers, and of his sister-in-law, and of his niece—poor child of the Temple who fainted dead away when she stepped across the threshold of the Tuileries again for the first time in a long twenty years. He would recall himself to the memory of these Princes whose victory was somewhat his own.

And Michelle thought that Jean should at least have the Cross of Saint-Louis, and they gave it to him. But when Jean thought that he should be paid back his personal loan to the King—"return and perfect behavior of Mr. de Batz, to whom I owe five hundred and twelve thousand *livres*"—that was refused. As the *émigrés* came pouring home, Jean's promissory notes for some of the sums loaned to the royal fund in 1790

were coming back to him across the waters and down the post roads, but the new King could not honor his brother's debt.

Well, perhaps the Baron de Batz could be given a military rank. He had been a Colonel in 1792, ever since 1787; allowing, in normal times, a period of ten years with that rank, perhaps he could ask to be made a *Maréchal de Camp,* with pay as of 1797. There was a Claims Commission passing on all demands upon the royal favor; it was desired to reward all those who had meritoriously served the royalist cause; and that was only just. They should have come, with the King's carriages, to seek Jean de Batz without delay; but of course they did not know all that he had done. He would tell them. That, too, was only just. He gathered together his documents and sent them in; the Lacoste report, copies of the decrees issued against him by the Committees of General Security and Public Safety; let his adversaries record what he had done at the Temple, and at the Conciergerie, and on the Boulevard de Bonne Nouvelle, and all around the town—and the Claims Commission jumped right out of their chairs.

Turgy, Jarjayes, Rougeville—those men had done very fine, devoted things, but this was phenomenal! Submit this claim right away to the King, they instructed the Ministry of War, because the Commission "believes that it is its duty not merely to establish Mr. de Batz's claim to the rank of *Maréchal de Camp;* it requests His Excellency, the Minister of War, to place before the eyes of His Majesty the services of this senior officer who deserves a particular distinction by virtue of the devotion, the zeal and the great qualities of which he has given repeated proofs."

So recognition, eager and amazed, came to Jean de Batz from his peers. Less eager, though probably no less amazed, from Louis XVIII whose sympathies were not so spontaneous for those who had tried to help the brother, and the sister-in-law, and the child who stood between him and the throne. But he did sign the commission, and as of 1797, and ordered

the *Maréchal de Camp* Baron de Batz to be placed at the head of the active list. With the accumulated arrears of pay it was a convenient way of having the State cancel a part of the royal obligation to Mr. de Batz. That was on March 18, 1815; and on March 19, Louis XVIII was in flight. Napoleon had landed from Elba; he was on his way to Paris; the armies were tramping again, heading for Waterloo. In a border town, a man named Rougeville was about to be shot for having conspired against the Emperor during these Hundred Days.

One of Napoleon's first acts—after they had finished cheering, and carrying him shoulder high up the grand staircase of the Tuileries—was to call for the active list of senior officers available for duty. At the top of the column was Jean de Batz, and Napoleon passed impatiently on to the second name.

It was one of the little ironies of destiny; a good joke on them both—the man who had attacked the Convention, and the man who had defended it, in *Vendémiaire* of 1795; the one to close, the other to begin, a career. Or was it an omen?

8.

FOR now, after all, it was Napoleon's career which was closing; Jean's which was beginning again at the age of sixtyone.

Louis XVIII came back to stay, and Jean was still at the head of the active list. A *Maréchal de Camp* commanded the troops of a Department, and Jean wanted one near his home. He wanted it quickly, too, for what with lawsuits and promissory notes he was borrowing money from Redon with which to keep up his *Maréchal's* style. And yet, in March of 1816, when they gave him the Department of Cantal in the old province of Auvergne, he stayed on and on in Paris until the Ministry got very angry. Mr. de Batz, they regretted to say, had a "vacillating character fit for a weather vane." Mr. de

Batz—this was in August—would lose his appointment if he did not report to his post. But this time Jean had gone.

He entered Aurillac, his headquarters town, to be received, and banqueted, and paraded before with a great todo of bugles and drums. He was in command; he represented the King; for a moment he was proud, and contented, and full of his honors. Once before he had represented the King—but it was really the Queen—as a Grand Seneschal of the Sword. He knew how it should be done.

But he was not satisfied. His head was in the clouds, and his mind must find things to quarrel with, and fight against, and destroy. The habit was too strong, and he must have his Convention to attack. Now he wanted to reform the military system; he wanted to consolidate the four Departments of the province; he wanted to command the whole Auvergne; he wanted, too, to be in Paris to attend to lawsuits—and he was in Paris from April of 1817 until the fall—he wanted his loan to Louis XVI to be refunded; he wanted the government to remit some of his land taxes; he wanted more money than they could provide all the time from his good friends Redon and Benoist—for he was back again—in fact, he rather wanted the moon.

And in November they got rid of him by abolishing the Department of Cantal. He wanted another promotion, then, for the sake of the pension, and they refused. That was in 1821, and he went home to Chadieu. In October, he had a stroke. In January he had another—they found him out on the lawn, helpless and in great pain—and on January 10, 1822, at six o'clock in the morning, he died.

In the countryside they would have it that the terrible Baron de Batz had killed himself.

9.

IT was a pity to have lived too long that way. But something had gone from him; some quality of soundness and rectitude; a fibre of his nature had worn thin—perhaps it had never been really so very strong in him, and he had used it up in the difficult and stormy times—and as life came to its close there was no grace.

And no peace.

Perhaps at the end, if he could think, he wished that he had gone across town with them all, and one with them, on that day in June of 1794, to that more purposeful and grandiose death. With Marie Grandmaison; with Saint-Mauris, and Marsan, and Pons; with Devaux and Roussel; with Biret-Tissot and Madame Grivois; with Pottier and Jauge; with Marino, Froidure, Soulès and Dangé; with Michonis and Cortey; and with Madame d'Epréménil. Perhaps, at the end, he wondered why, after all, they had so desperately striven; all those poor souls, and Proly, and the Maniacs, and de la Guiche, and Michelle, and Desherbiers, and himself. For the Queen, yes; that devotion none of them could regret or begrudge. But the rest—the Girondins, Chabot, Hébert, Danton, the Mountain, Robespierre and the silly Convention—had it really mattered so much? Yes, perhaps.

"Return and perfect behavior of Mr. de Batz, to whom I owe five hundred and twelve thousand *livres*." One had to live up to one's ancient nobility. One could not sit back. This way those who wish to rescue the King. . . .

Now there was a pounding in his ears. Thump, thump, thump. Thump, thump, thump. Thump, thump, thump.

THE END

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

AS in the case of my *Son of Marie Antoinette,* I have not thought it necessary to include in this volume any long list of the countless sources concerning the French Revolution which I have at various times over a period of years consulted, and many of which have had a particular bearing on this present work.

I am eager, however, to record my frequent references in this instance to the works published by Mr. G. Lenôtre, and to Mr. Gustave Bord's volumes entitled *Autour du Temple,* which have always furnished me with a quantity of topographical, biographical and documentary details; and my especial indebtedness to two volumes without the use of which this book could not even have been undertaken, since they contain private family material drawn from the archives of the Château of Mirepoix and from the unpublished papers of Jean de Batz himself. These are *La Vie et les Conspirations de Jean, Baron de Batz, 1754-1793,* and *Les Conspirations et la Fin de Jean, Baron de Batz, 1793-1822,* both published by Baron de Batz.

As for the actual historical background, while feeling my way through many obscure and peculiar matters, I have constantly been guided by the very divergent histories written by such authorities as Mr. Madelin, Mr. Blanc, Mr. Mathiez and Mr. Brinton.

I wish also to state that the visit of Jean de Batz to the Convention, placed by me on June 13, 1794—the day of the Lacoste report on the Foreign Conspiracy—has by some others been placed on June 10—the day of the introduction of the Law of *Prairial.* The Baron de Batz placed it even earlier, in

April, for reasons which I have not been able to appreciate. The argument in favor of June 13 seems to me to rest on the facts that the reading of the Lacoste report was widely heralded, that the Convention on that day was crowded to capacity, and that the subject of the report was of the greatest personal interest to Jean de Batz; whereas the announcement of the Law of *Prairial* came as a complete surprise before a routine session of the Convention, on an occasion when Jean de Batz would have had no reason to risk himself within its precincts. The important thing, after all, is that he did visit the Convention, and was recognized by Robespierre—whether on June 10, 11, 12 or 13.

M. M.

Essex, Connecticut
March 1, 1936.

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